Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE REVOLT OF BRYAN

BY THE EDITOR

That which is crushed breaketh out into a viper.—Isaiah, 59, 5.

When the stern New England farmer's wife could no longer abide the restrictions of the house she moved into the barn, as related sympathetically and with rare skill by Mary Wilkins in *The Revolt of Mother*. The wonder was not that she finally went abruptly but that she had remained so long in her uncomfortable domicile. To that extent, although the analogy is far from perfect, the like is true of Mr. Bryan, who was never trained or even designed by Nature to be a household pet and whose resemblance to the fractious animal immortalized by Thomas Nast as symbolizing the Democratic party has frequently been noted.

From the day of his birth Mr. Bryan needed room and air and in recent years he has so accustomed himself to sit at the head of the table that occupying a subordinate place could not but be irksome to a degree, to say nothing of pretending to enjoy playing a second fiddle by the kitchen stove after supper. As owner and master he would have been happy no doubt, but as hired man he felt the lure of the capacious barnyard and its more congenial occupants long accustomed to and deeply appreciative of strident braying. So it is that at last, in consequence

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of the inevitable revolt and happy return to a natural habitat, we have the pleasure of felicitating all concerned—Mr. Bryan himself, the President, the Democratic party, the country and the world at large.

The end came peacefully. President and Secretary, comrades long and sorely tried whether wholly true or not, sympathetic in principle if not in method, considerate each of himself, as devout as can be reasonably expected of Democrats, manfully restraining expression of their emotion in the presence of the Secretary to the President who seemed likely to swallow the heart that was in his mouth, they stood in the bluest room with all four hands damply clasped; but only for a trice, a very brief trice; then simultaneously, that neither should take undue advantage of the other, they spoke reverently but cautiously:

"God—" (a pause) "*bless* you!"

It was over—all but the shouting. Mr. Bryan strode forth with set features to take his last ride in a Department carriage unattended except by the partially faithful Josephus, who ran behind in desperate endeavor to still the beating of a heart bowed down by weight of woe until he should return to re-glue himself into his big armchair. The President went to the golf links. The incident was closed.

We have already suggested the underlying cause of the official separation. That the conciliatory Note to Germany was a pretext, not a reason, is clearly proved by Mr. Bryan's own muddled explanations no less than by a comparison with the more peremptory declarations of February 10th and May 13th to which he attached his signature without making protest. The obvious fact, promptly recognized by the whole country, is that the nominal Secretary could no longer heed the adjuration which we urged upon his consideration more than a year ago to the effect that "when two men ride an ass one must ride behind." His patience was exhausted, his spirit was sore, even his abundant flesh was weak. Nothing so became him as Secretary of State, it is commonly remarked, as his retirement —a verdict from which we should hesitate to dissent. But it was not the act itself which called for excoriation; it was the manner, the disingenousness, the chosen time of his doing, that was ignoble. It is idle to attempt to excuse Mr. Bryan as a sincere adherent of his mistaken convictions or as a victim of his own temperamental inconsistencies. When he assigned a

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false reason for his performance he declared his hypocrisy and evidenced his malevolence. To gratify his passion for notoriety and lucre and incidentally to revenge himself upon the man who had humiliated him, he did not hesitate to strike a foul blow which might easily have constituted a betrayal of his country.

It is due to no care or prevision on the part of Mr. Bryan that Germany's rulers do not even now cherish the false belief that the sentiment of this country is divided; that Public Opinion does not with substantial unanimity uphold the President in his insistence upon the maintenance of American rights; and that consequently they might safely play the part of the bully toward a nation which they would rejoice to regard as pusillanimous,—without making war inevitable. Fortunately this most imminent of dangers was averted in time by the promptitude and skillfulness of the President, supplemented by responses from the Press whose tenor could not be mistaken, either here or abroad. It is now considered certain that Germany will be fully enlightened respecting the true attitude of the American people before she makes response to the President's firm but considerate and pacific communication and it is through the removal of that misapprehension that lies the way of peace.

That a Secretary of State of this Union should have seized upon a moment which might have been fateful to emphasize by both words and act an impression which he must have known to be false seems even in the face of the fact incredible. But that is precisely what Mr. Bryan did and he can never be forgiven and can never again be tolerated by American citizens who are not wholly devoid either of intelligence or of patriotism. Mr. Bryan's official career is ended. That he will continue to exist as a public nuisance must be assumed, but the plaster cast which serves as a frontispiece for this REVIEW is a political death-mask.

We turn now to the President. Of his conduct of the affairs of his country throughout this crucial period words too high in praise cannot be spoken. It has been as nearly perfect as can readily be imagined. That it will continue to be worthy of our best traditions we have no doubt. That war with any foreign Power will be averted without sacrifice of honor or prestige we now regard as certain. But it is impossible to withhold from Mr. Wilson a very considerable measure of responsibility for his own Premier's ruthless tempting of Fate. He appointed

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Mr. Bryan Secretary of State with full knowledge of his mental incompetency and of his moral delinquencies. Excuse for the selection was found in the President's presumed obligation to the man who achieved his nomination at Baltimore, but none knew better than Mr. Wilson himself that no such debt existed as a consequence of any intention on the part of Mr. Bryan, none knew better than he that the very consummation so gratifying to himself was the result of as base a betrayal of trust as ever stained the annals of American politics; and yet he accorded to him the highest honor within his gift and has since lauded to the skies "Mr. Bryan's character, his justice, his sincerity, his transparent integrity, his Christian principle," and so on *ad nauseam*.

Let us recall for a moment the instance to which we have referred as the chief indication of Mr. Bryan's possession of these admirable attributes which confronted Mr. Wilson. (1) Mr. Bryan demanded and obtained in Nebraska primaries for the election of delegates to the Baltimore convention who should pledge themselves to heed the instructions from the primaries respecting candidates. (2) As a candidate for delegate, he promised definitely to support either Clark or Wilson, but announced that he would not serve if instructed for Harmon. (3) Clark carried the primaries and Bryan, as an instructed delegate, accepted his commission. (4) Bryan deserted Clark as soon as Clark obtained a majority of the votes in the convention and seemed certain to be nominated, upon the ground that he must be unworthy because he had received the vote of New York. (5) Bryan proposed several candidates who were obviously unavailable, carefully excluding Mr. Wilson's name from his list. (6) Wilson was nominated, not in consequence of Bryan's support but in spite of his subtle efforts to the contrary. (7) Bryan urged the nomination of Clark for Vice-President—of the self-same Clark whom he had pronounced unworthy of the Presidency, to which as Vice-President he might at any moment succeed; thereby in his fright at possible consequences to himself brazenly belying his own professions of virtuous opposition and revealing himself as a self-seeking marplot, disloyal to a friend, a repudiator of his own pledges and a betrayer of his own people.

With this record of perfidy before his eyes President Wilson "took Bryan to his bosom rather than have him on his back" and extolled him to American youth as the embodiment of "character, justice, sincerity, transparent integrity and Christian

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principle." If now he has discovered that the Prophet Isaiah spoke truly when he said "that which is crushed breaketh out into a viper" and later shall learn with Job that "the viper's tongue shall slay him," can any but himself be held to blame?

True it is that in voluntarily donning the wished-for cocked hat Mr. Bryan has extracted many of his own fangs, but he need not have done so. He had ample cause to resign. How long would Thomas Jefferson have continued as Secretary of State after receiving a completed message to a foreign Power with the curt direction to "sign here"? What would Daniel Webster have done if, every morning for four days after the arising of a crisis laden with portents of war, he had been obliged to say that President Filmore had not consulted or even communicated with him, the Secretary of State? Whither and how quickly would John Hay or Elihu Root have betaken himself if his assistant had been summoned to the Cabinet council because of a plain implication that his chief did not consider him capable?

It is a simple fact beyond the possibility of successful dispute that no President has treated a Secretary of State so contemptuously as Mr. Wilson has treated Mr. Bryan; none would have dared to do so; none could have done so without evoking sharpest criticism from press and people. And it does not suffice to say that the President had no time to waste in considering suggestions or advice that he knew in advance would be worthless; if this were true, then nothing could be more certain than that the President himself was decisively culpable in naming and retaining such an one in the only position whose occupant's authority and name are recognized by every government on earth. Happily for Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bryan, conceited and blundering as ever, did not set up at once his real and just cause of resentment, but the end of this chapter we surmise has not yet been reached.

Because Mr. Bryan means war. He means to torpedo the Democratic party precisely as Mr. Roosevelt shot the fatal bolt into the Republican organization three years ago this very month. Just as there was "nothing personal" then, so there will be "nothing personal" now. The ground of undying principle upon which Mr. Roosevelt took his stand was only high; Mr. Bryan's is both high and dry. Today it is Peace-at-any-price; tomorrow it will be Prohibition; next week, Woman Suffrage; next month, the Single Term; and finally,

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of course, Government Ownership and the Money Power. Sadly but firmly, step by step, the Commoner will draw farther and farther away from the President until the break, as the experienced Mr. Roosevelt clearly foresees, will become personal and irreparable.

The effect upon the forthcoming election cannot be foretold at this time with any degree of confidence. Upon the whole, in our opinion already filed, Mr. Wilson is to be congratulated. While, unlike many others, we are by no means convinced that the President could not have accomplished his chief legislative purposes singlehanded, it is undoubtedly true that Mr. Bryan rendered most effective service especially in connection with the passage of the Currency Act. But now when the statute book has been rendered immaculate and nothing further remains to be done, Mr. Bryan becomes a mere incubus; he has served his purpose; so why not let him go—in peace if may be but in war if need be? Something will be lost necessarily but vastly more will surely be gained. Such we suspect is the President's line of reasoning conforming strictly to his previous course of action upon various occasions which need not now be recalled. And who as yet can deny the effectiveness of a personal diplomacy which thus far has never failed, or of a Destiny which seems to be irresistible?

But this is not a time for political discussion. Our country still sits in the shadow of a possible war whose eventualities no man can gauge and whose end none can foresee, and she must be held united behind a President who has proved himself fully capable and wholly worthy. We may only rejoice that at last, by whatever means, there has been lifted from his back his heaviest burden and pray that ere long the minor incompetents and babbling boobs who still surround him will follow their leader into the obscurity from which they ought never to have been drawn.

MR. BRYAN OF HARTFORD

THE peculiar offensiveness of the Hartford Convention lay not in the personality of its members, who were among the most sincere and high-minded men of their time; nor in the principles which they there advocated, some of which were admirable and all of which were well within bounds of constitutional consideration. It lay rather in the fact that the Convention represented organized opposition to the policy of the National Government

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in foreign as well as in domestic affairs at a time when that Government was concerned in the gravest complications with a great European Power, and was therefore calculated to add to that Government's embarrassments and to give some measure of aid and encouragement to the enemy. It was also emphasized by the Convention's obscure intimation that if its demands were not granted it might have recourse to other and unmentioned means for gaining its ends.

It would not be difficult to draw a more than ordinarily complete analogy between the conduct of that Convention and that of Mr. Bryan in resigning from the President's Cabinet. Let it be granted that Mr. Bryan is as sincere and high-minded as his most enthusiastic eulogists think; and that his "peace at any price" principles are worthy of serious and respectful consideration. The indisputable fact remains that his secession and his statement of his reasons therefor constitute an open declaration of opposition to the President's policy in foreign affairs of the greatest delicacy and gravity, and are therefore calculated to add to the embarrassment of our own Government and to give aid and encouragement to that alien Power with which this nation is engaged in controversy. His act also is aggravated by his intimation that he may attack the President on other points than those which he has already mentioned.

If the analogy is not entirely complete, its incompleteness is the measure of Mr. Bryan's greater offensiveness. No member of the Hartford Convention had been a member of Madison's Cabinet, or even of the political party to which he belonged. On the contrary, all had been from the beginning open opponents of the Administration in both domestic and foreign policies; and the Convention was merely the consistent and logical culmination of their course. They were not guilty of betrayal, of desertion, of abandonment of a friend in his need and of a post of responsibility at a critical moment. Their organization of opposition was not at the beginning of the controversy, either, when all the most momentous transactions were yet to come, but was deferred until the war was waning to its close and the making of peace was in sight.

On the whole, therefore, in view of all the obloquy which a century ago was poured upon the Hartford Convention, and of the academic disapproval which is still historically attached to it, if there be any impropriety in calling the late Secretary of State "Mr. Bryan of Hartford," it is because of its reflection upon the Hartford Convention rather than upon Mr. Bryan.

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Intensely as were the New England Federalists opposed to the Democratic-Republican policies of Jefferson and Madison, there was not one of them who could have been capable of deserting in its hour of need any cause to which he had given adherence. It remained for Mr. Bryan to take a leaf out of the record of the Hartford Convention, and to soil it with a blot peculiarly his own.

A PACIFIST AT WORK

WHILE not subscribing in full to the quite common remark that the public journals of New York City are the most provincial of all printed in these United States, we are bound to admit that the rare visit of a metropolitan editor to the National capital for the avowed purpose of acquiring information and disseminating knowledge constitutes an event of no small magnitude. It was with peculiar interest, therefore, that we heard, some weeks ago, of the abrupt departure of our esteemed contemporary, Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard of the *Evening Post*, for the trenches of international diplomacy. To his credit, be it said at the outset, he did not sail away in the furtive manner affected by Assistant President Edward M. House and Young Sleuth Dudley Field Malone; on the contrary, he guarded against the contingency of submarine attack by flying an American flag from his bow and displaying abaft the illuminated signal "O. G. V." Whether or not this action was taken as a means of self-protection, in conformity with the present American custom at sea, or in consideration of the sensibilities of the regular Washington correspondent, hardly calls for speculation; the important point is that identification was rendered thereby no less certain than the segregation of races in the various departments which tends naturally to vex the spirit of the grandson of our foremost Liberator.

We shall not attempt to recount Mr. Villard's newsgathering adventures further than to recall regretfully the characteristic obstinacy of the Administration in refusing to confirm his announcement of its intention to dispatch a sharp Note to England simultaneously with that which went to Germany. That such a message was indeed "prepared," though by whom we would not venture to surmise, we may well believe in the light of the seeming authoritativeness with which the information was conveyed; why it was not sent is no concern of ours; apparently somebody blundered. In any case, Mr.

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Villard undoubtedly did well to inform his readers modestly but firmly that he had availed himself of no opportunity to undermine his colleagues in the trenches—a fact which, although self-evident in view of the outcome, surely called for unmistakable declaration.

But it was in his accustomed role of pacifist that Mr. Villard interested us most. As everybody knows, incorrigible makers of mischief had busied themselves persistently since the beginning of the war, with surmises respecting the precise official relationship of the President to the Secretary of State. Regarding such conduct as designed only to foment family dissensions and as being consequently both inconsiderate and ignoble, we had refrained carefully from even referring to the numberless rumors that had been floated upon the sea of American journalism; but further abstention from consideration of Mr. Villard's resolute endeavor to set matters aright surely cannot now be regarded as either unfriendly or unpatriotic. We spring to the support of our distinguished contemporary, therefore, not only without hesitation but with zestful cordiality, despite the fact that we have never accorded unqualified approval to pitiful publicity.

Mr. Villard wrote with engaging frankness. After lamenting that "it was again thought necessary to say to the Washington correspondents today that the Secretary of State is in thorough accord with the President" as "another evidence of the unhappy situation of the Secretary," he said quite truly that "had he been a smaller man, or had he been actuated by personal ambitions, he would not have been capable of the self-abnegation he has shown in standing aside in our urgent foreign affairs." This referred, of course, to the fact that Mr. Bryan was constantly represented as being "out of touch with things," as being "shouldered aside" instead of "standing aside" and as being "generally negligible." Pronouncing such assertions false, Mr. Villard added somewhat cautiously that the President and the Secretary were "on the most cordial terms; the President consults Mr. Bryan; values his judgment, *it may be said;* and *is reported* to speak highly of it." The disclaimer was less positive than we should have liked, but coming from one trained to weigh his words before uttering them seemed to suffice.

But Mr. Villard did not stop there. As a resolute pacifist, he felt it to be his duty not only to remove whatever misunderstanding might lie between the President and the Secretary, but also to effect a reconciliation between the Secretary and the

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newspaper correspondents. This was no easy task. Indeed, a condition had arisen which threatened to become intolerable. Mr. Bryan was "strangely uncomfortable in the presence of the daily gathering" and frequently found it "necessary to lecture them as to how they should behave and what questions they should ask"—proceedings which the correspondents were disposed so strongly to resent that "some of them annoyed him" and became even "impertinent" upon occasion.

All this was distressing naturally to Mr. Villard, who could "not help having a deep sympathy if not a feeling of pity for this big, nervous man" who was obliged to "be wary of traps and pitfalls deliberately masked behind skilful queries" while still appreciating that he ought to tell them something. It made "the observer"—meaning our contemporary himself—"long to be of help and to aid, in the interest of both the Secretary and the correspondents," but alas, "suggestions" were "not readily received." For example, one made by Mr. Villard himself in person "to the effect that the Secretary rid himself of the whole trying annoyance and turn over this daily chore to a subordinate official, brought a flash of anger and a charge that this innocent suggestion was not made in good faith"—a suspicion so wholly unwarranted that it "almost suggested the story of the drowning man who cried out in his despair, 'I will drown and no one shall save me'"; whereupon, Mr. Villard cruelly adds, he "was allowed to drown."

When it was all over, Mr. Villard went around with the correspondents to pay a farewell visit and recorded somewhat pathetically that "at his last meeting Mr. Bryan likened his situation to a hen trying to get her chickens under her." "You have doubtless noted how fussy and irritable a hen is at such times," said Mr. Bryan. "I have often felt like a hen in that respect, especially when trying to keep a number of international secrets covered up. At times I have been cross and irritable when I feared one of my chickens would creep out. We do not question the good intentions of the hen under such circumstances and I hope you won't question mine. So much for any friction."

So one sees it was the lure of the barnyard, as we suspected; but let our contemporary conclude his interesting account:

> There is no gainsaying that Mr. Bryan's career in office has been a most unhappy one. His difficulties with the newspaper men were recently touched upon at length in the *Evening Post*, because they were typical of others. His is an impractical mind, because it is a mind possessed of great ideals, but devoid of order, thoroughness, depth, and

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knowledge. The White House has groaned under the suggestions that have come from him as to every conceivable thing. They have been well-meant and sincere, but rarely thought out, and in nine cases out of ten have been rejected as politely as possible. They are telling an amusing story of a Secretary handing a sheaf of papers to the President as he walked through the outer office, saying, "These are from Mr. Bryan; will you take them?" and the President's replying, "I have taken so much from Mr. Bryan, I might as well take this, too."

This story, Mr. Villard cautiously observes, is "doubtless apocryphal," though frankly to us it seems altogether too characteristic and too good not to be true.

Be that as it may, we are grateful to our skilful contemporary for the lightly human touches with which he alone has illumined the dark spaces of Democracy during this trying time, and we bespeak a more notable success for his next endeavors as a pacificator. In any case, his conscience should continue to be clear. "He seen his duty and done his damndest" after a fashion, according to the famous adage, unexcelled by the angels themselves.

PERFORMANCE AND PROMISE AT PANAMA

THE Isthmian vision of four centuries is fulfilled. Whatever change circumstances may require in the original plans for the formal opening of the Panama Canal, the present month must be regarded as marking the official completion of that gigantic work. The dream of four hundred years and the specific promise of a decade are realized. Now, following performance, comes promise again. What is the Canal to mean to the world? More particularly, what is our canal to mean to us? A profitable light upon that question may be had from the records of the past and their revelation of the vision and the intent of those who from time to time have striven to do the work which we have done.

The origin of the enterprise dates from 1453, when Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks; wherefore it will be one of history's most striking coincidences if the completion of the canal is accompanied or followed by the redemption of Constantinople from Turkish rule. It was then that Europeans began seeking a new route to India and to Cathay; and it was on that errand that in 1492 Columbus discovered America, and that, in 1500, in 1502 and in 1505, respectively, Bastidas, Co-

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lumbus and Amerigo Vespucci explored the shore of the Central American isthmus in quest of the supposed strait which would give them access to the Indian Ocean. In 1513 Balboa, who had accompanied Bastidas in 1500, first crossed the isthmus and discovered the Pacific. This knowledge of the Pacific Ocean and its proximity to the Caribbean fired Spanish zeal, and in 1524 Hernando Cortez, in pursuance of orders from Charles V, sent expeditions for hundreds of miles along both coasts of Central America, vainly seeking the "Secret of the Strait."

Then, in the inevitable failure of this quest for the non-existent, came the first proposal of a canal; made in 1529 by Alvaro de Saavedra Ceron, who discussed the four routes at Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, Panama and Darien, and prepared working plans for a canal at Panama. So early arose the rivalry of routes, which lasted until our own day. It was the opinion of Ceron, as also of Cortez, expressed to Charles V, that the opening of a waterway across the isthmus would give to its owner, Spain, the mastery of the world, and it was with that vision that the King ordered the work to be done. But with Ceron's death his plans and the whole project lapsed; and though Charles V bade Andagoya to survey the valley of the Chagres for a canal in 1534, and Philip II in 1567 sent Antonelli on a like errand to Nicaragua, nothing practical was done, and in 1570 Philip put as he supposed a quietus upon the entire undertaking by decreeing that no man under penalty of death should ever attempt to create a waterway where God had not originally provided one! In the next generation, in 1616, Philip III defied his predecessor's curse and ordered a survey of the Darien-Atrato route; after which futile essay the scheme again slumbered for many years.

A new era opened in 1698, when William Paterson, founder of the Bank of England, planted Scottish colonies at New Edinburgh and New St. Andrews, on Caledonian Bay, for the purpose of seizing that part of the isthmus and constructing a canal there under the British flag; thus to give Britain the "mastery of the world." His grandiose enterprise failed and was wholly abandoned in 1700, because of English opposition. Had he only waited until after the Legislative union of England and Scotland in 1707, or had that union been effected ten years earlier than it was, there would have been no such opposition, and the Panama isthmus might and probably would have become a British colony, with a canal across it 200 years ago.

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There followed another century of delay. True, Condamine in 1740 made a plea for a Nicaragua canal; in 1780 Horatio Nelson seized Lake Nicaragua with a view of controlling that route for England; and in 1788 Milla reported to Spain in favor of the Caledonian Bay route; but nothing practical was done. From 1799 to 1804 Humboldt surveyed and studied the country, and recorded the existence of no fewer than nine interoceanic canal routes; beginning at the north of the Mississippi, Missouri and Columbia rivers, and ending at the south with the Gulf of St. George in Patagonia. But most he favored Panama, so strongly as to inspire Goethe long afterward, in 1827, to make his notable prophecy, that the United States would one day construct and control a canal across the isthmus. To this he added a hope that England would get possession of a canal at Suez; and a wish that Germany might connect the waters of the Danube and the Rhine, though of the completion of the last named work he had little hope. It is doubtful if profane history contains record of a more remarkable forecast than that which he made concerning Suez and Panama.

Meantime the isthmus itself was busy. It established its independence of Spain in 1822, and three years later the Central American Congress ordered the construction of an isthmian canal, at Nicaragua, and sent an envoy to enlist the interest and co-operation of the United States. This country was fatuously unresponsive, and added to its folly by slighting the Panama Congress of 1826. It had promulgated the Monroe Doctrine, but it left that instrument to be a dry letter instead of infusing it with vital spirit. There followed numerous speculative schemes: De Witt Clinton's at Nicaragua, a Belgian essay at the same point, Simon Bolivar's at Panama, Horatio Allen's at Nicaragua, and others. Thus early were the builders of the Erie Canal and of the Croton Aqueduct interested in the enterprise, though to little effect.

French interest dates from 1840, when a French speculator got a concession at Panama. For some years Guizot, the Minister of Louis Philippe, pressed the matter earnestly; and Louis Napoleon, while a prisoner of state at Ham, secured a Nicaraguan concession, and promised that if he were released so that he could undertake the work, he would settle in America and renounce forever all his pretensions in France. To his mind, with the construction of such a canal Leon, in Nicaragua, would become as much the commercial centre of the modern world as Constantinople was of the ancient. There followed the

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Clayton-Bulwer episode, which practically barred any further prosecution of the enterprise, although there was scarcely a year thereafter in which some new scheme, American, British or French, was not put forward. Cornelius Vanderbilt, William H. Webb and Frederick Kelly were conspicuous among the American promoters, but their labors bore no material fruit.

The Dickinson-Ayon treaty between the United States and Nicaragua, in 1868, marked the beginning of a new era, in which the United States aimed at the construction and control of a canal, apart from all other nations. The next year Seward sought, though vainly, to make a treaty with Colombia for a canal at Panama, constructed and controlled by the United States in a twenty-mile wide Canal Zone. In 1869, also, President Grant first formulated the ultimate American policy, when he said: "I regard it as of vast political importance that no European Government should hold such a work." In order to give effect to that policy, several American surveying commissions were sent to various parts of the isthmus, and treaties were sought for the construction of a canal. Nothing practical was effected, however, and we were for the time practically beaten by the French, who in 1876 secured a concession at Panama. This was taken over by Ferdinand de Lesseps, General Etienns Turr, Lucien N. B. Wyse, and Armand Reclus; an "International Engineering Congress" at Paris in 1879 under their dictation decided in favor of the Panama route; and on February 1, 1881, actual work on the canal was formally "inaugurated," by de Lesseps's "Universal Interoceanic Canal Company."

That was a challenge to American interests and American policy which could not go unanswered. The first answer promptly came at almost the very moment when the French began their work, from the man who had first stated the American policy concerning Isthmian transit. Writing in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of February, 1881, Grant, then ex-President, uttered these golden words:

"In accordance with the early and later policy of the Government, in obedience to the often expressed will of the American people, with a due regard to our national dignity and power, with a watchful care for the safety and prosperity of our interests and industries on this continent, and with a determination to guard against even the first approach of rival powers, whether friendly or hostile, on these shores, I commend an American canal, on American soil, to the American people."

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There followed the active promotion of three projects. One was Eads's ship railroad at Tehuantepec, which never got beyond the stage of plans. The second was Warner Miller's Nicaragua canal, which cost some millions of dollars and then failed. The third was de Lesseps's Panama Canal scheme, which was heroically pushed against fate itself; fate being embodied in American hostility on Monroe Doctrine grounds, in failure to invent efficient engineering devices, in lack of knowledge of the nature and means of prevention of yellow fever and malaria, and in "graft." It did nearly one-third of the excavation work, and then in the winter of 1888-89 went into bankruptcy. Our Congress then adopted resolutions disapproving any further schemes of European Governments for the construction or control of any isthmian canal.

The reorganized French company struggled on, however, and there ensued a tedious warfare of years in Congress over the rival routes, at Nicaragua and Panama, and the question which of them should be adopted by our Government. There was also a long controversy with Great Britain over the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which was perceived to stand in the way of the execution of the American policy, but which Great Britain declined to abrogate without an equivalent. The Nicaragua enterprise began in 1890 and came to grief in 1893. Successive Canal Commissions were appointed, with little result; and the whole enterprise, centuries old, seemed to "get no forrarder."

Then came the Spanish War. The *Oregon* was sent for, to come from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast. She came, swiftly and safely. But she had to travel 13,400 miles. Had there been a canal, the distance would have been only 4,600 miles; with a corresponding reduction of time and perils. That object lesson was sufficient. Congress and the nation determined to have no more delay, but as soon as the war was off our hands, to construct a canal. So in 1899 the matter was taken up in Congress. It was a triangular fight, among the partisans of the bankrupt company at Nicaragua, the almost bankrupt new French Company at Panama, and a new syndicate with a rival concession at Nicaragua. While this fight raged, diplomacy was busy. The first Hay-Pauncefote treaty, supplanting the Clayton-Bulwer, was made in 1900; and when it proved unsatisfactory, the second was made and ratified in 1901. The date of its ratification, December 16, 1901, marks the opening of the way for the United States to proceed with

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the execution of Grant's proposal, "an American canal on American soil."

There followed further debate in Congress, as to whether we should go to Nicaragua or to Panama, involved with negotiations with the French company for the purchase of its unfinished work; which ended on June 28, 1902, in the enactment of the law under which the canal was to be constructed—at Panama if practicable, otherwise at Nicaragua. Thus precisely thirteen years, almost to a day, have been required, from the initial authorization, for the completion of the work. Negotiations with Colombia ensued, complicated by German intrigues at Bogota. In 1903 the Hay-Herran treaty was made, giving us the right to build the canal at Panama; but was not ratified by the Colombian Government. On November 3 of that year the Panama revolution occurred, under American protection, and the last obstacle to the fulfillment of our policy was removed. The Hay-Bunau Varilla treaty with Panama was made, and was ratified on February 23, 1904, and on March 3 following the Senate ratified the appointment of a Canal Commission which was to undertake the actual work of construction. But the essential preliminaries of survey, sanitation and what not occupied much time, so it was not until the latter part of 1905 that any considerable amount of excavation work was done, and it was not until two years after that date that excavation and construction attained a full measure of progress. Seeing that the canal was informally opened to commerce on August 14, 1914, the entire period required by us for the construction of the canal was only ten years, and more than nine-tenths of the work was done in seven years.

Now the work is done. What is its future promise? The record makes clear the purport and the manner of its doing. Cortez and Ceron, Paterson and Humboldt, Goethe and Louis Napoleon, were all agreed as to the importance of the canal, for commercial if not also for political sea power. The record also makes clear that, in view of that inestimable potency, this nation long ago decided that the United States and it alone must be the owner and manager of the canal. That decision has been executed. We have today "an American canal on American soil." There remains the transcendent question, What shall it mean to us? Shall it be also an American canal in its chief use as well as in ownership and control? We shall never monopolize it, or seek through it to dominate the world,

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as Cortez and Ceron dreamed that Spain might do, and indeed as Spain might then have done. Rather, we shall, in loyal accordance with our promise, keep it open to the commerce of all the world on equal terms for all well-disposed nations. But it would be a reproach upon our enterprise to have the preponderance of its use enjoyed by other peoples. It has long been a reproach to us that, having proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine, we so largely let it remain a dry and technical letter instead of making it a vital spirit in the cultivation of intimate relations with the countries over which it extended our protection. It has been an anomaly for us to pose as the protectors of Latin America against those who were far more closely related to it, socially and commercially, than we. We must not incur the same reproach at Panama—that having made an American canal we left it for chiefly non-American use.

SHALL LAW OR CONVENIENCE RULE?

SHALL universal law or individual advantage prevail? That is really the gist of the chief international controversies which have thus far arisen between America and the European belligerents in this war. It is a question which, however it may be disposed of temporarily, is certain to arise as one of the chief agenda at the first international congress following the war; and it is not too much to add that upon the determination of it will depend the general efficiency of the laws of nations.

This question has been raised most acutely, no doubt, in connection with Germany's submarine warfare and its flagrant traversing of the hitherto universally accepted principles of the rights of neutrals and of the practice of visit and search. There is scarcely any better established doctrine of international law than that of the right of belligerents to visit and search vessels on the high seas when these can reasonably be suspected of being engaged in contraband traffic. To the proper exercise of that right the United States has never objected. But this country has always insisted—it insisted very strenuously a hundred years ago—that the right shall be properly exercised, to the end that in case the suspicions of contraband traffic be found unwarranted, the neutrals shall be permitted to proceed on their way uninjured. It is one of the fine ironies of history that these principles were chiefly of German and even of Prussian origin; for they were all plainly implied in the suggestions of

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Frederick the Great which were made the basis of the Armed Neutrality; and yet it is the successor of Frederick the Great who now chiefly challenges and denies them.

There has now been introduced for the first time a new method of naval warfare, involving the use of submarines, not only in battle against warships but also as commerce destroyers and as blockading vessels. For these latter purposes they are exceedingly effective; and they are the only vessels which can be used to any considerable extent by a Power which has lost control of the seas by ordinary means. They are not merely convenient: they are quite indispensable to Germany, unless she is to retire altogether from the seas. With them, however, the rule of visit and search is no longer practicable; and for this rule, the practice of summary destruction is substituted. The submarine is not sufficiently swift to overhaul merchant steamers, and is not strong enough to cope, above the surface, with even the most lightly armed gunboat. To be effective it must steal upon its quarry unperceived and strike a blow without warning, as it did with the *Lusitania;* or at most it must give very brief warning and then proceed with the work of utter destruction. It cannot visit, search, and seize with a prize crew, according to law and custom.

The question thus arises, whether Germany (or any nation) is to forego and deny herself the immense advantages which her new devices afford, simply because those devices cannot be utilized in accordance with existing laws; or whether the law is to be ignored and violated and practically annulled, because its terms are not compatible with these new inventions.

The latter contention seems to be untenable—to wit, that the law is to be annulled by any individual nation to which compliance with it may be inconvenient or disadvantageous. If it were valid, there is scarcely a law on the pages of the statute book that would be worth more than the paper on which it is printed. Take, for example, the law of blockades: that to be legally valid they must be physically effective. Is a nation to insist upon the validity of a blockade which it has proclaimed but has not actually enforced with warships, on the ground that it is not convenient or is not possible for it to comply with the law? There was a prompt and sharp protest only a little while ago at the suggestion that Great Britain was attempting to enjoy the privileges of a blockade without actually proclaiming and enforcing it. Take the law concerning prisoners of war. Suppose that some nation were to put all prisoners to death,

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for the reason that it was not convenient or was not possible for it to hold them and care for them: Would such a course be sanctioned? There is a law against the poisoning of streams and wells. But suppose that some nation should invent some particularly effective way of poisoning them and should insist upon practicing it, on the ground that a musty old law must not stand in the way of advanced methods: Would the world condone the breach of law? These are extreme cases, yet not more extreme than this attempt at the selfish instance of a single Power arbitrarily to annul the law of visit and search and to substitute for it the practice of summary and indiscriminate destruction.

It is doubtless true that new inventions from time to time require new laws, or modifications of existing laws. Thus new laws are needed for the regulation of both aerial and submarine navigation, and for the practice of wireless telegraphy. But international laws are not to be made or to be abrogated or modified at the instance of a single Power, but by "the common sense of all." Even if it were to be held that between belligerents the war annulled all treaties and repealed all laws,—though no rational man would make such a contention, and none could possibly maintain it,—we should still insist upon scrupulous observance of the law so far as the rights and interests of neutrals were concerned. After this war is over there will doubtless be a considerable revision of international law, as a consequence of the new issues which the war has raised, and it will probably include some provisions concerning the use of submarine vessels. We should greatly doubt, however, if the nations would ever sanction the substitution of summary destruction by submarines for visit and search by cruisers, because that would be a step backward, toward the barbarous conditions against which civilized nations revolted a century and more ago.

But whatever may then be done or not done, this fact seems clear, that until such revision of the law is effected the neutral nations have a right to demand that the existing law shall stand and shall be respected. More and more the world is coming to apply to nations the rules which prevail among individual men and women. Outside of Anarchia nobody would countenance for a moment the pretension that any man had a right to annul or to ignore a law merely because it was inconvenient for him to obey it, or because obedience to it would prevent him from fully utilizing some advantageous new device. Neither can such a right be conceded to a nation.

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WHAT THE FOURTH OF JULY MEANS

Moses was right; for his own time and for all time. He advised the Israelites that in after years, when they celebrated the anniversary of the Passover, their children would ask them, "What mean ye by these things?" and he instructed them in the answer which they should give. It would have been well if there had been a Moses for the Fourth of July. Perhaps John Adams might have played the part; but he did not. At least in the eloquent speech which Daniel Webster in after years made for him, while he prophecied that innumerable succeeding generations would joyously celebrate the day, he gave no intimation of what they would or should regard as its purport. Perhaps the "Godlike Daniel" thought that unnecessary, taking it for granted that they would rightly interpret it. But sometimes too much is taken for granted.

If we asked the Small Boy what the day meant,—though really it is he who ought to do the asking; but he never does,—he would probably reply that it was a day for letting off firecrackers and shooting off toy pistols and "having a bully time." If we asked "the orator of the day," he would reply that it commemorated our freedom from the effete tyranny of George III and the founding of this great and glorious Republic as the final Palladium of the Rights of Man, et cetera. The one answer would be as near to or as far from the truth as the other. Neither of them would touch the root of the matter. It is indeed a day of rejoicing; but of rejoicing for what? The rejoicing is an effect, not a cause. Why, for our independence, of course; stupid! Yes; but again, with the natural and unalienable right of every Yankee to ask questions, independence of what, or for what reason?

It is a simple and gross perversion of history to assume that the signers of the Declaration of Independence and their constituents, or at any rate any but an insignificant minority of them, sought independence just for its own sake. The contrary is manifest in the record. Their agitation and their demands for years had been not for freedom from the British Crown, but for freedom under it. The "Liberty and Union" flag of 1774 at Taunton meant that the colonies should continue their union with Great Britain, and should enjoy the same liberty, rights and privileges that the Mother Country enjoyed: That granted, there would have been no thought of

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independence. When on the motion of John Adams, George Washington was made Commander-in-Chief of the army of the united colonies, he raised at Cambridge, only six months before the Declaration was adopted, a flag which he and Franklin had designed, the first national flag of America. And what was its pattern? It had the thirteen red and white stripes of our present flag, emblematic of the thirteen colonies; but in the canton it had not our clustered stars but the Union Jack, emblematic of continued union with Great Britain.

The fact that independence was not sought for its own sake, but was a mere means to an end, was indeed made quite clear in the Declaration itself, in phrases which are too often read with more resonance than understanding. Listen: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, . . . That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men. . . That whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it and to institute a new government." Then Jefferson went on to declare and to demonstrate that the British government had become destructive of the ends for which governments were instituted; with item after item of an appalling indictment of bad government. King George had done things which he ought not to have done, and had left undone things which he ought to have done, and there was no good in him. The whole document was a complaint of and a protest against bad government, and conversely a practical pledge to establish and to maintain good government. That was the reason for the Declaration. That was the purpose of the Revolution. That was the end for which independence was only a means. Good Government; and again, Good Government; and yet again, Good Government.

The proper object of celebration, then, is not the means but the end; not Independence, but Good Government and the Rights of Man. It would be a mockery to celebrate independence and to ignore the greater thing to which independence was merely the stepping-stone. The Signers wanted not independence, *per se*, but good government. They would have been perfectly satisfied with good government without independence. They would have scorned and spurned independence without the promise and potency of good government. Should we not regard it as a discreditable anomaly if to-day we were exulting in independence and were neglecting the end for which independence was achieved? It would be a shocking, an intol-

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erable, an unmentionable thing, to compromise or to impair our independence. But what would it be to impair the good government for which independence was a mere means?

Let us recall the burden of the Signers' complaints against King George. He had refused his assent to laws necessary for the public good; he had forbidden his governors to pass laws of pressing importance; he had refused to pass laws for the accommodation of the people unless they would in return relinquish some of their rights. Why, what is that but an accurate characterization of more than one latter-day political boss or party ring? Again: He had obstructed the administration of justice. Has that administration never suffered obstruction in our day? He had made a multitude of new offices, burdensome to the people. Are sinecures and spoils unknown in our own day? The whole indictment of King George's government is redolent of the indictments which in our own times are directed not against alien rulers afar off but against those of our own people who because of our own suffrages or our own sufferance have become as subversive of the true ends of government as ever were any of the minions of the Hanoverian monarch.

It has been proposed that for this year at least the Fourth of July be regarded as "Americanization Day" rather than Independence Day as of old. There is reason for the suggestion, arising from the disclosures in the last year of a certain inclination to hyphenate alien interests, prejudices, predilections and animosities with American allegiance, and even to cultivate a divided citizenship between this and some other country. But neither Americanization nor Independence measures the full purport of the day. We must go back of them, to first principles, and determine precisely what Americanization or Americanism means, and what were the objects for which Independence was sought as a last desperate resort.

IS A RELIGIOUS REVIVAL COMING?

Is there to be another "Great Awakening"? The question is widely and seriously asked, and generally with an obvious desire for an affirmative answer. In some cases it is asked because of Billy Sunday, and in some, in spite of that strenuous and singular spiritual agitator; while in many others it is entirely independent of him and his ministrations. In the first category a revival is contemplated by those who look to Sunday as its

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more or less Divinely appointed leader—"a second John the Baptist," they call him. In the second are those who disapprove his tone and manner, and who wish to counteract them by doing the work which he purports to be doing in what they regard as a more dignified and reverent way. The third class, and by no means the least, are they who consider the time propitious if not actually necessitous for a general spiritual awakening, on principles entirely apart from him or indeed any other individual leader.

The extent of public interest in the matter is very great. According to the census, more than one-third of the entire population of the United States are enrolled as communicants of the various churches. Of these, many, of course, belong to churches to which "revival" methods in the ordinary sense are foreign, and which would not participate in any such movement as that which is contemplated. But at least one-half of them, or one-sixth of the whole nation, belong to churches which do engage in revivals and which might reasonably be expected to co-operate in a general awakening such as those which have on several former occasions involved the greater part of the nation. The proposal for a revival is of direct and sympathetic concern, then, to some eighteen millions of our people, while to another like number it is of indirect but by no means negligible or slight concern; and indeed to the unchurched remainder it is not devoid of interest, seeing that its prime object is to exert a proselyting influence upon them.

It will be instructive, then, to recall the circumstances and methods of the former revivals, and to observe how they compare with those of the present time. We mean, of course, the revivals of something like national scope, such as is now contemplated. Of such there have been only five in the course of one hundred and eighty years, the period which has now elapsed since the first of them occurred.

The first was the "Great Awakening," started by Jonathan Edwards, which converted a far larger portion of the population than any other such movement in history, and which left a lasting impress of great importance upon the religious life of two continents, and through them upon that of the whole world. Beginning in Edwards's own church at Northampton, Mass., it caused more than 300 conversions in that place of only 200 families. Extending thence to Boston and throughout New England, it made more than 50,000 converts in a total population of 250,000. In New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and

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other colonies its influence was strongly felt, the founding of what is now Princeton University being among its direct fruits. Nor was it confined to this continent. In England the movement led by the Wesleys was then in a plastic and formative condition, and although the theology of Edwards was radically different from that of Wesley, the far-reaching influence of the "Great Awakening" was one of the most potent factors in giving that movement form and perpetuity, in leading Wesley and Whitefield to come to America, and in finally causing the "new sect of Methodists" to become organized into a separate and independent denomination.

The French and Indian war and the War of the Revolution then came on, and apparently diverted men's thoughts from ecclesiastical and spiritual things to the affairs of society and the state. It was thus more than half a century before another general revival occurred. The second one came, however, in 1797 and lasted more than ten years. It began during our wars with France and with Tripoli, and flourished during a great epidemic of yellow fever, a series of great fires and other calamities, and unprecedented business distress caused by English and French depredations upon our commerce and by our own fatuous embargo policy. It was, in brief, a time of notable distress and unrest. The revival which then occurred had no one great leader. It arose spontaneously among the Presbyterians of the West and extended through other churches and throughout the country. Among its specific results were the establishment of "camp meetings," the opening of Sunday Schools, the foundation of Andover Theological Seminary, and the organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the Reformed Presbyterian and Cumberland Presbyterian churches, the United Brethren, and the Disciples of Christ.

The third national revival began a generation later, in 1831, under the leadership of Charles Grandison Finney, who had been a successful lawyer and who afterward became one of the foremost educators in the country. He began his revival work in the old Chatham Street Theatre in New York, and carried it on in the Broadway Tabernacle when that famous church was built for him; but its influence extended all over the land. As before, that was a time of distress and unrest. Jackson's fight against the United States bank caused a great business panic, Nullification in South Carolina menaced the peace and integrity of the nation, Asiatic cholera decimated the population

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of many cities, and Mormonism and other strange religious movements were under way.

The fourth revival, a quarter of a century later, was in a time of similar but still more distressful circumstances. It was in the fall of 1857, in the midst of business depression and panic, strikes and riots, civil war in Kansas, and the impending menace of civil war throughout the whole nation. A noonday prayer-meeting for business men was started by a city missionary in the old Dutch Church on William Street, New York. In a short time two crowded meetings were being held daily; Burton's Theatre on Chambers Street was taken for daily and nightly meetings; at Albany prayer-meetings for the conversion of the members of the Legislature were held in the chamber of the Court of Appeals; and the revival wave spread over the whole country, involving many churches which had theretofore been unsympathetic toward evangelistic work.

The fifth widespread revival began under Moody and Sankey in 1875, another time of unrest and distress, with business depression and panic, political corruption, and great industrial and political disorder. The movement involved the whole country, made hundreds of thousands of converts, and left a deep, lasting impress, with many churches, schools and other institutions founded as its permanent fruits.

It is forty years since that latest general revival began, so that chronologically it is now high time for another to be organized. Also, with business not yet recovered from depression, and with the war in Europe, and anarchy in Mexico, conditions are comparable with those in 1875, in 1857, in 1831 and in 1797. As for leadership, there could be no greater contrast than that which Billy Sunday presents to the intellectual and philosophic Edwards, the scholarly Finney, and the calm and dignified Moody. But then those three men differed among themselves almost as much as Sunday differs from any of them. Moreover, the example of 1797 and of 1857 shows that revivals are not dependent upon such leadership, but can spontaneously arise without any commanding leaders whatever. It is by the circumstances and the spirit of the time that the likelihood of a great revival's occurring is chiefly to be estimated; and thus estimated that likelihood certainly seems considerable. The fields may be no more white with harvest than they usually are, but the whiteness is exceptionally apparent and inviting.

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THE IMPASSABLE CHASM

BY WAYNE MAC VEAGH

It is with the greatest reluctance that I find myself obliged, at my present age and with the health which naturally is its accompaniment, compelled by a sense of public duty, to take part once more in any controversy, and especially in one which has aroused so much bitterness of feeling and has led so many persons to transgress in my judgment the proper limits of loyal American citizenship. I had persuaded myself some time ago that I was released from offering further advice to others and justified in devoting the days remaining to me to securing, as far as possible, a conscience void of deliberate offense both to my fellow-men and to God for the change now so near me and which I await with cheerfulness and hope. When, however, I passed in review the innumerable kindnesses, so far beyond my deserts, which I had received during my long life from my fellow-citizens, I here felt constrained to make some further small return, however inadequate, by endeavoring to point out what seemed to me the plain line of duty of all living under the Stars and Stripes in the present appalling conditions which the Kaiser and the German rage for conquest have precipitated upon the world.

Most assuredly I have no desire to impute evil motives to anybody, however mistaken I may think them, or to deny them the same charity of judgment I ask for myself. Doubtless Count Bernstorff, Captain Boy-Ed, about whose name cluster so many unpleasant insinuations, Mr. Herman Ridder, Mr. Bartholdt, Professor Münsterberg, the editors of German newspapers and many others have persuaded themselves that their anti-American declarations and activities are permissible and that their first duty is to the Kaiser. That is true within certain limits of Count Bernstorff and Captain Boy-Ed, but it is wholly untrue as to the others and nothing but the mistaken leniency of President Wilson could have harbored in them such a delusion. As I write Dr. Dernburg is happily sailing away, but

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he ought to have been deported the moment he attempted to interfere in our domestic affairs; and the author of the impudent warning to the American people as to the ships on which they could safely sail, as if our Government was either too ignorant or too weak to do its duty, ought to have been sent out of the country without an hour's delay.

The first consideration which caused me pain was that so many of our fellow-citizens of German birth or descent have ignored the fact that there is an impassable chasm between the status of a *citizen* of our beloved Republic and that of a *subject* of the German Emperor. I took it for granted that those Germans who came here in these later years came with the same spirit of devotion to human liberty as those I had known in my early life, and that they came not at all to play the double part of availing themselves of the privileges of American citizenship while really championing the cause of a military monarchy, all of whose aims and methods of government were absolutely hostile to those of the country whose protection they had sought.

I assumed they recognized that this irreconcilable antagonism had pervaded every day of American history. When the youthful Lafayette was shedding his blood in his first battle by the side of Washington, at Brandywine, German mercenaries only a mile away were aiding George the Third to drive the few American patriots fighting for their liberties back to the inhospitable and snowy hills of Valley Forge. Much clamor has been raised recently about the sale of munitions of war by our manufacturers and merchants to whoever would buy them—a right as old as the Law of Nations. But it seems to be forgotten that during all that long struggle of our fathers for human freedom Germany cheerfully sold not only munitions but men to our enemy and sent skilled generals to direct their efforts to prevent us from attaining our independence. But for such sales by Germany to our oppressors the Revolutionary War would have terminated much sooner, and but for the chivalrous and splendid assistance France rendered us in the darkest hours of that unequal struggle, it is now entirely clear our independence could not have been secured.

And I must pause here to salute with reverence our sister Republic of France. In all history I know nothing more sublime than the devotion to Liberty with which her sons have defended their country and the world against the overwhelming hosts of Attila and his Huns. "Frightfulness" has not dis-

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couraged them; savagery, using poison as a new weapon in war, has not frightened them. They have stood in their splendid courage against all odds—God grant they may so stand to the end!—for they are fighting for our Republic as well as their own.

There is no doubt that all the strong nations of the world, including our own, have been guilty of fearful and inexcusable crimes against weaker peoples, so that there seems to have been a common consent that the Eighth Commandment should be ignored as if never proclaimed, and that it should read as if it had been written, "Any strong nation shall be at liberty to conquer any weaker nation and to reduce the inhabitants of it to such subjection as seems to the strong nation desirable." And from this sweeping condemnation our own Republic is unhappily not free. While, however, this is true, it is also true that the Christian religion has been gradually extending its influence in international relations and has been mollifying the temper and influencing the action in these latter years of almost every country making even a weak pretense of being subject to the influences of the teachings of Christ. President Wilson declared not long ago that he believed the United States would never again acquire a foot of territory by conquest, lifting us as far as he could out of the category of predatory peoples. And the same spirit seemed slowly asserting its ascendancy among the nations of Europe *with the single exception of Germany*. All lovers of peace were at once surprised and delighted when the Czar of Russia appealed to the world in the noblest language of human brotherhood to meet in Conference at The Hague and strive to lessen by peaceful agreement the frightful burdens of armaments then resting on the whole world, and to prevent any possible increase of them by establishing a tribunal to hear and decide whatever international disputes might arise. Then, alas, the same spirit which actuated Germany to sell her generals and her soldiers to Great Britain to destroy American democracy at its birth, actuated the present Kaiser and those counsellors who surround him and who, like him, believe themselves to be supermen, to impose an absolute veto upon the aspirations which induced the Czar to call the conference. When another conference was called the same obstacle was met in the unyielding determination of Germany that the limitation of armaments should not even be discussed. She had already robbed Denmark of a portion of her domains. She had treated Austria with the utmost brutality after a brief but terrible war, and her greatest

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statesman and two of her greatest soldiers had deliberately perverted a telegram of their King and published it to the world in such insulting language as required France to appear as the aggressor in a war of Germany's own seeking, a war in which, owing to her preparation and the unpreparedness of France, she was enabled to march to Paris, to consolidate the German Empire at Versailles, and to crown the King of Prussia as Emperor. Germany tore two great provinces from her, exacted an indemnity of five milliards of francs, and quartered her victorious armies upon that devastated and impoverished land until the indemnity was paid.

Then Germany began her long period of preparedness to treat all the nations which withstood her will in the same manner, and to reduce them to the same state of subjection. It is needless to quote the numberless expressions of the Kaiser himself and of all his satellites,—in the army, in the universities, and throughout the whole of the German Empire, all treating the army as sacrosanct, the first object of German patriotism, and of worshipping Krupp's as the highest exemplification of the genius of the German people of today. Being supreme on land, they resolved to be supreme also on the sea, and then commenced their mad and wasteful race for naval supremacy with Great Britain. To Germany, possessing a vast territory, fruitful in all the necessities of life, in the heart of Europe, *and with all the rest of the world open to her citizens either for trade or settlement*, a great fleet could be desired only for purposes of conquest, as she showed in the Kaiser's benediction to his sailors, sailing for conquest in the peaceful waters of peace-loving China.

To Great Britain, to whose faults I certainly have never been blind, the command of the seas is a necessity of national existence, for she cannot longer provide the necessaries of life for her people and is dependent for them upon the free access of the world's commerce to her harbors. Soon thereafter was seen the strange spectacle of Great Britain beseeching Germany, in almost abject terms, to agree upon some basis where Germany should remain all powerful on land while Great Britain retained her measurable advantage on the sea. Indeed, it seems almost incredible that a proud and powerful nation should so far humble herself as Great Britain did in her appeals to Germany to cease her preparations for war on the ocean; but to all such appeals Germany replied in the haughty language of a superior that there should be no cessation whatever in her preparation for the struggle for naval supremacy on which she had set her heart.

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One of the most distressing features of the present war is the shameless and persistent use of sheer falsehoods by the apologists for Germany. They have not scrupled to declare that Mr. Roosevelt when President concluded secret alliances with Great Britain, France and Russia, forgetting that no President of this free country possesses any such power. They also declare, knowing it to be utterly false, that Sir Edward Grey has "in his pocket" all kinds of "military agreements"—antedating the war—for the conquest of Germany, and that the Allies drove the Kaiser into war while in truth they were begging him in abject terms for a conference in the hope of averting it. And now the proof comes over his own signature that Mr. Bryan has joined the pro-German propaganda and is receiving a warm welcome from his fellow-workers. I do not for a moment believe that any of these deluded men are in the pay of Germany, but I do assert that they could not be more useful agents of German militarism nor more bitter enemies of American Democracy if they were.

Now it must be remembered that this attitude was maintained by Germany for "war at any price" just at the time when the lovers of peace were most hopeful that a new area of Christian brotherhood was dawning for the world. Not only had the Czar of Russia issued the noble and stirring appeal already mentioned, but his government had so far departed from their ancient system as to summon an assembly which, with all its faults—and they were many—was a great step forward toward popular government in that great kingdom.

Austria had given her people manhood suffrage. France, against the bitter hostility of Germany, had maintained her republican institutions for more than forty years. Even little Portugal had escaped from her wretched monarch and was hoping for some permanent form of popular government. Italy was substantially free and even Great Britain, perhaps after Spain the earliest and the worst offender in the list of predatory nations, had made great concessions to the spirit of freedom. Her own people were free. Canada was as free as the United States, and all the great and wide spaces of Australasia were in the same happy condition. She had initiated the first steps toward giving the peoples of India a voice in their own government, and it was hoped she would soon start upon the same forward movement in Egypt. Upon South Africa she had conferred the priceless boon of free institutions, and General Botha, only the other day her most vigorous

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opponent in war, had been called to be the premier in the peaceful government she had established. Even the too long delayed home rule for Ireland was on the very verge of accomplishment in those peaceful July days of last year, when the sun was shining upon the happy homes and the fertile fields and the priceless treasures of literature and art in the cities of beautiful Belgium. The spirit of popular government seemed to be abroad in the whole earth *except in Germany, and there the baneful spirit of conquest seemed to be more deeply ingrained throughout the empire than ever before.* To righteousness they opposed "frightfulness," to free citizenship they opposed life in the shadow of the helmet, and while all the rest of the world was moving forward, however slowly and with whatever imperfections, toward greater freedom, they were steadily moving backward to a greater and ever greater subjection to the military caste which had become their rulers, until a young officer was acclaimed with honor for having slashed with his sword an unarmed and lame shoemaker in the streets of Zabern. During all this time Germany therefore had drifted further away from the ideals on which America was founded, and in defense of which her sons have always been ready to die, as they are today.

To any traveler in Germany, or to any student of her history since 1860, the signs of this evil transformation of her national character were only too apparent, so that those who loved the Germany of Goethe and Schiller, of Kant and Heine, of Mozart and Beethoven, could not fail to recognize the great change which had come over the nation and to note that she was drifting out of the sisterhood of civilized countries and into a barbarism and a savagery which never could have been foretold and which even the wisest and best of our citizens did not appreciate and could not believe.

Such was the state of mind of President Wilson, not then knowing the relations between Mr. Bryan and Count Bernstorff, when he made the mistake of proclaiming not only a legal but a *moral* neutrality, demanding that American citizens like myself, who had suffered from this change in the attitude of Germany toward civilization and American democracy, should preserve a *moral* neutrality, professing what was impossible, that we did not care whether the "frightfulness" and savagery of the military despotism of Germany should triumph over the French Republic, or whether the French Republic should continue to live. No country in the world was threatening Germany. No foot of her territory was in danger of invasion. No one of her citizens,

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by land or sea, was denied the amplest measure of equality with all other citizens of the world, when suddenly she announced that her solemn covenant to respect and maintain the independence of Belgium was a "scrap of paper" and that she intended, in violation of all treaties and obligations, political and moral, "to hack her way through" that unoffending and peaceful country in order to reach Paris by the shortest line, leaving behind her the smoking ruins of Liége and Louvain and reducing the Cathedral of Rheims from its elevating influence upon the human spirit to an everlasting monument of the wickedness and deviltry of the Huns who destroyed it. It was very natural for President Wilson, being then in ignorance of what had been happening for at least a quarter of a century in Germany, to adopt "the line of least resistance" and appeal to America to forget that she had been saved from destruction by France, that France was a republic while Germany was a military despotism, to even control our sympathies, and to pretend that we did not care whether these brutal aggressors or their helpless victims should win in the struggle which had commenced. Indeed I have always thought that unwise declaration of neutrality, *without a heartfelt expression of sympathy with popular government*, was responsible for very much of the mistaken conduct of our fellow-citizens of German birth or descent, who, it seems to me, have acted so unworthily of the country to which they at least profess allegiance. Perhaps also that inadvertent action of our Government has led the subjects of the Kaiser domiciled in this country, from the Ambassador and his staff up or down, to display such unexpected activities as have marred their enjoyment of our hospitality; and the same blindness which led to the proclamation of *moral* neutrality and the amazingly inept lecture Senator Stone was directed to address to his fellow Senators on this subject, persuaded the President to treat with unwise indulgence so much forgetfulness, alike by our own citizens of German birth or descent and by the subjects of the Kaiser who are enjoying our hospitality, that they are living in the freest and greatest of republics. For there is hardly a single obligation of proper conduct which it is alleged, let us hope mistakenly, has not been flagrantly and frequently and offensively violated alike by the official representatives or the unofficial agents of Germany who have swarmed hither, or by our own citizens who have persuaded themselves that their first allegiance is not to the free country of which they ought to be proud, but to the military

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caste which regards them with the contempt they seem to have earned. It is only necessary to contrast the conduct of the German Embassy with that of the embassies of the three other countries at war. The French Ambassador is the *doyen* of the Diplomatic Corps, and representing a republic, it might naturally be supposed, he would have felt at liberty to adopt a freer line of action in this country than the representatives of a military caste and a military empire. On the contrary, not a single word which, by the severest criticism, could be called improper, has escaped from him or any member of his staff or any Frenchman, naturalized or not, who is enjoying our hospitality; and precisely the same statement is true of the Ambassadors of Great Britain and of Russia, and since Italy has entered the war I am sure it will be equally true of the Ambassador of that country.

On the other hand, the German Embassy is accused of being the center of offensive activity. Every day some new form of illegal action is alleged to emanate from it. One day they are charged with forging passports. Another day one of their agents is charged with blowing up a bridge connecting the United States with Canada. Another day they are said to have furnished false affidavits as to the character of the cargo of the *Lusitania*, and in Berlin they have even descended to the lowest depths of ignominy, for they have portrayed the President of the United States as bribed by British gold, while in truth no more long-suffering Executive, no more indulgent and peace-loving President ever filled his great office. In pursuit of peace and of good relations with Germany, he has, quite unwittingly, no doubt, subjected our own country to such indignities as no free and high-spirited people ought to have endured. The simple truth, which he has been so unwilling to recognize, is that there exists an impassable chasm between a *citizen* of the United States and a subject of the German Emperor, and there is no possible political alchemy whereby the political standards of the one can be transmuted into the political standards of the other. No matter where a man is born or how he is reared, when he comes to manhood he instinctively prefers to be a *citizen* or a *subject*. Our fathers preferred, and we ourselves and our children all prefer, to be free citizens, but we do not for that reason deny to anybody else the privilege of preferring to be the obedient subject of a Kaiser and a Military Caste. We only ask them in all fairness to themselves and to us to make their choice,—to be loyal either to the fundamental prin-

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ciples of our Government or those of the government of the Kaiser, and to believe that they cannot be half loyal to the one and half loyal to the other. They must be wholly American, or wholly German, and if they really prefer the German system of government, they should return thither and enjoy it; but if they propose to continue to live here, then they must be loyal to the American system, and there is no possibility for them of mistaking what that system is. Thomas Jefferson declared it to the whole world when he said the just rights of all governments depend upon the consent of the governed, and Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg, in a few simple words, stamped it forever upon the history of mankind, in his immortal aspiration, that government of the people, by the people and for the people should never perish from the earth. Whoever accepts without reservation those two principles of government is a loyal American. Whoever pretends to accept them and is at heart disloyal to them is unworthy of American citizenship and ought to be deprived of it, for it is an impassable chasm which those honestly on one side can never pass over to the other.

I can only repeat that it is with the greatest regret I have felt impelled to utter these words; but from the beginning of my long life until its close I have been treated with so much undeserved kindness by my countrymen of all races that I could no longer feel happy not to make this friendly appeal to those of German birth or descent who seem to me to have wandered from the true standards of American citizenship and clouded their conception of it with at least a quasi-allegiance to a military monarchy. And it will add to the peace of the closing days of a long and happy life to know that this last duty as God has given me to see it has been discharged, however imperfectly, and that I close what I felt obliged to say without a trace of ill-feeling towards a single one of my fellow-men—but with the conviction of all my life unimpaired that "government by the people" is the best form of government yet vouchsafed to the children of men.

WAYNE MAC VEAGH.

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ENGLAND

BY HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN

EXPERIENCE warns us that a man may while away some six weeks in a foreign country, seize his pen, and dash off some breezy book inflated with cocksure, easy, superficial estimates of the national character, customs, and faults of the people in question. Again, he who has devoted some six months to making an eager and conscientious investigation, is in danger of overloading his pages with countless uncertainties and qualifications, so that his reader, anxious for something definite, loses himself in mists of doubt. But that writer who has spent six years among a foreign people, who has had the opportunity of becoming closely acquainted with many of its various individuals, who has been able to study the succession of events in their action and reaction in the light of the national psychology, and grown intimate not only with character but with the tendency of such character—that writer will renounce his ambition of writing his projected book. For by that time he will have realized how hopeless is the task of mastering the multitudinous and inscrutable theme.

The foregoing does not, of course, apply to one who happens to belong to the people about whom he writes, and who thus may be said to possess a deep and actual knowledge of his subject. He is able to realize the significance of that past with which he has been in touch and to obtain profound glimpses in certain directions; for instance, there where the streams of character and history traverse each other. He grows suddenly aware that, had not history given a certain direction to national character, this would have undergone a development essentially different, and, contrariwise, that the same historical happenings would have produced different results in conjunction with a different national character. We must remember that it is necessary to be on our guard as soon as we speak of the " character " of a nation, for inasmuch as this alleged character

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is necessarily composed of innumerable and various individual characters, there is danger of obtaining an impression similar to those composite photographs of Lombroso, in which, by imposing the features of some fifty murderers one upon the other, he sought to obtain the physiognomy of the "ideal murderer," but succeeded only in creating an utterly uncharacteristic face unlike that of any murderer who had ever lived. Nevertheless, in the case of a nation, the universal ramification of blood-relationship tends to produce a certain homogeneity which is accentuated by the so-called soul of the masses, for through this the individual becomes subject to the influence of the community.

For instance, in these days we stand amazed at the tremendous force with which a certain uniformity reveals itself in the character of the German people. For Germany this hour is precisely one of those in which history and character intersect. We are suddenly rewarded by an insight into the inward nature of those things, as by a cross-section, which usually evade the eye by a deceptive surface. And in a similar fashion and at the same moment—let us hope not with the same uniformity!—we receive a clear and significant insight into a cross-section of the English character and English history. Here, too, we stand amazed, but with racial shame and horror. No end is served when indignant German publicists declare that the English are now no longer a Germanic people; their very actions bespeak their Teutonic origin. They are essentially Germans, purer Germans, in fact, than many Germans themselves. And their development during the last two centuries has resulted in a growing accentuation of the Anglo-Saxon, that is to say, the German element, at the expense of the Norman-Frank—quite apart from the tendency of the latter to be absorbed by the former through cross-breeding. Jewish influences may be disregarded, though the influences of the Jews are considerable in the present English Government, and also among the press, which they have marshalled in the infamous crusade of vilification against Germany. When a nation rises, the Semite follows but never leads. No, it is necessary to probe more deeply into the past in order to discover those causes of the development of England which have brought her where she stands today. This development was one to which a Germanic people might naturally be subject, and the diagonal drawn between history and character has here embodied this into a corporate fact.

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When we study the history of nations we are constantly surprised at the far-reaching and at the same time unforeseen influences that ramify from simple incidents and scarcely perceptible ripples of events. It is necessary only to seize upon a single event in the early history of the English people and another which occurred five hundred years later, in order to make clear what might well prove an enigma. In their operation these two facts result in a third—and from the operation of this specially-conditioned result there naturally follows a certain counter-action, and thus finally, as in the case of all organic life, an infinitely manifold and individual whole is built up whose parts mutually modify one another.

The Norman Conquest of the eleventh century which resulted in the subjugation of the Anglo-Saxons is the event I have in mind; the " turn of affairs " is that by which the agricultural and unseamanlike population of England began to be converted into a sea-faring and merchandizing one,—during the sixteenth century. That certain English characteristics, so puzzling to the stranger, may be traced directly to the interfusion of the Anglo-Saxon state developed by Alfred with the spirit of the Norman conquerers, is sufficiently well-known. But it is no less certain that from the very moment in which the movement towards maritime trade took place, a change made itself felt in the corporate unity of five centuries of growth, and that this was inevitably bound to result in the catastrophe the beginnings of which we experience today.

The term " nobility " does not possess the same significance in England as in other lands. It has nothing to do with a privileged title by virtue of which all the members of a family are forever differentiated outwardly, but merely represents membership in a social caste which is inwardly different from the rest of the people. There is a constant falling away from this caste as well as a constant assimiliation of new members. You may recognize an Englishman of the nobility or gentry almost at the first glance, frequently by the mere features, but always by the facial expression, the demeanour, the voice, almost invariably by his speech. No one is concerned with the title—the whole question is one of caste. Titles are frequently refused by the most aristocratic persons, and among the families most highly honoured are such who for centuries have persistently refused to accept all honours. The analogy of the *ancien régime* in France is not to the point, and would lead to confusion. It is true that the Frankish, Burgundian,

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and Gothic nobility was, until the days of the Revolution, plainly distinguishable from the rest of the people. Today these fine physiognomies are but rarely seen in France. But in England different conditions prevailed from the very beginning, and they have consequently assumed a different meaning. The Burgundians, Franks, and Goths invaded Gaul in entire tribes. The greater part amalgamated themselves with the earlier inhabitants—the princes and nobles alone held themselves aloof and were numerous enough to permit of inbreeding for a considerable period. On the other hand, the noble families who accompanied the first Norman king to England were relatively few in number—for which reason this strain, which merely assimilated a few Saxon and Danish families of noble birth, remained entirely segregated from the unmixed masses of the Anglo-Saxon people. From this circumstance evolved that ruling caste which is peculiar to England, and this caste has preserved its language or, more correctly, its pronunciation, to this very day. Its forms of expression include not only special words but special turns of phrase which, like the very accent of this caste, the Englishman of the common classes is incapable of mastering.

These conditions gave rise to a cleavage of the people, and this has persisted down to our period, separating the population into two unbridgable parts, an upper and a lower class, a noble and a plebeian. William the Conqueror endeavoured to learn Anglo-Saxon, but in vain. Hobbes tells us that the kings who succeeded him were wont to reply thus to all natives who ventured to complain of the tyranny of the new nobles: "Silence! thou art but an Englishman!" And yet this Englishman proved victorious, inasmuch as he refused to learn French. But the same thing (and in this lies the crux of the matter) occurred with the upper class who refused to learn Anglo-Saxon. Out of this twofold stubborness there grew a new tongue which we call English. It was born of two antagonistic idioms each of which strove for mastery, but even after a certain fixity had been secured, the battle persisted between the two pronunciations—the aristocratic and the plebeian.

If we will keep this point respecting the language in mind, we shall obtain a deeper insight into English conditions than through the perusal of many books. For instance, a system of schools devoted to higher education such as exists in Germany, France, Italy and other countries, would be impossible in England. Would I be likely to send my son to a school in which

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he would grow accustomed, not only through his comrades but through his very teachers, to saying "'igh" for "high" and "hiland" for "island"?—not to speak of the disagreeable nasality which has afflicted the urban populations of England, and in the meanwhile, of America and Australia? The *Gymnasia* and *Realschulen* of Germany are therefore quite impossible for England. There are institutions for the training of the children of the upper classes and others for the training of the children of the lower. The boys do not know one another, they hold no converse in common, and they mutually despise one another.

The old universities are, without exception, exclusive, and breed those exquisites, the English scholars who, removed from all common things in the cloisters of their mediaeval colleges, are, for all that, not inexperienced in a worldly sense—as may be assumed from their belonging to the ruling classes of a ruling nation, enjoying ample leisure for research and travel, and representing in their books and in their persons the perfection of modern culture. Such scholars, to be sure, are mere products of the hot-house. The newer universities, on the other hand, are only special schools—though many prominent teachers may be on their staffs, especially chemists, physicists, and engineers, nearly all of whom have studied in Germany. They are, however, in no way able to influence the character of the institutions they serve, since these are devoted exclusively to practical purposes and not to abstract science. One of the main pillars of modern Germany is therefore entirely lacking in England—the all-uniting common and higher schools whose influence penetrates the national life by a thousand channels and elevates it into a cultural unity.

The possibility of building up an army of the people, that tremendous ethical creation of modern Germany which is nothing more nor less than its very spine, is likewise lacking in Great Britain. For the German army would be incapable of the stupendous moral power it exerts were it not the mirror and the focus of all the forces of the entire nation, from the Kaiser at its head to the youngest peasant recruit. It is like one family, each is to each a comrade, united by obedience, duty, and love of fatherland. Ere the army could be evolved and the unity of Germany be developed to its fullest power, it was necessary that a moral and spiritual unity should prevail in order to will and create a host of this kind. This unity is lacking in England. In England the two sections of the people, the greater and the

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less, know nothing of each other. My servant may have waited upon me for twenty years, yet I may know little more about him than about the soul of my walking-stick. The pride of the lower-class Englishman is his unapproachableness. He does not wish to be questioned nor made to speak; he is loath to say: "Good morning" or "Good evening." Should he meet his employer upon the street he usually crosses it in order to avoid being forced to salute. What possibility of comradeship between officers and soldiers can there be under such conditions? What common purpose? The relationship remains that of a noble who gives orders to beings from another world, and demands obedience through his inherited superiority.

The plebeian Englishman, moreover, has always been of an unwarlike nature. The Plantagenets waged many wars in France and won great renown in the Holy Land, but in England they were able to secure soldiers only from the upper classes. Green, the eminent historian, declares that wars and crusades aroused no interest among the people of England; the one quality they appreciated in their kings was their ability to secure long periods of peace for the island. And this condition has persisted down to present times, for even to-day the larger part of the regular British army consists of Celtic Irishmen and Celtic Scots—the real Englishman enlists but seldom. In England's battles of the past Englishmen may have borne the command, but the armies consisted of foreign mercenaries, chiefly German. The principal wars in India were won not by English but by Indian troops, for here the legal proportion of Englishmen was determined as one-fifth, and most of these "Englishmen," as already declared, were, in reality, Irish. The amusing description of the recruiting of soldiers in England which Shakespeare gives us in the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth* is known to all lovers of the poet. In the letters of Sir Henry Wotton, the English ambassador at Venice during the same period, we find an edifying historical confirmation of this. At the beginning of the year 1617 England wished to array herself on the side of the Republic against Spain. The Doge expresses his willingness to accept the services of a Scottish duke who is bringing soldiers from Scotland and Ireland, but the proffer of English troops he declines with thanks: "I have no very high opinion of them and I know how much their fighting spirit depends upon the three B's—Beef, Beer and Bed!" Van Noorden in his *War of the Spanish Succession*, declares that in 1708 England was forced to consider the adoption of

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legal measures for meeting the great lack of English recruits. It is always the same old story—in 1200, in 1600, in 1700, and in 1900—I might supply dozens of examples. (What American does not remember the impressment of American seamen?) England's insular position is not sufficient as an explanation, for insular Japan has, under our very eyes, been able to create a formidable army of the people. I am convinced that the real cause is to be sought for in that circumstance of a racial mixture followed by a social cleavage, and then intensified by that " turn of affairs " of which I shall proceed to speak. Moreover, one should not overlook the fact that the theory that England had no use for a larger army and need therefore create none, was supported in practice from the earliest times. No statesman in his day, and perhaps none in ours, has been more highly honoured than Lord Bolingbroke. Long after his death he remained the prophet of the peculiar course which the development of modern England has assumed. In the midst of the victories under Queen Anne, Bolingbroke expresses the opinion that England ought to possess a large fleet, but not a standing army, " for this would bring the island too near the Continent," whereas it was to the interest of England to permit the Continental Powers mutually to wage war upon one another without meddling too deeply in their affairs. An army would produce great economic difficulties and dangers.

A third point might briefly be touched upon: the entire system of English law—the State, its constitution and its policy—is the work of one social element without any real participation of the others. Honest old Hobbes acknowledges this when he states that Parliament has never represented the nation as a whole. The Reformation ought certainly to be considered as the point of departure in English policy, for religion must always operate as the main force in politics—but what do we find? Those Englishmen, who in their deep earnestness broke away from Rome, were forced to fly their native country and seek liberty of conscience in the wildernesses of North America. On the other hand,the separation of the State and Church as a purely political measure was carried out by that practically absolute monarch, Henry the Eighth, almost without consulting Parliament. The people of England went to sleep as Roman Catholics and awoke the next morning as " Anglicans."

Among those fables which have caused me most annoyance I must reckon the so-called " political liberty " of England. From the very beginning it has been nothing more than the

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liberty of a caste. Athens indeed might easily have considered itself "free," since 400,000 bondmen served some 20,000 free citizens—and England has been able to indulge itself in the luxury of an alleged free Parliament because this Parliament was entirely under the control of wealthy people to whom government meant happiness and the breath of life.

One of the most gifted men to whom England ever gave birth, Thomas de Quincey, proves that the growth of the power and adaptiveness of the House of Commons since 1600 is not to be ascribed to a revival of the popular will, but to the multiplication of the lesser nobility—that is to say, to the influence of the younger sons of the old families. These by degrees forced the great feudal lords and bishops to give way. Parliament showed its wisdom in demanding certain rights for the people, for this strengthened it against the king and gave it authority to execute that monarch who would tolerate no interference by the ruling caste. But no less bloodily has it been able to suppress every longing that the populace manifested for power of its own. Even today, when the right of suffrage has been so extended as to permit a considerable section of the common people to have a voice in the affairs of the nation, the ancient dominating nature of the ruling class still exerts itself. Most readers may recall Dickens's description of a Parliamentary election in *Pickwick*. I am myself able to confirm the truth of this from a somewhat later period. On the day of the election the little provincial town in which I was then living was invaded by four hundred roughs who had been brought thither by special train. They were a brutal gang with insolent and criminal physiognomies, hailing from a neighbouring manufacturing town, and were armed with formidable cudgels. They formed a sort of guard engaged by the Conservative Party. Not one had the least personal interest in the election, but they were there to intimidate the liberal voters, and, in case that was not sufficient, to break their skulls. Fortunately the Liberal Committee had not been idle, and shortly afterward three hundred still more suspicious characters arrived from some other point. There were fights and rows throughout the entire day, the voters were dragged from their vehicles by the feet, and the speakers bombarded with rotten eggs. Surely a peculiar conception of the freedom of political opinion and the right of suffrage! In the evening I was to experience a little of this in my own person. I was at that time a student at college, and, of the eighty

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scholars of this particular school, the only one who wore the Liberal colours and supported Gladstone. Even the pleadings of my teachers were unable to persuade me to change my political colours and pin those of Disraeli upon the lapel of my coat. I was therefore suddenly assailed by the entire mob, flung to the ground, and beaten until the teachers and servants hastened to my assistance. On that day—almost forty-seven years ago—I learned more concerning English conceptions of liberty than I did through all my subsequent studies of the works of Hallam and Gneist. Two brutal factors confront each other in English politics—confront and mutually complete each other: the brutal violence of the ruling class and the basic brutality of the uncultivated mass, sundered completely from all contact with the finer things of life.

All these phenomena may be traced back to that event of 1066, an event of sheer violence which destroyed the fine civilization of the Anglo-Saxon state and created the kingdom of "England." It is my opinion that England's rise and England's decline are both rooted in this. But now as to that remarkable "turn of affairs" without which the general demoralization of all classes which we lament today would never have ensued.

In his classic work, *The Expansion of England*, John Robert Seeley long ago attacked the myth that Englishmen are by nature a race of adventurous sea-rovers comparable to the Vikings and early Normans. The very opposite is the case. Much patience and time were required ere Englishmen could be induced to venture upon salt water. Seeley at the same time makes it clear that the English are not, in the full sense of the term, conquerors. They have founded colonies where empty lands awaited them or districts inhabited only by naked savages. They acquired other colonies from Dutchmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards by means of treaties, or for example, Malta, by the violation of treaties. India was subjugated by Indian troops. England has never by force of arms undertaken wars of conquest—like the French or Spaniards. No, the English do not, like Alexander or Caesar, wage war for the sake of glory. "For England," says Seeley, "war is an industry, one of the possible means of acquiring wealth, the most prosperous business, the most remunerative investment." One may censure this or laud it; I quote it merely because this trait completes the others. Englishmen are not by nature soldiers, nor bold and daring sea-farers, but are lured across the waters solely by trade—trade in peace, trade in war. The Army and

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Navy were not created for the strength and defense of the home country, but for the furtherance of a world-wide search for markets and profits; and, despite their undeniable courage and thoroughness, they are in no sense the expression of a national need or a moral idea.

Her insular situation has, of course, long made it necessary for England to import goods of all sorts from other lands. But for many hundreds of years this trade lay entirely in the hands of strangers. Among the successors of William the First, Frenchmen from Normandy and Picardy monopolized English trade. Then the German Hanseatic League began its operations, later the so-called Flemish Hansa; Venice and Genoa, according to certain agreements, carried on the entire trade with the Mediterranean without the use of a single English ship. Even the fisheries along the English coast were chiefly in the hands of Dutchmen, so that when Henry the Eighth made his first tentative attempts to assist the Company of Merchant Adventurers and create a small navy for their protection, he knew not whence to take his sailors, for seamen did not exist among the English. In order to relieve these deplorable conditions, Henry's successor, Edward the Sixth, issued a decree in 1549 by which the eating of fish on Fridays and Saturdays and on all days of fasting and penance was made compulsory. Elizabeth increased the stringency of these laws and did all in her power to advance the fishing industry. We thus see that during a period in which Italians, Spaniards and Portugese had already produced a race of gifted and heroic navigators, Englishmen were forced by means of harsh laws to catch herrings and flounders in order to bring them into closer acquaintance with the deep! (See Cunningham's *Growth of English Industry and Commerce*). Now, to be sure, progress was rapid enough, and that very Doge who declined the offer of English troops, gladly accepted the help of certain English war-ships, which were nothing more than armed merchantmen, yet were accounted a part of the royal navy. For the first time in history seven English men-of-war sailed into the Mediterranean in July, 1518, as a modest part of a mighty Dutch and Venetian fleet. (Corbett's *England in the Mediterranean*).

England had now recognized the new conditions of the changing world and the opportunity which offered itself for her special enrichment. All that was problematical had already been solved by others—the East and West passages had been discovered, the New World had been flung open to the Old,

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India made accessible, and contact with China established. There was nothing further to do now save to help herself to the prizes—according to the ethics of Mephistopheles:

> Why ask me "What?" instead of "How?"
> I should forego my rights by sea:
> War, Trade and Piracy, I vow,
> Are one—a holy trinity.

The policy of England which now developed may with absolute accuracy be characterized by these words: War, Trade, and Piracy.

As soon as England devotes herself to overseas commerce her hate immediately springs into being, and its first outburst, oddly enough, is directed against the German Hansa. I refer the reader to Schanz's *English Commercial Policy*. And the freebooter instinct also comes into play. Without any declaration of war whatsoever England swoops like a hawk upon the unsuspecting Spanish island of Jamaica and thus establishes her West Indian possessions. For a long time England's "colonial activities" are confined to the capture of Spanish galleons homeward bound with gold and precious wares. England overtakes all other nations in her commercial lust and waxes stronger and stronger through their destruction. Piracy is the first essential, for piracy produces a flourishing trade; war is to be waged only when other means are of no avail—but always with an eye to the island policy of Bolingbroke. England first forms an alliance with Holland in order to destroy the colonial empire of Spain, then with France in order to sever the vital nerve of Holland; then she perceives how that great Frenchman, Dupleix, has grasped the essentials of the Indian problem, imitates his method, and hounds the Hindoos against the French, then Hindoos against other Hindoos, until finally, in Seeley's words, she has "without conquest" subjugated one of the richest empires of the world. Kant—who, gentle soul though he was, nevertheless was gifted with an accurate and penetrating vision—delivers this judgment upon England at the very beginning of the nineteenth century: "England is the most aggressive and war-fomenting of all nations."

Let one example attest how unmoral the people of England had become under the influence of this new spirit. We all know what importance English school histories attach to those battles which Marlborough won with his German soldiers. And what was the real end and issue of these wars? Nothing

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less than to assure to England a monopoly of the trade in slaves. Lecky declares that, after the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, the slave-trade became the central feature of all English policy. And this trade was carried on by the English just so long as it remained profitable. Liverpool, for instance, has not grown prosperous through its industries but through the capture and sale of millions of unhappy blacks. Green, patriotic historian though he be, gives witness thus: "The horrible cruelties and the ruthlessness of this traffic, the ruin of Africa and the destruction of human dignity, called forth no pity in the hearts of Englishmen." He goes on, nevertheless, and describes the attempts of a few philanthropists to combat these inhuman wrongs. But for decades these men were unable to accomplish anything; Parliament remained dumb, the merchants became indignant—until such time as new conditions produced an unfavorable effect upon this unholy traffic. Then, with the most revolting protestations of humanity and of England's mission to act as a torch-bearer to other nations, etc., the slave-trade was at last suspended by law. We are fortunate enough to possess a clear and enduring judgment of Goethe's upon this very matter: "Everybody is familiar with the declamations of the English against the traffic in slaves, and whilst they endeavour to delude us with humanitarian maxims as to their motives in this matter, we are for all that able to perceive that their real object is one essentially at variance with their pretenses. One might have known this, for Englishmen, as is notorious, never act without ulterior motives. Their great possessions on the West Coast of Africa make it necessary for them to employ these negroes themselves and it is therefore against their interests to transport them elsewhere. They have built up large colonies of negroes in America, and these are very remunerative, amd produce a great annual profit in slaves. These supply the North American demand, and, since the profits of this traffic would be lessened by importing blacks, they now find it to their interest to preach against this inhuman commerce."

It would be impossible within the limits of an article to describe how England's agricultural life gradually went to ruin through her growing and exclusive devotion to trade, industry, and, above all, the material accumulation of wealth. At the beginning of the nineteenth century English weavers still lived in comfortable country homes surrounded by fields and vegetable gardens. Today this is a luxury in which only a rich business

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man may indulge, for the products would not pay the cost. In 1769, with a total population of eight and a half millions, 2,800,000 were occupied with agriculture or sheep-raising; in 1897, with a population of 40,000,000, only 798,000 men and women were thus occupied (Gibbins, *The Industrial History of England*).

A deep-going change of character in the population of both classes is connected with this turn of affairs which has so completely changed the life and soul of the Englishman. The England of old had been able to enjoy the priceless treasure of an absolute immunity against a foe from without, and as already shown, it had waged its wars with alien troops. For this reason agriculture and country life flourished and—as the old poets sang and modern scientists with their statistics prove—not only were the proprietors more prosperous than today, but also the small lease-holders and the labourers. England was known throughout all Europe for its comfort and its "merriness." A traveller of the fifteenth century observes that the English are less plagued by hard work than most people; lead a more refined life and dedicate themselves to spiritual interests. Another praises their incomparable "courtesy." But all that has changed. As to the "spiritual interests" in the England of today I have something to say in my essay on "German Liberty." But so far as "merry old England" is concerned—and who does not love its fine flower as given to us by Shakespeare and Walter Scott from the spacious ages of Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth?—this same England began to vanish, at first gradually, then with amazing rapidity, but always in direct proportion to, though in inverse ratio with, the development of its overseas commerce and industry. The novels of the eighteenth century retain this atmosphere in a kind of sultry and eerie afterglow; the genius of Dickens shows it lighting up the hearts of a few naive and twisted souls wavering towards death—between caricature and a melancholy insight into their own unreal and shadowy destiny. Today the last trace has vanished; today England has nothing to show of geniality, nor broad, good-natured humor, nor gaiety—so far as the national life is concerned. All is haste, money, noise, pomp, vulgarity, ostentation, arrogance, envy. Who does not recall the beautiful old English Christmas garnished with palm-branches and mistletoe under which innocent kisses were stolen? Thirty years ago no Englishman could have been lured from his home on this day; today the restaurants of London are bespoken

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weeks in advance; family jostles family at thousands of tables. An orgy of drinking, eating, and noise ensues, until midnight sounds, when there is an outburst in unison of some trivial gutter-song, or the obnoxious and tiresome "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." After which the tables are cleared away and young men and women abandon themselves to violent and promiscuous negro dances, whilst their elders play bridge in adjoining rooms. I believe no sane Englishman will dispute my word when I declare: "Once we were merry; we are merry no more."

It is my absolute conviction that this catastrophe, this complete destruction of English gaiety, English wisdom, and English honesty (for this, too, was once proverbial) is to be ascribed to the circumstance that a people whose social fabric was thus like a house divided against itself were suddenly abandoned or seduced into a devotion to war, trade, and piracy. All culture —religion, education, art, arms, law, social customs—must, if it is to penetrate the entire nation, have as its postulate a unity among the people so that the humblest citizen may share in it. It is needless to point out how fully this condition is fulfilled in Germany. In England we find nothing of the sort. No sooner was the worthy Anglo-Saxon peasant converted into a freebooter, than we behold the "blond beast," as Nietzsche saw it in his immeasurable dream; and no sooner had the "refined" nobles of the fifteenth century lost their "spiritual interests" and begun to lust after gold, than the heartless slave-dealer stood revealed—a creature distinguished from the Spanish robber merely through his hypocrisy. There is no human type more brutal than the brutal Englishman, for brutality forms the very basis of his being. He may not be evil at heart; he may be frank, energetic, and courageous. But he is submerged in an ethiopian ignorance; he has never undergone the discipline of obedience and reverence; he knows of no other ideal than that of "fighting his way through." As is nearly always the case, this crudity has gradually saturated almost the entire nation from the bottom to the very top. Some fifty years ago it was considered *infra dig.* for a member of the aristocracy to devote himself to manufacture, trade, or finance. Today the head of the oldest and greatest house of Scotland, a brother-in-law of the King himself, is a banker. When sons of dukes or marquises suddenly vanish out of society and their absence elicits inquiry, we receive the answer: "Oh, he's making his pile." How, when, or where, is neither explained nor asked.

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In the meantime, however, another variety of vulgarization had seized upon the upper classes—something far more ominous in a political sense. Despite gentility and good form, the moral compass had begun to waver from the true North; the temptation of inordinate power based upon unlimited wealth was too strong to be resisted. Right and wrong soon became dubious, almost indiscriminated, terms among the aristocracy and the circles that stood closest to it. The very man whose private life was conducted according to a most scrupulous code was ready to commit any crime in the assumed interests of his country. Our English prophets—Burke, Carlyle, Ruskin—have been thundering for more than a hundred years against the terrifying decline of the love of honesty—once held so sacred in England! Here, too, I should like to cite an example. The reader will be able to perceive upon what downward paths the feet of England have been set.

Who has not heard of Warren Hastings? As a mere boy he entered the service of the East India Company and attained to the post of governor-general. There is no doubt that England owes its supremacy in India to this man, who, with a cunning that was nothing less than Machiavellian, knew how to incite the various tribes, principalities, and creeds of India one against the other. In addition to an intellect of a high order and an iron will, Warren Hastings was distinguished by the fact that he was fettered by no conscience in the matter of politics. He was forced to deal with tyrants like Tipu Sahib, with criminals risen from the lowest castes to the throne of princes, whence they ruled like wild beasts over the docile Hindoos; with old titled sorceresses who let their own sons rot in dungeons so that they themselves might wallow a little longer in the blood of their people—in short, with that horrible mob of dehumanized Asiatics into whose power the hapless land had fallen. Gentle measures, it may be granted, were out of place here. Had the East India Company or the English Government that stood behind it interfered here with force of arms, noble work might have been nobly completed. But there was no such intention. The Government had no thought of lending assistance with money or soldiers, and the Company did not wish to incur increased expenses but to reap increased profits. Hastings would therefore form a compact first with this Indian prince, than with the other. He was indifferent to all right and wrong, protected the greatest of the criminals on the native thrones so long as he thereby served the interests of his company, and

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through these, as he imagined, those of England. Gold above all things was needed—how else was he to equip and support an army? India was to pay for India's subjugation. Hastings for this reason sought out those native princes who promised him the largest contributions, and these he supported with all the means a European in his position might command. In this fashion he almost doubled the returns of the East India Company. But how was this end achieved? How were these princes enabled to pay such great sums and supply so many soldiers? By means of cruelties so horrible that the world has never heard their like—till recently, when the Belgians took possession of the Congo Basin: cruelties which have cast an eternal blot of shame upon all conceptions of humanity—for no monster could conceive them and no devil perpetrate them upon the innocent.

Then Burke arose in 1780—Burke already deserving of immortality through this one act—and by the sheer force of his eloquence forced Parliament to impeach Hastings on the score of having brought infamy upon the name of England. During the trial before the House of Lords, Burke spoke for six consecutive days, confirmed his charges in every single particular, and then concluded with these words:

"My Lords, if by conniving at these frauds, you once teach the people of England a concealing, narrow, suspicious, guarded conduct,—if you teach them qualities directly contrary to those by which they have hitherto been distinguished,—if you make them into a nation of concealers, a nation of dissemblers, a nation of liars, a nation of forgers,—my Lords, if you, in one word, turn them into a people of *banians*, the character of England, that character which, more than our arms, and more than our commerce, has made us a great nation, the character of England will be gone and lost."

The day on which Warren Hastings was acquitted, the 23rd of April, 1795, is one of those days of which I spoke, when history and character intersect and give us a glimpse into the innermost nature of things. The new England which, naturally, had long been in process of evolution from the old, was now revealed as complete. Hastings had not enriched himself personally; as a private individual he had not robbed other private individuals; it may be that he had never harmed so much as a fly in the course of his life; yet in the interests of his country, that is to say, of its power and its wealth, he hesitated at no falsehood, no perjury; he betrayed what was confided to him,

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refused his protection to the innocent, raised criminals to thrones, suffered others to commit the most unspeakable cruelties, and cashiered English officials who dared to protest.

And, behold! with modern England we find ready to hand the modern English statesman. For Sir Edward Grey is precisely a man of this calibre. For years he has assumed the chair at conferences for the preservation of peace—in order that the well-planned war might find no obstacle in its way; for years he has sought a *rapprochement* with Germany—in order that the honourable German statesmen and diplomats might not suspect the war of annihilation that was preparing. The German Emperor had almost succeeded at the last moment in avoiding the danger of war, but Grey, the anointed apostle of peace, knew how to play his cards so that the cataclysm became inevitable. England usually abominated the crime of regicide, but now when the unthinkable occurs in the acts of active state officials and officers who through their own Crown Prince prepare for the assassination of the Crown Prince of a neighboring state, now no word of holy horror is uttered, but England's mission to "protect the little states" is suddenly discovered by Grey. In "neutral" Belgium the English Government helps to convert Antwerp into the strongest fortress in the world, and sends her ammunition to Maubeuge as early as 1913. The military "agreements" with France and Belgium for the attack upon Germany from the North are in the pockets of Sir Edward Grey; all details of transport and disembarkation are there in black and white. And yet he is able to manipulate events in such a fashion that Germany, out of her dire necessity,—for now all men may perceive how otherwise she would have been utterly lost,—is forced to violate this alleged neutrality. For the first time in the history of the world the entire English fleet is mobilized—this at the beginning of July, and ostensibly for a sort of harmless inspection by the King. Precisely at the very time arranged for the assassination of Franz Ferdinand, a friendly visit of battle-ships to Kiel is arranged, for other attempts to spy out the defenses of that harbour had not succeeded. Such today is political England—precisely as Burke had predicted it would become: a nation of dissemblers, forgers, liars and cheats. What of Ruskin's bitter self-comfort: "Let us not concern ourselves with this England; in a hundred years it will be numbered among the dead nations"? I too, have no faith in the unlimited power of England of which we hear so much, for true power lies rooted only in moral strength.

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The individual Englishman may be courageous and even efficient, but the State of England is rotten unto its very marrow.

Germany is a country so essentially different that England, the political England of today, has been a riddle to her for many years. Again and again has Germany permitted herself to be deceived, and almost I fear that this may occurr no less in the future—which might well prove fatal. For that reason I, an Englishman, must have the courage to attest the truth. We can be saved only by a wise, strong, and victorious Germany.

HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN.

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SELLING ARMS TO THE ALLIES

BY HORACE WHITE

THE sale of arms and munitions to belligerents in the present war and the questions of law relating thereto have drawn attention to the French Arms debate in the Senate of the United States in 1872. It has been assumed in some quarters that the matter in controversy then was the same as at present: that we were guilty of an infraction of our duties as a neutral; that we were helping the French with arms and ammunition to the detriment and disadvantage of Germany; and that the notable speech of Carl Schurz on that occasion was a protest against such infraction.

A reference to dates will show that this is a misconception. The Franco-German war had been fought and ended more than a year before the French Arms question came up as a matter of controversy among us. King William was crowned as German Emperor in the palace at Versailles on the 18th of January, 1871. Carl Schurz's speech was made in the United States Senate on the 20th of February, 1872. The debate and investigation arose upon a question whether a ring of our Government officials and a few private speculators had defrauded the United States and violated our laws by sales of Government arms in order to put money in their own pockets. The question whether there had been a breach of neutrality was only incidental. The manufacture and sale of arms by private individuals or corporations to belligerents was never called in question in the debate. The arms sold during the Franco-Prussian war were the property of our Government, and the breach of neutrality, if any, was due to that fact.

The year 1872 was that in which the Liberal Republican revolt took place against public scandals which were then epidemic. It was a time when much corruption was uncovered and when any suspicious circumstances were likely to attract considerable attention. There had been large sales of arms

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from the public arsenals following our Civil War and the disbandment of our armies,—sales both to belligerents and non-belligerents. Some suspicious circumstances were discovered. One was that the law governing such sales required that the offerings of arms should be in pursuance of previous public advertisement, whereas there had been no advertising except in a single instance. Another was that when breech-loading rifles were sold the Government made and sold cartridges to fit them; that the law prohibited the selling of Government arms to any friendly Power which was at war with another friendly Power; that the arms sold were not obsolete but serviceable, and actually better than the arms then in the hands of the Militia of the several States. In fact there were good grounds for an inquiry into the matter, but not for a condemnation of anybody offhand.

There were answers to all of these charges, which if not wholly satisfactory, took the sting out of them, so that the French Arms sale was not heard of in the subsequent political campaign. As to the failure to advertise, it was shown that Gen. Schofield, when Secretary of War, had ruled orally that when there had been one advertisement for thirty days of a particular kind of property for sale by the Department, it was not necessary to advertise separately each subsequent sale of the same kind of property. As to the manufacture of cartridges for the rifles it was contended that it was the custom of the trade when dealing in breech loaders for the seller to furnish cartridges to the buyer, without which the arms would be useless.

It was proved that when the first sales were made to the Remington Company, Gen. Dyer, the Chief of Ordnance, did not know and had no reason to suppose that they were agents of the French Government; that when that fact became known the Secretary of War prohibited further sales to them but did allow their representative to take one lot which had been sold but not delivered before their destination became known. Other parties then came in as buyers who sold to still other parties, who in turn sold to the French. The *Nation* of April 4, 1872, discussing this point said:

> The other law that the Government is accused of disregarding is that directing that no arms, the property of the United States, shall be sold to the agent of any friendly Power when at war with another friendly Power. It is charged that the officers of the War Department disposed of old arms to persons whom they knew to be French agents.

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In the main it seems to us that this charge has not been made good. Certainly up to the 13th of October, 1870, no arms were sold to any person known to the Department to be the authorized agent of either belligerent. On that day Secretary Belknap and General Dyer discovered that Mr. Squire, to whom thay had just made a large sale, was an agent of the French Government. Secretary Belknap at once ordered that no more arms be sold to him but he delivered what had been sold and for this he is censured by some. Perhaps it would have been better if he had not done so; he had not yet received from Mr. Squire the margin commonly exacted from purchasers, and could have renounced the bargain with propriety had he chosen to do so; still there was nothing in this action deserving of severe censure. . . . In a word we think the War Department has been perhaps a little careless while we acquit it at this point of any violation of United States law.

The fact came out in the investigation that when the Secretary of War learned that some of these arms went to the French Government he caused an offer to be made to sell the same number and kind of arms to the Prussian Government, but the offer was declined and the answer was returned that the Prussian Government had no objection to our selling to the French. Bismarck added that he could get the arms cheaper on the banks of the Loire.

As to the expediency of selling at all, it was in the discretion of the War Department to sell arms not actually in use. The Secretary could decide for himself when a particular pattern had been, or was likely to be, superseded by a better one. Such decisions, however, were made only with the approval of the Ordnance Department.

In short, it turned out that there was nothing reprehensible in the sales *per se*, though probably some persons on this side of the water and some on the other side made more money out of them than a fair commission. No question relating to the manufacture and sales of arms and munitions by private persons to foreigners or to foreign Governments, whether belligerent or non-belligerent, entered into the discussion. That question has been raised now because the sea power of the Allies enables them to carry away the things which they buy in our markets.

Words count for something here. We are accused of exporting arms and ammunition to the enemies of Germany. That would not be a breach of neutrality even if we did the exporting ourselves. But in fact the buyers do their own exporting. They pay the freight. They assume all the risks of conveyance. If our offence were phrased correctly it would

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be in words like these: "You commit a breach of neutrality by allowing American citizens to sell arms to English and French buyers." President Wilson replies: "American citizens have always had that right and they cannot be deprived of it. They will sell to you on the same terms." Germany replies: "We do not want your arms and ammunition. We have plenty of our own. We only want your wheat and cotton. Great Britain puts a barrier in the way of our obtaining these things. We ask you to remove that barrier for us."

It should be observed here that no official protest has been made by Germany against sales of arms and ammunition by our citizens to French, English or Russian buyers. The only objections to such traffic have come from newspapers and irresponsible persons in Germany and in our own country. The inference to be drawn from this is that the officials of Germany know that in the eye of international law there is no valid ground of objection to the selling of arms and ammunition to belligerents. They have also been informed by us that no power exists by which our executive could put a stop to such traffic.

We are told that we might restore peace to Europe at once by stopping the sale of arms and ammunition—by giving victory to Germany. This means that we could thus consign France and her Continental Allies to the mastery and savagery under which Belgium has been writhing during the last eleven months. We are asked to do this in the name of neutrality!

Where is the line to be drawn, in the forum of conscience, between the different kinds of war tools? What things are to be included in the phrase "arms and ammunition" and what excluded? Nitre is one of the raw materials of gunpowder, cotton is one of the raw materials of torpedoes. Petroleum is one of the necessities of submarines, of aeroplanes and of motor cars. Horses are indispensable for cavalry. Motor cars are required for land transport of all kinds. Coal is a necessity for every movement of troops and warships and for baking bread for the soldiers. Shall we desist in selling horses and motor cars to English, French and Canadian buyers because they may use some of them to expel the German invaders of Belgium?

Money is perhaps the chief desideratum of nations in war time, since it is immediately convertible into weapons and materials of war. American newspapers were recently graced with advertisements of a German Treasury loan at 5 per cent interest, the proceeds to be expended solely in our markets. It

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is needless to inquire too closely what kind of goods it was expended for.

It is said that when we were at war with Spain, Germany, at the request of our Ambassador at Berlin, prohibited the exportation of arms to Spain. The official record in this case, if there be any, has not been made public. It remains to be seen whether our Ambassador at Berlin was instructed by his own Government to make such request; also whether Spain tried to buy arms in Germany; also whether Germany did or did not sell them, and if she did not, whether she was justified in refusing.

When neutrality is put upon a higher plane than the settled law and practice of nations we are bound to inquire on which side the preponderance of moral principles is to be found. Which of the contending parties began the war and made itself responsible for the awful human misery that has flowed from it? The reasons why Germany declared war may be briefly summarized thus: (1) the necessity of giving "a free hand to Austria in dealing with Servia"; (2) the mobilization of Russia; (3) the secret, hostile intentions of France; (4) the commercial jealousy of England; (5) Germany's need of a place in the sun; (6) her need of a place on the sea.

These causes for beginning a world war are sufficiently variegated. All of them may be dismissed except the first. Everybody knows now that if the first had not existed none of the others would have been heard of. After giving Austria her head in a world war Germany exclaimed that she was defending herself and fighting for existence! She then carried fire and sword into Belgium.

The belief of the great majority of people of the United States is that Germany began the war without sufficient cause, and that when she invaded Belgium she made herself the outlaw of the nations—a country whom no agreements can bind.

Closely connected with this thought is the conviction that no limit can ever be put to the world's expenditure for armaments while one incorrigible outlaw is at large. Even in time of peace the cost of armies and navies goes on increasing, and this is logical. If every nation may declare war at its own whim it may reasonably estimate beforehand the cost of it and provide for it accordingly. There is no reason why it should pause short of the last dollar in its treasury, and the last male inhabitant capable of carrying a gun. The costs of armaments will go on increasing until the entire net earnings of the human

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race are absorbed in death dealing instruments or until a supreme tribunal shall be established to decide international disputes and to enforce its decisions. It is the opinion of most Americans that the most incorrigible and dangerous outlaw and armed maniac now existing is Germany, and that the first and indispensable step toward a restriction of armaments and a quiet world is to throttle and disarm her, and that no price is too great to pay for such a consummation. Any result of the present war which falls short of this will be the preliminary to a new armament and another war on a wider scale than the present one, since the United States will make preparations for the next one and most probably take part in it.

Germany, by bursting her way through Belgium, was enabled to seize 80 to 90 per cent of the coal and iron resources of France and the greater part of her apparatus for the production of arms. She holds also the entire resources of Belgium, both of raw material and finished product. The foul blow by which she possessed herself of these indispensable treasures had two consequences which she did not look for—the active hostility of England and the moral indignation of all other nations. In helping France to make good the loss which she sustained through such perfidy the American people think that they are doing God's service, and their only regret is that they cannot do more of it. If they had foreseen the present conditions they would have enlarged their gun factories and powder mills to meet the emergency more promptly.

A German writer in the New York *Times* of May 30, Mr. Vom Bruck, says: "If the German nation is wiped out with the help of American arms and ammunition no man of the white race in the United States would be able to think of such a catastrophe without horror and remorse." All of the contending nations say that they are fighting for existence, which means that if they do not win in the end they will be wiped out. With such an alternative staring us in the face very few tears would be shed by Americans, of any color, if both the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs, with all their belongings, should be wiped off the face of the earth.

HORACE WHITE.

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THE DANGERS OF PACIFISM

BY PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

We are constantly warned of the menace of militarism, but we hear very little concerning the dangers of pacifism. Peace societies endowed with ample funds are bombarding the country with pamphlets, addresses, sermons, and articles in the press, trying to prove that the present war was brought on by militarism. We are told that war is irrational, ineffective, and unjustified; that international disputes are capable of settlement by peaceful means; and that nations should immediately disarm. Societies are being organized to counteract the movement in favor of a strong national defense. The gospel of military unpreparedness is being fervently preached in order to avert the menace of militarism. Like the youth whom the poet counsels to bear a lily in his hand because "gates of brass cannot withstand one soft touch of that magic wand," we are counseled to go through this turbulent world of international politics without weapons of defense in order to demonstrate the purity of our motives!

It is not always easy to discover precisely what pacifists understand by militarism. To some it signifies anything relating to armaments and armies; or it means *large* armies and armaments. To others it suggests large armies of the Prussian kind. Then again there are those to whom it connotes the political philosophy which believes in the efficacy of force to forward and protect the vital interests of the State. In general the pacifists unite in looking upon militarism as a horrible monster that is more likely to control than serve the State. The Army and Navy are to be regarded as ever a potential menace.

If militarism is vaguely understood, so also pacifism is in great need of clearer definition. There are, of course, the extreme pacifists who hold that wars are never justified; that

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"there never was a good war or a bad peace"; and agree with Norman Angell that wars never pay. They believe that war should be avoided at any cost; and that "peace and righteousness" are synonymous.

There are other pacifists who fervently believe that international disputes can be satisfactorily settled by peaceful means; they have great faith in arbitration, in courts of arbitral justice, and ultimately in an international police force. To such optimists all that is needed is a common agreement among nations to disarm, and abandon the "irrational" use of war.

There is still another group of pacifists who believe that the peaceful settlement of international disputes is preferable to that of war, but are under no illusions concerning the defective character of the means of peaceful settlement now available. They are willing to aid in every possible way the cause of world-peace, but indulge in no sentimental notions in respect to disarmament. They see that international organization, like everything else in nature, is a process of slow evolution. They hold that the problem is mainly the stupendous one of "the substitution of law for war."

When we speak of the dangers of pacifism, therefore, we do not have in mind this last category of pacifists; we have in mind those other pacifists who believe that war is never justified, and those who believe that adequate means for the settlement of international disputes are now at hand.

It is not the purpose of this article to speak with scorn of the aims and accomplishments of these pacifists. The world has great need of idealists, even of the impractical variety. But idealists of the impractical variety may easily bring a good cause into disrepute and create a worse condition of affairs, and therefore it is of immense importance at this crisis in the world's history that we turn for a moment from the denunciation of militarism and try to consider in a detached way the possible dangers of pacifism.

There exists a danger that pacifism will discredit international law by attempting to submit it to a strain it is not yet prepared to bear. Through a false analysis of the causes of war, a failure to understand world-politics, and a complete misunderstanding of the nature, functions, and power of arbitration, the pacifists are likely to bring international law into disrepute. They do not seem to realize the crucial fact that *there are questions of a non-judicial character which international law cannot decide.*

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If diplomacy can find no solution, then war alone can decide questions of this character.

Pacifists do not see that arbitral tribunals cannot indulge in judicial legislation where international law may be defective. Odious as judicial legislation is in national courts, it is infinitely more so in international courts which by their nature cannot reflect common conceptions of rights and obligations. Work of this momentous character can be accomplished only by a properly empowered International Congress.

In exalting arbitration as an efficient substitute for war the pacifists do not seem to appreciate the fact that nations cannot refer disputes to arbitration without restrictions on the exact powers of the tribunals. In the absence of an international law enacted by common consent which may be confidently invoked in all disputes, nations are often compelled to prescribe the law and procedure to be observed in each arbitration. The Alabama arbitration illustrates this fact. The protocol of submission practically settled the controversy between Great Britain and the United States. The triumph was one of diplomacy rather than of arbitration.

If arbitral tribunals are not free to apply the law in each case, they are likewise not free to render decisions of a punitive nature, except to award damages in accordance with the protocol defining their powers. Nations would resort with extreme reluctance to arbitration for purposes of punitive justice. Courts cannot punish unless they have a generally accepted law to administer, and have the power to enforce their decrees.

It is not generally appreciated that arbitration is essentially nothing more than a useful helpmate to diplomacy. Nations go to war only over issues of vital importance which international law is powerless to settle. They resort to arbitration only over matters not worth fighting about which diplomacy has been unable to adjust. The wars and arbitrations of the last fifteen years since the first Hague Peace Conference amply demonstrate this fact.

In claiming, therefore, too much for arbitration the pacifists are trying to put on it a strain it never was meant to bear. They are bringing international law into disrepute by asking it to treat situations it is entirely incompetent to remedy, and the result is likely to be a discouraged reaction and cynical revulsion to redress of wrongs by force rather than by law.

In insisting too strenuously on its programme of arbitration

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and disarmament, pacifism has aroused the distrust of the Great Powers. They are quite unwilling, naturally, to be placed in the embarrassing situation of appearing to foster ulterior ends of an aggressive character simply because they are unable to agree to arbitrate unreservedly all disputes or are unprepared to disarm.

American pacifists seem to forget that Europe has inherited from the Peace of Westphalia, from the Treaty of Vienna, from the Franco-Prussian War, from the Congress of Berlin, and other conferences, distressing ills that the present war may or may not remedy. It is possible that the map of Europe may be remade in accordance with the fundamental rights and the vital interests of all the various peoples concerned. A fine spirit of justice on the part of the conqueror may bring about results calculated to insure peace for many years to come. A bitter spirit of retribution, on the other hand, will surely sow the seeds of future wars.

American pacifists are in danger of seriously discrediting the cause of peace if they attempt in any way to bring pressure to bear on the European Powers and intrude as mediators in their political problems. These problems are of an intensely practical nature and must be solved by statesmen, not by impractical idealists. The United States must let Europe settle its own problems. The policy of non-intervention in the political affairs of Europe, as laid down by Washington, is an extremely prudent policy to observe at this crisis.

By stressing so insistently the subjects of disarmament and arbitration, pacifism is distracting attention and energies from the real work to be done. That task is the creation of a body of international law to be formally accepted by all nations as the solid basis of their relations. It is futile to claim that such a body of law already exists. Apart from the Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, the only convention creating law to govern the peaceful intercourse of States agreed upon by the Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907 was on the subject of The Recovery of Contract Debts. Consecrating as it does the vicious principle of the sanction of force in collecting debts, and accepted only with reservations by a considerable number of States, the value of this single piece of international legislation is of extremely questionable value.

Had the Hague Peace Conferences concentrated their efforts on the serious task of creating a law of peace rather than rules of war destined to be cynically disregarded under the plea of

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necessity, they might have materially advanced the cause of World Peace.

Among the various international statutes requiring enactment may be mentioned the following: The rights of foreign creditors and the procedure to be followed in the prosecution of their claims. This procedure should be clearly defined. There should be an international bankruptcy law to govern the case where a State is unable to meet its external as well as its internal obligations. There is need of an international law of torts to enable aliens to obtain damages for illegal acts of the State. The rights of aliens in times of civil disturbance should be determined by international legislation. There are also many questions classified under the head of International Private Law, or Conflict of Laws, such as marriage, divorce, guardianship, inheritance, and domicile, which should properly be regulated by international agreement.

Questions of the foregoing character are of vital concern to the nations of this Western hemisphere. If Europe has its own difficult problems to solve, America also has its own distinctive problems. If pacifism would concentrate on this particular field of international politics instead of scattering its energies on vast world projects of a more or less chimerical character, it might accomplish practical results of great value.

The pacifists in America would do well to encourage the creation of a body of law to govern the relations of the States included in the Pan-American Union, and thus eliminate many occasions for misunderstanding and estrangement. They might lead in a movement to transform the Pan-American Union into a congress empowered to deal not only with legal questions, but also to legislate concerning questions of a political character affecting the mutual interests of all. They might even achieve on this hemisphere the ideal apparently not within reach in Europe, namely, the establishment of a real Court of Justice properly supported by a Pan-American police force. Such are some of the practical tasks which pacifism might help accomplish were it not so fatuously absorbed in the pursuit of impractical world-projects.

Pacifism is fostering the spirit of cowardice and a materialistic conception of life. It has stressed so vividly the horrors of war, has so effectively obscured the heroic, idealistic aspects of war, and insisted so strongly on the futility of war, that men are fast coming to believe that "peace at any price" is the best

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motto for a nation. It matters not what interests may be at stake, even independence itself; the great object of a foreign policy is to avoid war!

For the followers of Norman Angell everything is reduced to a matter of material calculation. Wars never pay, they say. A thousand men must not be "sacrificed" to protect a hundred fellow-countrymen in danger of torture and death at the hands of uncivilized ruffians. According to such a materialistic theory, a man of genius should resist the impulse to save a drowning child because his own life is of greater value to the community. The chivalrous, self-denying, generous spirit is not to be fostered when men of one's own blood appeal for help from abroad! The peoples of the Balkans should never "sacrifice" lives for the sake of their brothers under foreign domination!

Pacifism has inculcated such an exaggerated conception of the value of life as to treat it as something immortal, something which must be preserved; it is not something to be freely laid down in accordance with the precepts of Christianity!

Surely this is to lose sight almost completely of the spiritual values. In failing to glory in the magnificent idealism of the soldiers of all the opposing armies now in combat who are joyfully giving their lives for something not themselves, who are inspired by a transcendent national ideal, pacifism is leading the rising generation to worship at a sordid, selfish shrine. It is fostering a spirit of cowardice of a peculiarly abhorrent kind.

It is now the fashion among the pacifists to decry the spirit of nationalism as something narrow, provincial, and antagonistic to the growth of the sentiment of international friendliness. With Dr. Johnson they are disposed to regard patriotism "as the last resort of scoundrels." They look with alarm on the recrudescence of nationalism throughout the world, and argue that international good-will and peace depend on the obliteration of national boundaries.

This argument was much used before the present war by the Socialists and the Industrial Workers of the World, who claimed that the international solidarity of the working-men of all nationalties would effectively prevent wars. Since the participation of the German Socialists in the aggression against their brothers in Belgium, however, this argument has had a considerably lessened value.

In preaching loyalty to the rather vague sentiment of international brotherhood, pacifism would seem to fail to appreciate

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the true value of nationalism. It forgets that loyal devotion, like true charity, must first begin at home. One must show brotherly love to the man next to him, whether in his own home or his neighbor's, before he can talk about international brotherhood. The pacifists do not seem to realize that patriotism, like family loyalty, does not mean indifference to the interests of others. They err with the Socialists in ignoring the positive necessity of national units of organization in order to deal effectively with problems of education, religion, philanthropy, and economic administration. They also would appear to ignore the truth of the thought suggested by Lorimer:

> May it not be that under these diverse ethnical impulses diverse types of nationality must necessarily grow up, and that these, though permanently dissimilar, may be of equal ethical value with that which our ethnical genius has imposed upon us (Great Britain), and equally entitled to international recognition by us and the other nations of Western Europe?

It would seem evident that the world has need of the free play of individuality among nations as well as among men; and that there is likewise the same need of mutual forbearance and respect.

Pacifism, therefore, in belittling the sentiment of nationality, the loyalty of patriotism, is guilty of the grave offense of seeking to extirpate a sentiment capable of noble deeds, without supplying an adequate substitute. One cannot expect youths who are incapable of enthusiastic devotion to the State, to render very much service to a vague, intangible World-State which has not yet come into being. Never was idealism so infelicitous as in this intolerance of patriotism.

The severest indictment, however, to be brought against pacifism is that it may be a contributing cause of war. The most tragic fact disclosed by the British White Papers in respect to the diplomatic negotiations leading up to the present war, is that pacifism in England had practically paralyzed Sir Edward Grey's efforts in behalf of peace, and that when urgently pressed by Russia and France to make clear to Germany that England would not keep out of a Continental war, Sir Edward was compelled to maintain a non-committal attitude which, as a matter of fact, was altogether inconsistent with England's obligations and interests. Pacifism had gained such a hold throughout England that the Government had neither the sup-

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port of public opinion nor of the Liberal Party, until the actual violation of Belgian territory.

Within the Cabinet itself were such strong and extreme pacifists as Lord Morley and Lord Haldane, the latter of whom after his visits to Germany was obsessed by belief in the force of international "*sittlichkeit*" and the conviction that war between the two countries was "unthinkable."

The undisguised surprise and fury of Germany on learning that England at the last hour was really determined to fight is striking justification of the belief held by Russia and France that Germany would have avoided a general European war once it was clear that England would also be compelled to enter.

The failure of Sir Edward Grey to make this fact explicitly clear to Germany must be traced, not to Machiavellian motives, as Shaw with ingenious effrontery would try to prove, but to the unwillingness and inability of Englishmen to realize the imminent danger of war. This unwillingness and inability would seem clearly due to the insidious propaganda of such well-meaning idealists as Norman Angell and Lord Haldane. So infected had England become with the notion that war with Germany was as impossible as it was irrational, the pacifists were able to defeat the heroic attempts of Earl Roberts to secure an adequate military organization for the defense of the Empire.

A peace society in America has circulated with evident approval the speech of a British member of Parliament in opposition to the increase of the British Army so eloquently urged by Earl Roberts. One would think that when this member of Parliament contemplates the fearful price England has had to pay for its military unpreparedness he would hang his head in shame and bitter remorse.

Whatever the feelings of personal responsibility this member may have experienced, it is clear that many pacifists in America are willing to imitate his example, as is evidenced by their organizing a campaign of opposition to the movement to strengthen the arms of defense of the United States. Unable to understand the deeper causes of war, or to read aright the warnings of the present catastrophe, they hold, with arguments which defy ordinary standards of logic, that inasmuch as military preparedness failed to avert war in Europe, the United States should now try military unpreparedness! They insist that we should demonstrate the righteousness of our own motives by standing defenseless in the defense of Peace!

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If it were simply a matter of demonstrating that pacifism is in error in its fundamental premises and deductions, one would not need to feel any great concern. The world is accustomed and friendly to impractical reformers. But when pacifism with the support of ample funds and influential leaders of public opinion is able to carry on a propaganda of such a nature as to constitute itself a contributing cause of war, it is something to be viewed with genuine apprehension.

Statesmen are occasionally guilty of errors of judgment and criminal negligence in respect to the vital interests of the State. Responsibility can be definitely placed on them, and they have a heavy burden to carry to their graves. This is not true of the idealist who, lacking the steadying, sober influence of responsibility, would attempt to manage the affairs of nations. With a disregard of consequences which would almost be treason on the part of statesmen, the idealist would willingly endanger the safety of his country for the sake of the problematical triumph of his ideals. It is earnestly to be hoped that the pacifists may be led to realize the dangers of their propaganda, and that the United States may be spared the terrible misfortunes which have come upon Europe.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN.

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THE POST OFFICE AND SOCIALISM

BY HENRY A. CASTLE
Former Auditor, United States Post Office

THE mail service was originally maintained by national authorities in the Old World solely for the government business. It carried official messages for Kings and Ministers of State. It was then a legitimate executive department, having, like the others, purely governmental functions. The duty of carrying letters for hire was engrafted later. It thus became a phase of state socialism, entirely changing the character of the system, vastly increasing the volume of its work, and bringing in earnings, with all the resulting complications.

Under our national scheme, the Post Office Department was a political after-thought. It was not, in the beginning, recognized as one of the regular executive departments; for fifty years its head had no seat in the Cabinet; its operations were never considered among questions of statecraft, or financiering. In other words, it was simply a business annex to the administrative plan.

It has been a potent instrument of advancing civilization. Its growth has been a measure of the nation's expanding prosperity, and of the marvelous intellectual activity of the people. The extension of its functions within the memory of men now in middle life, has been marvelous. Whereas, as late as 1860, its sole occupation was slowly, painfully, and not very carefully to convey letters, papers, and small packages from one office to another, for leisurely delivery at the windows thereof, it now supplies railway mail distribution, carriers for city and country, special delivery messengers, pneumatic tubes, street boxes, registry, postal cards, stamped paper, stamp-books and cancelling machines, and other amplifications and devices to accelerate the work. It also sells and pays money orders, accepts cash deposits, and transports merchandise, none of which duties has any legitimate connection with the postal sphere.

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The vastness of the operations involved, and the weight of responsibility incurred therein, is shown by the following figures from the Auditor's report for the fiscal year 1914, showing the financial transactions of that year, including deposits of surplus money order funds, in post offices:

Total postal Revenues	$287,934,565.67
Total postal Expenditures	283,543,769.16
Total Money Order Receipts	1,606,412,091.59
Total Money Order Disbursements	1,607,012,337.98
Aggregate	$3,784,902,764.40

This stupendous aggregate of three and three-quarter billion dollars represents the cash actually handled by officials and employes of the postal system in one year. With the normal increase, it will be four billion dollars for 1915. The handling—that is, the receipt and payment, earning and spending—involves serious administrative problems, and innumerable fiscal complications. Yet it does not include the vast sums handled by the postal savings banks. Nor can it include the multiplied millions of dollars in currency and securities transported in sealed letters or packages in the mails, both with and without registry. The accounting work is prosaic, unromantic drudgery, but its accuracy is vital to the integrity of the operations and the purity of the government.

The extensions and ramifications which have been engrafted on the original scheme have brought into play conditions which the attentive observer cannot fail to regard with apprehension. The whole enterprise is one of a purely business or commercial nature, outside the ordinary domain of government, carrying with it all the doubtful elements of a commercial institution conducted under public auspices. It is one of the penalties of such a venture, one of the apparently inherent weaknesses of state socialism, that private interests, coming in contact with the enterprise at all points, selfishly struggle with it and with each other for an increasing share of its benefits.

By the inexorable logic of the present situation, we are confronted with the simple question to which the near future must give a direct affirmative or negative answer:

Are we ready for the commune—for social, financial and political chaos? Are we ready to surrender the principle of government oversight and control of semi-public utilities for which we have been struggling so long, and are now enforcing

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with brightening prospects, in order that we may adopt the principle of government ownership and management, with all its train of perils?

Our latest and largest ventures on the stormy socialistic seas are not sufficiently developed to test their value. Vociferous proclamation is made in official quarters that the postal bank and the parcels post are a splendid success. But there is abundant ground for withholding credence, for a time, at least, to these assertions. There is no existing method of computation by which the profit or loss on any postal branch can be approximately ascertained. But even by the crude and inefficient methods available, it has been officially shown that every feature of the service, except the first-class mail, is and always has been a money loser. The boasted profits of the money-order system disappear and show a loss of ten thousand dollars a day, if debited with the real cost, including a due share of the overhead charges, as would be done in any private business.

The postal service, in its most rudimentary, legitimate, useful and necessary form, is state socialism, because, unlike other executive functions of the government, it has earnings as well as expenditures, doing a business of transportation and finance for hire. Its only valid excuse for existence is its educational value. When restricted to its legitimate scope, the transmission of intelligence, it is a powerful element in the diffusion of knowledge and in quickening the human intellect. The phases of its activity which are confined to this sphere, the work of the highly specialized experts who handle the mail en route and distribute it to the people, constitute the only features of the entire system which are conducted on correct principles, which are measurably satisfactory to the public, and which yield adequate returns. Even these excusable activities, in spite of the zeal and fidelity of the merit-protected employes who carry them on, are hampered and handicapped at many points by the crude laws, faulty organization, inefficient administrative system and utterly indefensible accounting methods, which make all the other existing post office ramifications unsound, as well as unprofitable, and voice a sonorous warning against dangerous innovations.

No serviceable performance of the many duties now devolving on the postal system can possibly be secured without a complete re-organization of the Department, a drastic scheme of decentralization, a thorough revision of the law and regu-

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lations, the application of modern business policies and processes, the introduction of labor-saving devices, a revolution in the auditing and accounting branches, and a more permanent tenure for the responsible executive heads of the institution.

There is no real audit of stamp distribution, aggregating $175,000,000 a year; there is no reliable audit of pay to railroads for carrying the mail, aggregating $50,000,000 a year; there is no pretense of a "cost keeping" method by which the relative expenses of different postal features can be ascertained. The law requires a double audit, but less than three per cent of the tremendous financial transactions are ever reviewed.

The money order service needs reform. The vast volume of transactions in this branch almost surpasses comprehension. As shown, the aggregate in dollars is over three billions. This involves handling in the auditor's office more than one hundred million vouchers annually—total weight, 100 tons. The whole system is complicated and vexatious, hard for the patron and harder still for the government. It is also very unprofitable, the estimated loss being ten thousand dollars a day.

The franking abuse needs reform. Official reports of the Department state that the franking and penalty envelope privileges, covering Government free matter, cost the postal service nineteen million dollars a year, without a cent of revenue. The contract policy needs reform. Practically every scandal that has arisen in the Department has related to the letting of contracts—either contracts for transportation of the mail or contracts for the purchase of patented articles used. Rural free delivery needs reform. This new and valuable agency of civilization is highly popular but enormously expensive. The salaries of its 50,000 carriers now aggregate more than the entire postal revenue in 1887. Mail transportation rates need reform. Making due allowance for exaggeration, it is probable that of the $52,000,000 now annually paid to the railroads alone for carrying our mail, nearly one-third could be saved by an honorable and fair re-adjustment which the railroads would accept.

Reform is needed in postage rates. Business men and large patrons of the letter mail are getting insistent for one-cent postage. They are evidently paying more than their share of the cost and are entitled to relief. After the leaks and wastes are corrected, it can come without crippling the service, provided no more unprofitable features are added. One-cent letter postage may, with propriety, be kept in view as the ultimate

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end of postal reform. Reform, rejuvenation, and re-invigoration are needed in every post office branch, feature, and appurtenance, in order that the vocation it already tries to exercise shall approach a decent standard of efficiency.

The period has arrived when we are forced to recognize that we have adopted into our government structure an institution wearing all the aspects, containing all the defects, subject to all the abuses, of a private or corporate enterprise, while we are, as a body politic, more poorly equipped for dealing with those evils than would be a corporation animated solely by business instincts and capable of acting quickly on business principles.

We have more postmasters than soldiers. Every postmaster receives his instructions and makes his reports directly to the Department. Twenty thousand of them receive a compensation of less than $100 a year each; still, all their business is done directly with head-quarters at Washington, involving an enormous and manifestly unprofitable correspondence.

The postal service is expanding so rapidly, by natural growth along legitimate lines, that new defects are daily developed. The adoption of one reform points to the necessity for a dozen more. To superimpose additional heavy and hazardous burdens on this already over-weighted, staggering, gasping industrial mechanism, would invite inevitable disaster.

In the face of a pathetic outcry for scores of imperative reforms, proclaimed to be vital by the head of the Department, by investigating experts, and by a joint Congressional Commission, it is influentially proposed to engraft new socialistic ventures which will infinitely augment the current embarrassments, vastly increase the army of employes, and add enormously to the obnoxious deficit. The periodical outbreak of frauds and scandals in the existing mail system is a vociferous protest against the reckless enlargement of opportunity and temptation for their development.

The postal savings bank is likely to throw the fiscal affairs of the nation into the maelstrom of partisan politics; subject the finances of the people to incalculable entanglement; create organized movements for higher interest rates, which no politician could resist; commit the Government to the untenable and extra-constitutional policy of borrowing from one class of citizens to lend to another class; incur risks and expenses to the national treasury far beyond any possible recompense; invoke all the perversions, abuses and impositions which human selfishness can

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devise, and bring accounting complications which the Department is utterly incompetent to handle.

The postal telegraph and telephone would mean a tremendous addition to the national debt; countless new battalions of employes; inefficient service; immense losses to operation, and the imminent risk that the entire investment would soon be rendered valueless by anticipated inventions which promise to revolutionize the transmission of messages by electrical apparatus.

The parcels post, on the English basis of postage rates, is the avowed aim of its promoters, the great mail-order houses. This would involve the assumption by the Post Office of all the express business of the country at two cents a pound for all distances; the duplication, by the Government, of the present costly plants of the express companies in all cities; the employment of swarms of additional workmen, and, on the basis of the volume of traffic predicted by its advocates, an annual postal deficit of $127,000,000. That this scheme is the objective point toward which the Department's suggestions lead, is shown by the introduction of bills at every session of Congress which provide for parcels with flat rates of postage, over 12 ounces up to one pound, 5 cents; for each additional pound or fraction thereof, 2 cents. But no suggestion is made as to reducing the pay to railroads for carrying the parcels to fifty-five per cent of the postal receipt, which is the English rate.

This rural package express should not inspire any hope of increasing the postal revenue. As a convenience to the farming community, it is possibly commendable; as an excuse for indefinitely advancing the pay of rural carriers, it would certainly be efficacious. Even in anticipation of this, there are more bills introduced at every session of Congress for this increase than for any other single object.

Postal life insurance would open intricate and scientific financial problems to the administration of agencies so maladroit and methods so loose-jointed as to ensure abject discomfiture from the hour of its inception.

The postal railway is the "sum of all villanies." Yet so strongly is its principle entrenched that one of the great political parties of the nation, in opposition to the will of the candidate, escaped endorsing it in a recent Presidential campaign only by a hair's-breadth and a miracle.

And the end of these things is chaos! They are all, in their progressive series of seductive but poisonous suggestions, mani-

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festations of the same evil: state socialism. They are all incidents and accompaniments of the same potential calamity: the policy of public ownership.

As cumulative and conclusive evidence that this vast business machine called the post office was utterly incapable seven years ago of adequately handling the cyclopean tasks then assigned to it, not to mention the yet more difficult functions since superadded, let us recall the fact that our national legislature stamped the seal of condemnation upon it, labelled it with credentials of inefficiency, and made a feeble, futile attempt at reform. Financial and accounting experts, employed at heavy expense by a postal commission of Congress, reported one hundred and forty-two vital defects in departmental organization, administration, and accounting. The Commission of six Senators and Representatives submitted through Senator Carter, of Montana, December 17, 1908 (Report 701, Part I), a final report accompanied by a bill of 288 pages, re-organizing the department. Few ever read the bill; still fewer ever mastered the able report; the whole mass went into the junk pile at the session's end. But it left a broad, black mark on the official record. In that report, pages 2, 3, and 4, the following, which are proclaimed to be "essential defects"—"structural weaknesses, which hamper the efficient operation of the postal service, and are, in the judgment of your Commission, not defects in detail, but defects in principle"—are set forth:

(1) The want of a permanent administrative head, having by reason of long continued practical experience a thorough knowledge of the business to be conducted.

(2) The lack of a logical distribution of the Department's business into natural divisions or groups so organized as to make it possible for the officer in charge of each group, by devoting the whole energies of his mind to cognate subjects, to master the business under his charge.

(3) The want of an adequate staff of bureau heads, corresponding in number to the natural subdivisions of postal business.

(4) The want of field organization midway between the individual postmaster at the bottom of the scale and the central administration at the top, which would be able to scrutinize and control at first hand the operations of the multitude of separate offices.

(5) The combination in the same officer of the dual functions of prosecutor and judge in respect of matters such as the classification of periodicals and the issuance of fraud orders, directly affecting the property rights of individuals not connected with the postal service.

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(6) The diffusion and consequent weakening of responsibility in respect of expenditures.

(7) The useless multiplication of work both in the local offices and in the central administration.

(8) The lack of any adequate accounting or bookkeeping system in the Post Office Department, itself.

(9) The failure, partly by reason of the inadequate method of accounting, to credit the postal service with all the work actually done by it, and to charge it with all expenditures really made in its behalf.

Little attention was paid to these astonishing revelations. There was no discussion of the accompanying bill. The job of understanding it was too stupendous to be undertaken by any statesman in either house. It was never voted on, and it died. But its sad fate indicated that our experiment in state socialism has already grown beyond the power of the human mind to grasp it as a whole, and reform it and control it. And still it grows!

Seven years have passed. All of the flagrant evils thus exposed are still uncorrected by legislation. No systematic re-organization has been attempted. Except that a few of the minor defects have been remedied by executive action, nothing has been done. Meantime, the savings bank and the parcels post have been adopted, and still more dangerous innovations are seriously advocated in high quarters.

The time to defend the State against the evils of public ownership is now, before it is established, while the people are unprejudiced and open to argument against the advisability of the system.

HENRY A. CASTLE.

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THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO

BY JOHN ALLAN WYETH, M. D., LL.D.

THE Monroe Doctrine, accepted as an essential article of the political faith of the people of the United States, compels the recognition of our obligation, not only to other nations, but above all else to humanity, to take immediate steps to put an end to the anarchy, bloodshed, rapine and robbery which for years have made Mexico a disgrace to civilization.

The hopelessness of the Mexican situation lies chiefly in the impossibility, under conditions which have long existed, of bringing the people together in a common understanding of each other; and, in the opinion of the writer, nothing but intervention on our part, and the establishment of a stable government, by force, if necessary, can accomplish this.

Of the 15,000,000 inhabitants, approximately 1,000,000 are Caucasian; 2,000,000 are of mixed blood, and 12,000,000 are Indian descendents of the natives dwelling there at the time of the Spanish conquest. There are 133 separate tribes, speaking 53 different languages and numerous dialects, a condition which makes inter-tribal communication and the establishment of peaceful relations impossible.

In his *South America*, referring to Colombia, Bolivia, and Peru, James Bryce says: "In such countries there can be very little public opinion common to the nation, because the means of intercommunication are defective and slow. . . . The existence in the same state of different races, speaking different languages, prevents the homogeneity and solidarity which are almost indispensable conditions to the success of democratic government."

Moral degeneracy, due to the almost universal consumption of "pulque," the national intoxicant, and to the widespread disregard for the marital relation, is the natural result of the miserable conditions which have long prevailed.

McHugh says: "Marriage among them has no sacred meaning, and more than half the total births in Mexico are

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illegitimate. Church and State are at war over the marriage ceremony, with the result that a vast number of these uneducated beings think a civil marriage is no marriage, and as they are unable to pay the price for the church ceremony, they dispense with both."

A century of misgovernment and unrest has naturally contributed to this absence of moral restraint and to the widespread savagery which prevails. A recital of the authenticated barbarities which are constantly occurring would be as painful as it is unnecessary, but a single paragraph from McHugh's *Modern Mexico* is significant:

> "So long as he, the peon, is kept in hand, he is fairly quiet and tractable, but when he takes to the road, and becomes his own master, he is turbulent, savage and brutal, displaying all the cruelty, lust and disregard of human life and suffering that is characteristic of the American Indian. The fiendish savagery of this class has been manifested again and again during the past three years by endless incidents, like the treatment of the women at the San Vincente mine in Guerrero, and at the wreck of the train to Cuernavaca last May, when the injured men were murdered, and the women passengers ravished, and then thrown into the burning train, that had been deliberately set on fire."

It does not detract from the significance of this awful incident to know that it occurred almost within sight of the capital of Mexico.

The moral degeneration which these crimes attest—in fact, all the misfortunes of Mexico—are the cumulative product of long years of misrule, and her people should be judged in charity and dealt with in mercy. Revolution has followed revolution in such assured succession that anarchy is supreme. From 1821, when Spanish sovereignty ceased, to the murder of Madero and the accession of Huerta, Mexico has had sixty-four different rulers. Leaving out the autocracy of Juarez and Diaz, who ruled with merciless severity, and to whom protest or opposition meant banishment, imprisonment, confiscation, or death, the average duration of the term of office of the sixty other rulers was eight months. Several served only a few days; one was president for only twenty-six minutes; and, incredible as it must appear, in a single instance, Comonfort joined in an insurrection, and overthrew his own government.

In the brief period which has elapsed since the death of Madero, Huerta has been exiled, and Carbajal, Obregon,

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Guiterez and Garza have claimed the authority which none can successfully assume and maintain.

There can be no solution of this serious problem except by intervention, and intervention without annexation would only prolong a cruel experiment. As plainly as the writing on the wall, our national destiny is impelling us to the occupation of Mexico; not for conquest, nor for commercial gain, but for the benefit of her unfortunate people should we establish and insure forever in that unhappy land the order of civilization.

No people, however benighted, can fail to appreciate the blessings of peace. Correct the cruel abuses which peonage implies; give them their lands and homes, and the chance to live by honest means; give them, by patient and kindly encouragement and assistance, education and a common language; and give them, above all, good roads and ready intercommunication; for, in the long run, the pick and shovel compel obedience to the law more surely than Springfield rifles or Maxim guns.

Of her 15,000,000 inhabitants fully 12,000,000 are bound in the hopeless servitude of peonage; a condition more deplorable than was that of the negro slaves in our Southern States. Practically all the land is owned or controlled by the State, which has made no satisfactory distribution of its holdings, or by a landed oligarchy. We are told that seventy-two individuals own all the land in Yucatan, the area of which is more than three times as large as Massachusetts. Twenty-seven individuals are the proprietors of another State, and a single citizen owns 20,000,000 acres.

We can surely afford to act toward Mexico—with its boundary line of 1993 miles in touch with ours—in the same unselfish spirit we have shown toward the Philippines, thousands of miles overseas.

The gratifying result which has followed the bestowal of lands and homes and citizenship, and a voice in government, upon our Indian tribes in Oklahoma, would be well worth a trial with the scattered warring tribes in Mexico, where centuries of poverty, ignorance and oppression have made the poor so poor that banditry is their only resort. Each of our 41,698 Cherokees received 110 acres of land; the Creeks, Choctows, Seminoles, Chickasaws and Osages an equal, or larger allotment. They have made homes and quickly adapted themselves to the law and order of civilization. The Secretary of the Interior has made the statement in print that each of the Osages received 657 acres of land, and are today among the

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most prosperous of our citizens. The errors made in our earlier dealings with the aborigines would naturally be avoided in the future.

Our preponderance of men and means, with tactful measures and kindly treatment, should readily overcome any opposition to annexation, and once our territorial system of government is established, the wonderful resources of Mexico would invite an enterprising immigration which within a single generation would insure the permanent reign of law and order. Moreover, this addition to the national domain would bring us nearer to our great canal, to which far-sighted statesmanship may foresee the advisability of having access by land through a protectorate exercised over the intervening States.

Finally, we would emphasize the Monroe Doctrine by entering into a solemn engagement with each and every government of the continent of South America that the United States will never encroach upon their territory, and will join with them should it ever become necessary to protect them from foreign invasion.

JOHN ALLAN WYETH.

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JULES LAFORGUE

"Jules Laforgue—Quelle joie!"
—*J. K. Huysmans.*

BY JAMES HUNEKER

I

ALL victories are alike; defeat alone displays an individual profile. And the case of Jules Laforgue wears this special aspect. Dying on the threshold of his twenty-seventh year, coming too old into a world too young, his precocity as poet and master of fantastic prose has yet not the complexion of a Chatterton or a Keats. In his literary remains, slender enough as to quantity, there is little to suggest a fuller development if he had lived. Like his protagonist, Arthur Rimbaud—surely the most extraordinary poetic apparition of the late nineteenth century—Jules Laforgue accomplished his destiny during the period when most poets are moulting their wings preparatory to flight. He flew in youth, flew moon-wards, for his patron goddess was Selene, he her faithful worshipper, a true lunalogue. His transcendental indifferentism saved him from the rotten-ripe maturity of them that are born "with a ray of moonlight in their brains," as Villiers de l'Isle Adam hath it. And Villiers has also written: "When the forehead alone contains the existence of a man, that man is enlightened only from above his head; then his jealous shadow, prostrate under him, draws him by the feet, that it may drag him down into the invisible." Like Watteau, Laforgue was "condemned" from the beginning to "a green thought in a green shade." The spirit in him, the "shadow," devoured his soul, pulverised his will, made of him a Hamlet without a propelling cause, a doubter in a world of cheap certitudes and insolent fatuities, but barred him proffering his pearls to pigs. He came before

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Nietzsche, yet could he have said with Zarathustra: "I love the great despisers because they are the great adorers, they are arrows of longing for the other shore." Now Laforgue was a great despiser.

But he made merry over the ivory apes and peacocks of existence. He seems less French than he is in his self-mockery, yet he is a true son of his country and of his time. This young Hamlet, who doubted the constancy of his mother the moon, was a very buffoon; "I am the new buffoon of dusty eternities," might have been his declaration; a buffoon making subtle somersaults in the metaphysical blue. He was a metaphysician doubled by a poet. Von Hartmann it was who extorted his homage. "All is relative," was his war-cry on schools and codes and generalizations. His urbanity never deserted him, but it was an exasperated urbanity. His was an art of the nerves. Arthur Symons has spoken of his "icy ecstasy," and Maurice Maeterlinck described his laughter as "laughter of the soul." Like Chopin, or Watteau, he danced on roses and thorns. All three were consumptives, and the aura of decay floats about their work; all three suffered from the nostalgia of the impossible. The morbid decadent aquafortist that is revealed in the corroding etchings of Laforgue, is germane to men in whom irony and pity are perpetually disputing. We think of Heine and his bitter-sweetness. Again with Zarathustra, Laforgue could say: "I do not give alms. I am not poor enough for that." He possesses the sixth sense of infinity. A cosmical jester, his badinage is well-nigh dolorous. His verse and prose form a series of personal variations. The lyric in him is by some temperamental twist reversed. Fantastic dreams overflow his reality, and he always dreams with wide-open eyes. Watteau's "l'Indifferent" ! A philosophical vaudevillist, he juggles with such themes as a metaphysical Armada, the moon and her minion, Pierrot, with celestial spasms and the odor of mortality, the universal sigh, the Autumnal refrains of Chopin and the monotony of love. "Life is quotidian!" he has sung; and women are the very symbol of sameness: that is their tragedy—or comedy. "Stability, thy name is Woman"! exclaims the Hamlet of this most spiritual among parodists.

One never gets him with his back to the wall. He vanishes in the shining cloud of a witty abstraction when cornered. His prose is full of winged neologisms, his poetry heavy with the metaphysics of ennui. Remy de Gourmont speaks of his

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magnificent work as the prelude to an oratorio achieved in silence. Laforgue, himself, called it an intermezzo, and in truth it is little more. His intellectual sensibility and his elemental soul make for mystifications. As if he knew the frailness of his tenure on life, he sought azure and elliptical routes. He would have welcomed Maeterlinck's test question: "Are you of those who name or those who only repeat names?" Laforgue was essentially a namer; with Gallic glee he would have enjoyed renaming the animals as they left the Noachian ark—yes, and nicknaming the humans, for he is a terrible disrespecter of persons and rank and the seats of the mighty.

Someone has said that a criticism is negative if it searches for what a poet lacks instead of what he possesses. One would soon reach a zero if we only registered the absence of "necessary" traits in our poet. He is so unlike his contemporaries, with a solitary exception, that his curious genius seems composed of a bundle of negatives. But behind the mind of every great writer there marches a shadowy mob of phrases, which mimic his written word, and make them untrue indices of his thoughts. These shadows are the unexpressed ideas of which the visible sentences are only eidolons; a cave filled with Platonic phantoms. The phrase of Laforgue has a *timbre* capable of infinite prolongations in the memory. It is not alone what he says, nor his manner, but it is his power of arousing overtones from his keyboard. His aesthetic mysticism is allied with a semi-brutal frankness. Feathers fallen from the wings of peri adorn the hands of equivocal persons. Cosmogonies jostle evil *farceurs*, and the silvery voices of children chant blasphemies. Laforgue could repeat with Arthur Rimbaud: "I accustomed myself to simple hallucinations: I saw, quite frankly, a mosque in place of a factory, a school of drums kept by the angels; post-chaises on the road to heaven, a drawing-room at the bottom of a lake; the title of a vaudeville raised up horrors before me. Then I explained my magical sophisms by the hallucination of words! I ended by finding something sacred in the disorder of my mind." But while Laforgue, with all his "spiritual dislocation," would not deny the "sacred" disorder, he saw life in too glacial a manner to admit that his were merely hallucinations. Rather, correspondences, he would say, for he was as much a disciple of Baudelaire and Gautier in his search for the hidden affinity of things, as he was a lover of the antique splendors in Flaubert's Asiatic visions. He, too, dreamed of quintessentials, of the sheer power of golden vocables

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and the secret alchemy of art. He, too, promenaded his incertitudes, to use a self-revealing phrase of Chopin's. An aristocrat, he knew that in the country of the idiot the imbecile always would be king, and "like many a one who turned away from life, only turned away from the rabble; he cared not to share with them well and fire and fruit." His Kingdom of Green was consumed and became gray by the regard of his coldly measuring eye. For him modern man is an animal who bores himself. Laforgue is an essayist who is also a *causeur*. His abundance is never exuberance. Without sentiment or romance, nevertheless, he does not suggest ossification of the spirit. To dart a lance at mythomania is his delight, while preserving the impassibility of a Parnassian. His travesties of Hamlet, Lohengrin, Salomé, Pan, Perseus, enchant, their plastic yet metallic prose denotes the unique artist; above all, they are modern, they graze the hem of the contemporary. From the sublime to the arabesque is but a semitone in his antic mind. Undulating in his desire to escape the automatic, doubting even his own scepticism, Jules Laforgue is a Hamlet *à rebours*. Old Fletcher sings:

> "Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
> Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy."

II

He seems to have been of an umbrageous character. His life was simple and sad. He was born August 20, 1860, at Montévidéo—"Ville en amphithéâtre, toits en terrasses, rues en daumiers, rade enorme"—of Breton parentage. He came to France at an early age and lived at Tarbes, in the Midi. He died at Paris 1887. Gustave Kahn, the symbolist poet, describes Laforgue in his *Symbolistes et Décadents* as a serious young man, with sober English manners and extreme rectitude in the matter of clothes. Not the metaphysical Narcissus that was once Maurice Barrés—whose early books show the influence of Laforgue. He adored the philosophy of the Unconscious set forth by Von Hartmann, was erudite, collected delicate art, thought much, read much, and was an ardent advocate of the impressionistic painters. I have a pamphlet by Médéric Dufour, entitled *Étude sur l'Aesthetique de Jules Laforgue; une philosophie de l'Impressionisme*, which is interesting, though far from conclusive, being an attack on the determinism of Henri Taine, and a defence of Monet, Pissarro, and Sisley.

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But then we only formulate our preferences into laws. The best thing is the phrase: "There are no types, there is only humanity," to the wisdom of which I heartily subscribe. From 1880 to 1886 Laforgue was reader to the Empress Augusta at Berlin and was admired by a cultivated circle, as his letters to his sister and M. Ephrussi, his friend, testify. He was much at home in Germany and there is no denying the influence of Teutonic thought and spirit on his susceptible nature. Naturally prone to pessimism (he has called himself a "mystic pessimist"), as was Amiel, the study of Hegel, Schopenhauer, and Hartmann solidified the sentiment. He met an English girl, Leah Lee by name, and after giving her lessons in French, fell in love, and in 1887 married her. It is interesting to observe the sinister dandy in private life as tender lover, loving brother. This spiritual dichotomy is not absent in his poetry. He holds back nothing in his self-revelations, except the sad side, though there is always an exquisite tremulous sensibility in his baffling art. A few months after his marriage he was attacked by the same malady that afflicted his unfortunate wife, and was buried on his twenty-seventh birthday. Gustave Kahn notes that few followed him to the grave. He was unknown except to some choice spirits, the dozen superior persons of Huysmans scattered throughout the universe. His wife survived him a short time. Little has been written of him, the most complete estimate being that of Camille Mauclair, with an introduction by Maeterlinck—who said that the Hamlet of Laforgue is more Hamlet than Shakespeare's. In addition to these and Dufour, Kahn, De Gourmont, and Felix Féneon, we have English essays by George Moore, Arthur Symons, and Philip Hale. Mr. Moore introduced Laforgue in company with Rimbaud to the English reading world, and Mr. Symons devoted to him one of his sensitive studies in *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*. Mr. Hale did the same years ago for American readers in a sympathetic article, *The Fantastical Jules Laforgue*. He also translated, with astonishing fidelity to the letter and spirit of the author, the incomparable *Lohengrin, Fils de Parsifal*. I regret having it no longer in my possession so that I might quote from its delicious prose. As to the verse, I know of few attempts to translate the untranslatable. Perhaps Mr. Symons has tried his accomplished hand at the task. How render the sumptuous assonance and solemn rhythms of "Marche Funèbre: O convoi solennel des soleils magnifiques"?

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III

"Je ne suis qu'un viveur lunaire
Qui faits des ronds dans les bassins
Et cela, sans autre dessin
Que devenir un légendaire . . . ."

Sings our poet in the silver-fire verse of *L'Imitation de Notre-Dame la Lune,* wherein he asks: "Mais où sont les lunes d'Antan?" This *Pierrot lunaire,* this buffoon of new and dusty eternities, wrote a sort of *vers libres,* which, often breaking off with a smothered sob, modulates into prose and sings the sorrows and complaints of a world peopled by fantastic souls, clowns, satyrs, poets, harlots, somnambulists, dainty girls, Cheret posters, pierrots, kings with strange morals, and blithe birds and sad-coloured cemeteries. The poet is a mocking demon who rides on clouds dropping epigrams earthwards, the earth that grunts and sweats beneath the sun or cowers and weeps under the stellar prairies. He calls himself "The Grand Chancellor of Analysis." Like Nietzsche, he dances when his heart is heavy, and trills his roundelays and his gamut of rancorous flowers with an enigmatic smile on his lips. It is a sad and disquieting music, a pageantry of essences, this verse, with its resonance of emerald. Appearing in fugitive fashion, it was gathered into a single volume through the efforts of friends, and, with the *Moralités légendaires,* comprises his life-work; for we can hardly include the *Mélanges posthumes,* which consist of scraps and fragments (published in 1903), together with some letters—not a very weighty addition to the dead poet's fame. His translations of Walt Whitman I have not seen. Perhaps his verse is doomed; it was born with the hectic flush of early dissolution; but it is safe to predict that as long as lovers of rare literature exist the volume of prose will survive. It has for the gourmet of style an unending charm, the charm *en sourdine* of its creator, to whom a falling leaf or an empire in dissolution were of equal value. "His work," wrote Mr. Symons, "has the fatal evasiveness of those who shrink from remembering the one thing which they are unable to forget. Coming as he does after Rimbaud, turning the divination of the other into theories, into achieved results, he is the eternally grown-up nature to the point of self-negation, as the other is the eternal *enfant terrible.*" "Tout était pour le vieux dans le

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meilleur des demi-mondes," Laforgue would have cried, in the epigram of Paul Bourget.

The prose of Jules Laforgue recalls his description of the orchestra in *Salomé*, the fourth of the *Moralités légendaires:* "Sur un mode allègre et fataliste, un orchestre aux instruments d'ivoire improvisait une petite ouverture unanime." That his syllables are of ivory I feel, and improvised, but his themes are pluralistic—the immedicable and colossal ennui of life the chiefest. Woman—the "Eternal Madame" as Baudelaire calls her—is a being both "magical and mediocre"; she is an escape from the universal world-pain. "La fin de l'homme est proche . . . Antigone va passer du ménage de la famille au ménage de la planéte" (prophetic words). But when lovely woman begins to talk of the propagation of the ideal she only means the human species. With Lessing he believes: "There is, at most, but one disagreeable woman in the world; a pity, then, that every man gets her for himself."

It is rather singular to observe in the writings of Marinetti, the self-elected leader of the so-called Futurists, the hopeless deliquescence of the form invented by Louis Bertrand in his *Gaspard de la Nuit*, developed with almost miraculous results in Baudelaire, and terminating with Huysmans, Maeterlinck, and Francis Poictevin (*Paysages*). Rimbaud had intervened. In his Illuminations we read that "So soon as the Idea of the Deluge had sunk back into its place, a rabbit halted amid the sainfoin and the small swinging bells, and said its prayers to the rainbow, through the spider's web. Oh! The precious stones in hiding, the flowers already looking out . . . Madame—established a piano in the Alps. . . . The caravans started. And the Splendid Hotel was erected upon the chaos of ice and night of the Pole" (from the translation of Aline Gorren). This apparently mad sequence of words and dissociation of ideas, has been deciphered by M. Kahn, and need not daunt anyone who has patience and ingenuity. I confess I prefer Laforgue, who at his most cryptic is never so wildly tantalizing as Rimbaud.

Moralités légendaires contains six sections. I do not know which to admire the most, the *Hamlet* or the *Lohengrin*, *Salomé* or *Persée et Andromède*. *Le Miracle des Roses* is of an exceeding charm, though dealing with the obvious, while *Pan et la Syrinx* has a quality I recall nowhere else in literature; perhaps the cadences of Chopin, charged with irony and magic, or the half-dreams of Watteau, color and golden sadness

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intermingled, may evoke the spiritual parodies of Laforgue; but in words there is no analogue, though Pan is of classic flavor despite his very modern *Weltanschauung*. Syrinx is a woodland creature, nebulous and exquisite. Pursued by Pan—the Eternal Male in rut—she does not succumb to his pipes, and after she has vanished in the lingering wind, he makes sweeter music through his seven reeds. The symbol is not difficult to decipher. And who would not succumb to the langourous melancholy of Andromède, not chained to a rock but living on the best of terms with her monster, who calls her Bébé? The sea bores her profoundly. She looks for Perseus, who doesn't come; the sea, always the sea without a moment's weakness; in brief, not the stuff of which friends are made! When the knight appears and kills her monster, he loses his halo for Andromède, who cherishes her guardian. Perseus, a prig disgusted by the fickleness of the Young Person, flees, and the death of the monster brings to life a lovely youth—put under a spell by malignant powers—who promptly weds his ward. In *Lohengrin, Son of Parsifal*, the whole machinery of the Wagner opera is transposed to the key of lunar parody. What ambrosia from the Walhalla of topsy-turvy is this Elsa with her "eyes hymeneally illumined" as she waits her saviour! He appears and they are married. Alas! The pillow of the nuptial couch becomes a swan that carries off Lohengrin weary of the tart queries of his little bride concerning love and sex and other unimportant questions of daily life. The landscapes of these tales are fantastically beautiful, and scattered through the narrative are fragments of verse, vagrant and witty, that light up the stories with a glow-worm phosphorescence.

Salomé, with her celebrated eyebrows, is a spiritual sister of Flaubert's damsel, as Elsa is related to his Salammbô. She dwells in the far-off *I'les Blanches Esotériques*, and she, too, is annoyed by the stupidity of the sea, always new, always respectable! She is the first of the Salomés since Flaubert who has caught some of her prototype's fragrance. (Oscar Wilde's attempt proved mediocre. He introduced a discordant pathological note, but the music of Richard Strauss may save his pasticcio. It interpets the exotic prose of the Irishman with tongues of fire; it laps up the text, encircles it, underlines, amplifies, comments, and, in nodules of luminosity, makes clear that which is dark, ennobles much that is vain, withal it never insists on leading; the composer appears to follow the poet). Laforgue's Salomé tries to sport with the head of John

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the Baptist, stumbles, loses her footing and falls from the battlement wall on jagged rocks below, as the head floats out to sea miraculously alight. There are wit and philosophy and the hint of high thoughts in Salomé, though her heart, like glass, is cold, empty, and crystalline.

The sub-title of *Hamlet*, which heads the volume, is: "or the results of filial devotion" As Mr. Hale asserts, this is Laforgue's masterpiece. Here is Hamlet for you, a prince whose antics are enough to disturb the dust of Shakespeare and make the angels on high weep with hysterical laughter. Not remotely hinting at burlesque, the character is delicately etched. By the subtle withdrawal of certain traits, this Hamlet behaves as would a man who has been trepanned and his moral nature removed by an analytical surgeon. He is irony personified, and is the most delightful company for one weary of the Great Good Game around and about us, the game of deceit, treachery, politics, love, social intercourse, religion, and commerce. Laforgue's Hamlet sees through the hole in the mundane millstone and his every phrase is like the flash of a scimitar.

It is the irony of his position, the irony of his knowledge, that he is Shakespeare's creation and must live up to his artistic paternity; the irony that he is *au fond* a *Cabotin*, a footlight strutter, a mouther of phrases metaphysical and a despiser of Ophelia ("chère petite glu" he names her). Intellectual braggart, this Hamlet resides, after his father Horwendill's "irregular decease," in a tower hard by the Sound, from which Helsingborg may be seen. An old, stagnant canal is beneath his windows. In his chamber are waxen figures of his mother Gerutha, and his uncle-father, Fengo. He daily pierces their hearts with needles after a bad, old-fashioned mediaeval formula of witchcraft. But it avails naught. With a fine touch he seeks for his revenge by having enacted before their Majesties of Denmark his own play. They incontinently collapse in mortal nausea—they are excellent critics.

Such a play scene, withal Shakespearean! "Stability, thy name is woman!" he exclaims bitterly, for he fears love with the compromising domesticity of marriage. It is his rigorous transvaluation of all moral values and conventionalities that proclaims this Hamlet a man of the future. No half-way treaties with the obvious in life, no crooking the pregnant hinges of his opinions to the powers that be. An anarch, pure and complex, he despises all methods. What soliloquies,

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replete with the biting, cynical wisdom of a disillusionized soul:

"Ah," he sighs, "there are no longer young girls, they are all nurses. Ophelia loves me because, as Hobbes claims, 'Nothing is more agreeable in our ownership of goods than the thought that they are superior to the goods of others.' Now I am socially and morally superior to the 'goods' of her little friends. She wishes to make me, Hamlet, comfortable. Ah, if I could only have met Helen of Narbonne!" A Hamlet who quotes the author of *The Leviathan* is a Hamlet with a vengeance.

To him enter the players William and Kate. He reads them his play. Kate's stage name is Ophelia. "Comment!" cries Hamlet, "encore une Ophelia dans ma potion!" William doesn't like the play because his part is not "sympathetic." After they retire, Hamlet indulges in a passionate outburst reproaching the times with its hypocrisy and "des hypocrites et routinières jeunes filles." If women but knew, they would prostrate themselves before him as did the weeping ones upon the body of the dead Adonis! The key of this discourse is high pitched and cutting. Laforgue, a philosopher, a pessimist, makes his art the canvas for his ironic temperament. The Prince's interview with Ophelia is full of soundless mirth. And how he lavishes upon his own deranged head offensive abuse: "Piteous provincial! *Cabotin! Pedicure!*"

His parleying with the grave-diggers is another stroke of wit. One of them tells him that Polonius is carried off by apoplexy—a bust has been erected to his memory bearing the inscription, "Words! Words! Words!" He also learns that Yorick was his half-brother, the son of a gypsy woman. Ophelia dies—he hears this with mixed feelings—and he is informed that the young Prince Hamlet is quite mad. The grave-digger is a philosopher, he thinks that Fortinbras is at hand, that the best investment for his money will be in Norwegian bonds. The funeral cortége approaches. Hamlet hides.

His soliloquy upon the skull of Yorick has been partly done into English by Arthur Symons:

> Alas, poor Yorick! As one seems to hear in this little shell the multitudinous roar of the ocean, so I hear the whole quenchless symphony of the universal soul, of whose echoes this box was its cross-roads. There's a solid idea! . . . Perhaps I have twenty or thirty years to live, and I shall pass away like the others. Like the others? O Totality, the misery of being there no longer! Ah! I would like

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to set out tomorrow and search all through the world for the most adamantine processes of embalming. They, too, were the little people of History, learning to read, trimming their nails, lighting the dirty lamp every evening, in love, gluttonous, vain, fond of compliments, handshakes and kisses, living on bell-town gossip, saying, 'What sort of weather shall we have tomorrow? Winter has really come . . . We have had no plums this year.' Ah! Everything is good, if it would not come to an end. And thou, Silence, pardon the earth; the little madcap hardly knows what she is doing; on the day of the great summing-up before the Ideal, she will be labelled with a piteous *idem* in the column of the miniature evolutions of the Unique Evolution, in the column of negligible quantities . . . To die! Evidently, one does without knowing it, as, every night, one enters upon sleep. One has no consciousness of the passing of the last lucid thought into sleep, into swooning, into death. Evidently. But to be no more, to be here no more, to be ours no more! Not even to be able, any more, to press against one's human heart, some idle afternoon, the ancient sadness contained in one little chord on the piano!

And this "secular sadness" pursues the heartless Hamlet to the cemetery; he returns after dark in company with the buxom actress Kate. They have eloped.

But fatal irresolution again overtakes him. He would see Ophelia's tomb for the last time, and as he attempts to decipher its inscription, Laertes—"idiot d'humanité," the average sensible man—approaches and the pair hold converse. It is a revelation of the face of foolishness. Laertes reproaches Hamlet. He has by his trifling with Ophelia caused her death. Laertes calls him a poor demented one, exclaims over his lack of moral sense, and winds up by bidding the crazy Prince leave the cemetery. "Quand on finit par folie, c'est qu'on a commencé par le cabotinage." (Which is a consoling axiom for an actor). Hamlet, with his naive irony, calmly inquires:

"And thy sister!" This is too much for the distracted brother, who poignards the Prince. Hamlet expires with Nero's cry on his lips:

"Ah! Ah! *qualis . . . artifex . . . . pereo!*" And as the author remarks, "He rendered to immutable nature his Hamletic soul." William enters and, discovering his Kate, gives her a sound beating; not the first or the last, as she apprises us. The poem ends with this motto, "Un Hamlet de moins; la race n'en est pas perdue, qu'on se le dise!" Which is cold truth.

The artistic beauty of the prose, its haunting assonance, its supple rhythms, make this Hamlet impossible save in French.

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Nor can the fine edge of its wit, its multiple, masked ironies, its astounding transposition of Shakespearean humor and philosophy, be aught else than loosely paraphrased. Laforgue's Hamlet is of tomorrow, for every epoch orchestrates anew its vision of Hamlet. The eighteenth century had one; the nineteenth another; and our generation a fresher. But we know of none so vital as this fantastic thinker of Laforgue's. He must have had his ear close to the Time-Spirit, so aptly has he caught the vibrations of his whirring loom, so closely to these vibrations has he attuned the keynote of his twentieth century Hamlet.

JAMES HUNEKER.

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THE WAR AND LITERATURE

BY ST. JOHN G. ERVINE

THE effect of war on all imaginative literature is immediately adverse and ultimately incalculable. It is immediately adverse in the sense that it instantly devastates the writer, whose imagination, quicker than that of most men to see the horror and ruin of war, becomes distorted and inflamed so that he is made incapable of writing either forcefully or nobly about it. The artist, indeed, is the first man to suffer from war, and the last man to recover from it, not merely in the matter of finance, but also, and more importantly, in the matter of his art. Many men mocked at the English poets in the first months of the war because they wrought rhymes of incredible paltriness about the European disaster. These critics were ignorant, perhaps, of the fact that the poets were so conscious of the misery that had been let loose by the outbreak of hostilities that their art was overwhelmed by their feelings. Poets will not be able to write of this war with any artistry until the memories of it have been dimmed and blurred, and the sharp antagonisms have lost their edge, and the bitterness and hate have been dissolved by the chemicals of time. Thomas Hardy, writing *The Dynasts* a hundred years after the Napoleonic Wars, is able to make a great poem: he is sufficiently removed from them to be able to write without personal passion; but Thomas Hardy, writing in the midst of a greater disaster to the comity of the world than the Napoleonic Wars, makes a poem which, although it is better than that of any of his contemporaries on the same subject, is inadequate to its theme. No one, least of all a poet, can express his sensations properly at the moment that he is feeling them: passion passes into hysteria and windy rhetoric, or is held down and stifled, and the product of it is a dead thing. Poetry is "emotion remembered in tranquillity." The poet who will write superbly of this war will not begin to do so until the war has been at an

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end for a long time. It may be that the poet is not yet born.

It is when we come to consider the effect of the war on the literature of the future that we find calculation almost impossible. We can say with some certainty that it will be difficult, even if possible, to write about the people of this time—particularly if the writer be a realist—without taking the war into account; for no other war in the history of the world has so intimately affected the lives of all men in Europe as this one has. Jane Austen was able to write six novels, intimately concerned with the lives of her contemporaries, without making any reference to the Napoleonic Wars, although they must have affected her personally, since two of her brothers were officers in the English Navy. Large sections of the people were able to conduct their lives in those days with as little disturbance as their descendants suffered during the Boer War.

But it is not possible for any one to live in England now, and not be touched in some way, in most cases very closely, by the war. And what is true of England, must be more true of France and Belgium and Germany and Russia and Serbia and Austria. Each one of us in Europe, broadly speaking, is connected with the battle-front by bonds that are not easily broken or forgotten. If we are not mourning for the dead or weeping with the maimed, or enduring anxieties for those who are still in the trenches or fearful for those who will soon be there, we are suffering from the sharp alarms of diminished fortune or the prospect of irretrievable ruin. War is the Great Interrupter; and this war has brought us all to a terrible standstill; it has caused us to cease from doing old, accustomed things. Even now, many months after the beginning of war when we have resumed as many of our normal habits as we possibly can, we still wonder stupidly what the end of the war will mean to all of us. It may be that we shall have to make a new routine for ourselves. It may be that the world into which we were born came to an abrupt end on that dreadful day in August when Death spread his bloody mesh over the fields where harvesters should soon have been reaping corn. It may be that we are living now in a nebulous state, and that presently God will say a second time, "Let there be Light!" and a new world will then be created. Whatever may be the result of this upheaval in the carefully conserved life of Europe, this is certain: that so strong and deep an intrusion into the life of these times will fundamentally affect every work of imagination that may be written in the next fifty years. The war will be

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the pivot on which the destinies of imaginary men will revolve during at least two generations. It can no more be ignored in literature than the Flood could be ignored in any account of the time of Noah. Books will begin in all sorts of ways, romantically and realistically, but somewhere in the middle of them, the War will relentlessly thrust itself, diverting the characters from the normal course of their lives.

The incidents of stories and plays will, inevitably, be related to the war. Authors will have to send their men to the front or account for their absence from it; their women will have love affairs interrupted and their marriages precipitated or altogether prevented by the war; their characters may find themselves suddenly enriched or suddenly ruined by it; and in countless ways the people of the imagination will be caught up and thrown about as violently as a man is caught up in a machine and flung, broken and stunned, in this direction and in that. In France and Belgium, too, what tragedies will be woven round the terrible figures of women who have been debauched by war-maddened men! In Germany and Russia, there will surely come into literature some sorrow that was first conceived near the Mazurian Lakes and the swampy lands that separate Prussia from Poland; and a heavy tread will succeed the light dancing of Austria and Hungary when men tell the tale of the dead, "horse, rider, friend, foe, in one red burial blent," filling the Carpathian Passes with their bones and drenching the Serbian Hills with their blood.

More important, however, than the influence of the war on the incidents of stories and plays, will be its influence on the authors themselves. What will be the tone, the philosophy, if you will, of English literature or, indeed, world literature, during the next two or three generations? What will be the general tone of English writing now and onwards? Will there be a deepening of spirit and a strengthening of quality? What sort of life, in short, will the imaginative writers reveal in their works?

It depends upon the spirit shown by the people to whom they belong. Every experience that a nation undergoes makes a deep mark on its literature. The failure of the revolution in Russia sent a mood of pessimism spreading through the hearts and minds of the Russian people and the Russian writers of that time, and the literature that was created then was full of an insane despair and a desperate preoccupation with sex, not as an adventure, but as an anodyne. Such a book as Artsibashef's

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Sanine, lately published in English, is representative of the mood of mind in Russia in the years of dashed hopes that succeeded the failure of the revolutionaries. Sometimes the experience of a nation is inversely reflected in its literature, just as the desires of a man are sometimes the opposite of his potentialities. Professor Walter Raleigh, in his book on *The English Novel*, writes:

> Literature has constantly the double tendency to negative the life around it, as it were, as well as to reproduce it; the lawlessness and unrest of medieval society are echoed, with the direction reversed, in the monkish hymns of rest and visions of endless Sabbath, while Browning's strenuous Epilogue and Stevenson's thrilling tales of adventure belong, it is no great cynicism to aver, to an age of sedentary occupations. Literature, that is to say, is an escape from life, its monotony or its distractions, as well as a grappling with life and its problems.

The most joyful nations have sometimes produced the most tragic literature. There can have been few richer, heartier periods in English history than the Elizabethan era; yet the literature of that time dealt mostly in death and disaster, in madness and disease and the violent end of kings. A natural literature came out of the artificial life of England in the eighteenth century. The brutal, commercialized people who inhabited England in the first fifty years of the nineteenth century produced a literature that began in gentleness and pity and ended in intolerable sentimentality. A saddened, disrupted race like the Irish prior to the enactment of the Land Laws, produces little literature, indeed, but such as it does produce is full of laughter and the Comic Spirit.

It is very difficult to prophesy what sort of literature will be produced from now onwards. It may be that literature will "negative the life around it," as Professor Raleigh puts it, rather than "reproduce it." The war will bring humiliation, perhaps disgrace, to some of the nations of Europe. To others, it will bring relief, possibly exultation. To all of them, it will bring heavy sorrow and a great mourning for the dead.

It is easier, perhaps, to prophesy what will be the temper of the literature that will come from Germany and Austria if the war should end in a decisive victory for those countries than it is to prophesy what the temper will be if the war should end in their defeat. It is likely, I think, that victory may bring into German literature a more insistent note of harshness, for harshness would have been justified of its children. It

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would be natural, in those circumstances, for authors to make heroes of men who trample carelessly toward whatever goal they desire, indifferent to the suffering they inflict on the way. The spirit of the militarist, exhilarated and strengthened by victory, would probably become the dominant spirit, and men would go about saying, "He who is not ruthless, is effete!" And with that joy in hard living and smashed principles would come two literatures: one boasting of lust, and one preaching repentance; each of them hard and sterile. A plague of preachers, resembling Tolstoy in tortured austerity, but having none of the simple humanity of Bunyan, would devour what was left by the lechers of literature; and the empires would be divided into men who cannot control their vices and men who cannot control their virtues. There could be no health in such a literature as that.

If the war ends in defeat for the Dual Alliance, there may be a disruption of organized society, similar to the disruption of France at the time of the Revolution, though not, probably, so bloody as that. In that event, we may expect to find German literature full of self-examination, bitter and deep-searching. It may be that pessimism will brood over German life, and that self-suppression will be replaced by self-contempt. German literature would then be full of morbid, introspective people, posing continually and deeply interested, in a neurotic fashion, in the most trivial facts of their lives.

Or it may be that defeat will lead, through self-examination, to a prouder, because humbler, mood of hopefulness and determination and indomitable resolve. The purge may purify and not exhaust. In the ruins of one life may be discovered the foundations of another and finer life; and out of that new life may come something Miltonic or something after the fashion of Hugo. Or, if the two empires are fundamentally unsound, it may be that they will sink to trifling and flippancy and utter bankruptcy of spirit. Germany, in defeat, may give birth to a Jeremiah who will scourge her soul, or to a sweet singer of Israel who will fill her heart with hope; or she may be delivered to the little men, paltry and irresolute, who will make her sourness more sour and send her soul spinning into a dingy hell.

How will it be for the Allies in victory or defeat?

I do not doubt that defeat for Russia and France would mean the instant development of a despondent literature, a certain nervelessness of attitude towards life, a craving for annihilation. "We are alive," they would say; "let us pray

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to be dead!" In that mood of decay, there would be no more Russia, no more France; but a heap of scattered tombs and endless funeral processions. Men would turn—not joyfully, but morbidly—to religion; and slowly, perhaps, but certainly, literature would disappear. It would not, I imagine, be with England in defeat as it would be with Russia and France, because ideas mean less to Englishmen than they mean to Russians and Frenchmen, and also because Englishmen are so afraid of despair and discomfort. "No one desires happiness except the English," Nietzsche wrote in his bitterness; and Englishmen, whatever their situation, will make desperate efforts to capture content, even if they lose position in doing so. Defeat for England may cause Englishmen to seek shelter from their memories in books that have no reality, that are full of a comfortable cheerfulness, that make great clumsy lunges at happy endings. It would always be Sunday afternoon in English books if the dreadful contingency of defeat were to come about. There would be a hushed literature in England, full of polite pages. The men of letters would, so to speak, go about with their fingers on their lips.

But if, as we hope and believe, victory rests with the Allies, it is very likely that a new note of ecstasy will be sounded in French and Russian literature. Russia talks too much, in literature, about second-rate metaphysics. Tolstoy was intolerably garrulous; Dostoevsky, less aimlessly garrulous than Tolstoy, still contrived to fill his pages with a great deal of gabble. Even Turgenev, the most economic and laconic of the Russian novelists, leaves the reader with the impression that Russians spend their days and nights in chattering rather naïvely about fundamentals. The war may correct this tendency to tattling. Victory may mean that the Russians will cease to lounge through life and become men of sharp actions. If that should happen, there will be a very distinct cleavage between the post-war and the ante-war Russian literature. The books will be shorter, crisper, less inactive, less pensive and moody, more hearty and brisk, full of vigour and open air. And in France, too, there will be a great change. France and Russia, unlike England, have had the invader on their soil. France, moreover, has a bitter memory to obliterate and lost provinces to recover. A victory for her would mean such a restoration of rapture to her people, and consequently to her literature, as can barely be imagined. Artifice would instantly disappear from the French novels and French drama. There

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might almost be a revival of Dumas and the healthy romantics, loud laughters and generous natures. The Franco-German War of 1870 brought greed into France: the European War of today may drive it out again.

And it may very well be that out of Belgium, ravished and mangled, victory will bring a swifter spirit than the world has yet seen; for there is a point in human trouble beneath which it is impossible to fall, and when that point is reached, the spirit either expires or recovers and changes its direction, leaping eagerly towards life and quick pleasure. Belgium may turn away from Maeterlinck and the introspection and social self-consciousness of Verhaeren and Cammaerts, and give the world a new Chaucer, full of animal delight in existence and the bright look of things.

That note of ectasy, however, will hardly be sounded in English literature, because we in England shall not have the same recoil from misery and outrage that the French and the Belgians will have when victory comes. The sea is our defender and we are unlikely to come so nearly to the desolations of war as they have done. The joy of driving the invader from their soil and the recovery of lost lands will help Belgium and France to forget the griefs and bereavements they have suffered; but we in England shall have none of that satisfaction. When victory comes to us, we shall not shout for joy: we shall sigh with relief. We shall have long, lonely memories of undiscoverable graves in France and Flanders wherein our dead sons are laid; and where we were wont to go for pleasure, we shall for many years go on sorrowful pilgrimages. It may be that melancholy will settle on our literature, melancholy and thwarted desire and a solemn preoccupation with destinies. There will, indeed, be a greater sense of purpose discernible in our life and letters, and there will be an end of that aimless toying with incoherent ideas which culminated before the war began in the fatuities of the Futurists.

Whatever turn the wheel of English life may take, whatever be the mood of English letters now and onwards; this is certain: that we shall hear no more of the pretty-pretty babblers, with their Bond Street barbarism and their rococo recklessness. The Vorticists and the Imagists and the Futurists and the rest of the rabble of literary and artistic lunatics provided slender entertainment for empty days; but our minds are empty no longer; and we have no time to waste on monkeys on sticks. Our writers may turn Hamlets, questioning this and questioning

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that, or they may take to the road like Tom Jones, developing a love of rough living and a hearty lust that is natural in strong, clean men, or they may turn to self-mortification and preach the discipline of the flesh, as Tolstoy did; or they may become as nationalistic and religious as Dostoevsky; or as cosmopolitan as Turgenev; or as imperialistic as Kipling; or as de-nationalized as Henry James; but whatever they may become, this also will be added to them, that they shall be fully sincere. It may be that men who have nothing whatever to say will realize that their tongues are empty, and will cease to make books in order that they may dig the earth. Mr. Wells, in *The Days of the Comet*, told a tale of a vapour which enveloped the world and, when it was dispelled, left men with fresh and wholesome minds. Perhaps the war, abominable and utterly senseless as it seems to be, will serve the function of Mr. Wells's vapour, and when it is over, there will be a renascence of fine spirit in Europe and America. We may yet see a greater and lovelier literature than our fathers ever dreamt of.

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THE NEW ENGLISH CABINET

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

When the Great War broke out and the European world crashed into measureless disaster, the British Liberals had held office without a break for some eight and a half years. Merely to think of what they achieved and of what they attempted is to be made conscious once more of the ghastly furrow that the events of last August have ploughed through the life and interests even of this island kingdom. Between what was a year ago and what is today, there has been dropped a seemingly impenetrable curtain. It is like trying to remember the form and appearance of a house that has been pulled down and its site rebuilt on. The commonest and most frequent phrase throughout Europe at this moment is simply "before the War." Is it really possible that in that other world, that other state of existence, "before the War," we in Great Britain vexed oursleves with questions of land reform and education reform and licensing reform, with Budgets and the House of Lords, with Old Age Pensions and Insurance Acts, with Irish Government and woman suffrage and the Welsh church, with strikes and Constitutional "crises" and a threat of civil war? So the record stands, real enough then, an empty and well-nigh incredible legend now. The Liberals did in fact grapple with all these and many other problems. They lived through years of the severest tension, both international and domestic; they essayed the largest and boldest tasks that any British Government in time of peace could well undertake; they formed and sustained an Administration that for vigor, courage and exalted democratic spirit, individual brilliance and collective energy, was, I think, by far the greatest in the annals of Liberalism. Possibly it might not in any case have lasted much longer. The Ulster question had been worked up to a state of apparent insolubility by any method except that of force, and the passions of all parties, in Great Britain as well as Ireland, were visibly nearing

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the point of explosion. No one can say what would have happened. What did happen was enough and more than enough to draw men's minds to bigger issues.

It seemed for a while as though the Liberals might duplicate in their conduct of the war the best successes they had won in their handling of domestic affairs. Their diplomacy had more than satisfied the country. Their decision to take up arms carried with it the sober support of a virtually unanimous nation. They rose to the crisis at first with an almost dazzling competence. The mobilization of the Fleet was a master-stroke of decisive efficiency. The readiness of the Expeditionary Force and the celerity and smoothness with which it was dispatched to Flanders spoke of long years of able organization. Lord Kitchener's appointment to the War Office and the recall a little later of Lord Fisher to the Admiralty confirmed the impression that the Government was adequate to the emergency. Mr. Lloyd George's handling of the financial situation was such as to place not only his own country but the entire world of neutrals under a debt of gratitude that should be, but of course will not be, lasting. In every direction Ministers showed nerve, initiative and an energy that seemed absolutely unimpaired by nearly nine years of continuous office-holding. From the people they received everything that any nation could yield to its rulers for their encouragement. Parties ceased to exist; the whole country, the whole empire, drew together; the political state was wiped clean at a stroke of all animosities and contentions. There was evoked a genuine spirit of fraternity from the top to the bottom of the social scale. Many menacing labor troubles composed themselves in unprompted obedience to the needs and feelings of the hour; Great Britain, as never before in her history, was a solid and determined unit.

In the House of Commons, but lately a whirlpool of strife, the same concord prevailed. Almost all the great wars in which Great Britain has been engaged have been fought through in the teeth of a violent Parliamentary opposition. The American Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, the Crimean War, and fifteen years ago the struggle with the Boers, all saw a powerful party actively hostile to the Government of the day, and critical of its measures, bent on destroying its prestige, and careless as to how far its onslaughts might hamper the success of the nation's arms. There has been nothing whatever of all this in the present war. The Unionist leaders in both Houses have from the first given the Government an absolutely free hand. Time

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after time they have refrained from provoking debates where discussion might have been construed as a sign of schism and unrest. Where they have had criticisms to offer or suggestion to put forward they have communicated with Ministers privately. I think myself they carried a sound principle further than was necessary and that the Government would have benefited by an occasional and public reminder that its proceedings were being narrowly watched and did not inspire universal confidence. There have been at least half a dozen episodes in the war which argued or seemed to argue bad judgment or a lack of prevision, and which have remained irritating mysteries to the public, simply because the Opposition leaders in Parliament declined to dwell upon them. Everything the Government asked for was ungrudgingly given to them. Powers such as no one in Great Britain has ever wielded since Cromwell's day were demanded and conceded almost without debate. I happened quite recently to spend an hour or two in the House of Lords when a Bill which had never been submitted to their Lordships, of which they possessed not a single complete copy, and the nature and scope of which did not seem to be very clear even to the Ministerialist spokesmen, was passed through all its stages in about half an hour merely on the assurance that the Government desired to see it on the Statute Book. That is the spirit in which the Legislature has acted throughout. For the first nine months of the war I cannot recall that any Bill, however revolutionary, which Ministers declared to be necessary for the more effective prosecution of the war, was rejected or seriously debated, or that any subject was pressed home after an official intimation that it would be better not to discuss it.

But the whole Government showed themselves worthy of the confidence thus freely reposed in them. The record of Great Britain thus far in the war is not one of which we feel we need be ashamed. The Navy has assured to us that practically uninterrupted security of the trade-routes without which we could not carry on this or any other struggle. It has transported several millions of men from all parts of the world without the loss of a single life. It has had rather decidedly the better of such encounters as have taken place with the enemy at sea. By clearing the oceans of German commerce and commerce-raiders it has brought a certain extra economic pressure to bear upon the enemy, and it has enabled the Allies to draw upon neutral—and especially American—

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resources for the supplies, munitions, and equipment that are worth more to them than even a squadron of American dreadnoughts or several divisions of the United States Army. It has guarded against German submarine attacks on shipping—a wholly novel departure in warfare—with such conspicuous success that only one-fourth or one-fifth of one per cent of the vessels entering British ports have been captured and sunk. These are very real and solid achievements. Against them has to be set the faulty Staff work that sent Admiral Craddock to his doom, a slowness in waking up to the offensive power of the submarine, the bad judgment that permitted the gallant but costly and unsuccessful attempt to force the passage of the Dardanelles without the assistance of troops, and some isolated blunders,—among which, to the best of my belief, the sinking of the *Lusitania* ought not to be included,—that have resulted in the loss of valuable ships and of far more valuable lives. But taking it as a whole, we in Great Britain are proud of the work of the Navy, and await with some confidence "the day," if it ever comes, when the German High Sea Fleet will offer battle. In no war have we ever attained such an ascendency at sea as we hold today. The mishaps that have accompanied its achievement have been dramatic and resounding, but the achievement itself stands four-square. It is the supreme silent victory of the war, and the fruits of it are inestimable.

On land, too, the Government might well have felt entitled to plume itself on all that had been accomplished under its auspices. The eyes of the western world are fixed on Flanders. But we are fighting not merely there but in South Africa, in East Africa, in West Africa, in Egypt, and at the head of the Persian Gulf; and in addition, we are taking the chief part in what will probably prove the largest and one of the most arduous over-sea expeditions in history. I mean the attack on the Gallipoli Peninsula as a prelude to the siege of Constantinople. In all these theatres British troops have behaved with all their old cheerful courage and rather more than their old resourcefulness and skill; and in Flanders it has so happened that the brunt of the fighting on three separate and extremely critical occasions fell upon them. There can be, I imagine, no question of the value of the aid we have rendered to the French and the Belgians, or of the efficiency with which pretty nearly every detail of feeding, transporting, arming, supplying and nursing the half million men at the front has been worked out. Besides this, by efforts

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that form a new page in military annals, we have raised and trained in these islands, and without resorting to compulsion, considerably over two million men who are the very pick of our youth and represent a standard of intelligence, character and physique that only the United States could hope to rival. Whatever mistakes there may have been in this particular or in that, nothing can mar the splendor of an achievement far beyond anything that had been expected of the voluntary system.

The functions of Great Britain in previous European conflicts have hitherto been threefold: (1) to command the seas, (2) to back up maritime power with a small but highly trained professional Army, and (3) to furnish her Allies with money and munitions. But in this war not only are we discharging the first duty and the third, not only have we achieved already an effective control of the seas, not only are we very largely financing our Allies and making good their industrial deficiencies, but we are also doing what we have never before even attempted—we are raising an Army on a scale hitherto associated only with Continental countries and compulsory service. That is a gigantic and unprecedented effort, and it will require every atom of strength we possess to sustain it. Indeed, what makes this war so infinitely more arduous than the struggle with Napoleon or the earlier struggle with Spain and Louis XIV is precisely this, that by enlisting an Army that runs into millions, instead of into scores of thousands, we are proportionately diminishing our productive power on which national wealth, and with it our ability to be of financial assistance to our Allies, ultimately rests. The question, in fact, is already presenting itself: How far can we withdraw men from the workshop and the field and enroll them in the Army without impairing the sum total of our military power—a power which consists of many other things besides men with rifles? That such a question should arise at all, is proof of the unparalleled labors which the Liberal Government had not only undertaken but carried through.

Then again, though they were given little credit for it and though it came too late to keep them in being, the intervention of Italy was a diplomatic triumph of the first order, enough, one would have thought, to re-establish the fortunes of any Government. It is true that the nation had been balked of other successes in the same field. It looked for a while as though Sir Edward Grey had been able to utilize the unique position

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which Great Britain holds in South Eastern Europe, Bulgaria, and Greece on the side of the Allies. Those hopes were disappointed, though not, I believe, permanently. But in any event the partial failure in those directions was more than made up for by the accomplished fact of Italy's co-operation, a result to which British diplomacy very powerfully contributed—the Government then could fairly claim that in the three vital fields of naval, military and diplomatic activities thay had risen to the occasion. An extremely able set of men, they seemed also to possess the physical energy and the popular confidence that would carry them through any difficulties. Mr. Lloyd George in particular had shown himself precisely the type of man to lead and inspirit a great democracy in its hour of trial. From time to time there had, no doubt, been suggestions that Great Britain should follow the example of France, make a visible end of party politics, and form a really rational Government. But on neither side of the House was there any real eagerness to try so vast an experiment. The Liberals on the whole were doing more than passably well and the nation had reconciled itself to the idea that the conduct of the war would continue to remain in their hands. When a question was put to Mr. Asquith in the second week of May as to the possibilities of a Coalition Government, the Prime Minister replied that nothing of the kind was in contemplation and that he did not believe the idea was really favored in any quarter of the House. Yet only a few days later he announced that the essential steps to that end had been taken, that the Liberal Government had ceased to exist, and that its place was to be taken by a Coalition Ministry representing all parties in the State.

What were the causes of so abrupt a transformation? They may all, I think, be brought under three general heads: the Labor problem, the Munitions problem, and the Personal problem. It became very clear, even in the early stages of the war, that victory would be as much a matter of material as of men, and that the workers in the shipbuilding yards and in the factories that were already engaged in turning out guns, rifles and shells, or that could be adapted for those purposes, would play as momentous a part in the struggle as the men at the front. The first result of the war was, as I have said, to produce a marvellous unity throughout the nation. For the moment there was an era not only of industrial peace but of industrial good-will. Many Labor disputes that had broken out, or were on the point of doing so, were settled amid every

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sign of patriotic enthusiasm, and employers and employees got together and everywhere set to work in amity to produce whatever the Government needed and to maintain in perfect working order those industries and services without which the nation could neither fight nor exist. But that mood of concord and self-sacrifice passed. It passed very largely because there was no obviously imperative need why it should be maintained. You must remember that we in Great Britain are still on the outskirts of this struggle, and that it has not yet been brought home to us as it has been brought home, for instance, to Belgium, Poland and France. Our towns and villages are not burning, our women and children are not being indiscriminately shot, no foreign soldier is on British soil, airships and Zeppelins have done us little damage of any kind, and many millions of our people have no tangible evidence that a war, and still less that the greatest of all wars, is in progress. Between us and the havoc and butchery, the social chaos and utter commercial prostration that prevail on the Continent, there floats, as throughout our annals there has always floated, the British Navy.

I need not say that the censorship has done nothing whatever to lift the scales from eyes long unaccustomed to the spectacle and significance of European wars. On the contrary, by habitually suppressing or minimizing bad news and glorifying good news, and by eliminating from the story of the war those personal and dramatic details that reach the popular understanding, the censorship is very largely responsible for the complacent view that all is going well, that Germany is as good as beaten, and that no special effort is required from the mass of the British people. Hundreds of thousands of our workingmen simply do not realize either the character or the magnitude of this conflict, and the possibility that it may end in a British defeat, unless the whole nation is organized for victory, has not even occurred to them.

This fundamental ignorance and lack of imagination have gone hand in hand with the scarcity of labor and an increase of wages. Men found they could earn in four days what previously they had earned in six. What incentive was there to any further exertion? They read of contractors making fortunes in a few weeks. They were conscious that prices were rising all round them, but they did not see that the Government took any special pains to reduce or control the cost of living. Agitators assured them that wars were waged solely for the benefit of the capitalist class, and they found nothing in their

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own experience to disprove, and much to confirm, the statement. Gradually the old bitterness towards their employers took possession of them. Industry became again a trial of strength between the Haves and the Have-nots. Strikes broke out; work vitally needed for the Army and Navy was held up. It has not been a pleasant spectacle. We have paid in the last few months a high price for the indiscipline and the State-blindness in which millions of our people are permitted to grow up, thinking only of themselves, never being taught that they are a part of a whole, and ignorant of the very conception of citizenship. We have paid a high price for an industrial system that still, in the main, regards money as the beginning and end of the relationship between employers and employed. We have paid a high price for a social system that discourages thrift by withholding most of its rewards. We have paid, too, a high price for the grip that trade unionism has acquired on British industries, and for the limitation of output and the sharp demarcation of labor that accompany it and are, indeed, the proof of its power. All these factors and influences have led to developments anything but flattering to British self-esteem. The great majority of the workingmen of the country have done splendidly, but a not inconsiderable minority have shown symptoms and a spirit that are not easily to be reconciled with national health or the needs of a country fighting for its life. I blame them far less than I blame their employers and the State. They are the victims of a social, educational and industrial system which has at last revenged itself upon its creators.

Great Britain, therefore, finds herself in the somewhat anxious position of carrying on a war of the first magnitude abroad while hampered and distracted by a rising tide of strikes and labor unrest at home. There can be no question that her reputation and effectiveness have both been lowered thereby, and that she has been kept from turning her industrial resources to the best account. The Government appointed committees to arbitrate between employers and employed, and they assumed control of practically all the engineering works in the country. But they made a fatal error in their handling of the drink question. Mr. Lloyd George came to the conclusion that much of the slackness among sections of the workingmen, particularly in the Clyde district, was due to their drinking habits. Undoubtedly that was one of the causes, but it was only one, and not, I think, the most important among many. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, however (as he then was),

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had been inspired by what he had seen in France of the good that had followed the prohibition of absinthe and by all he had heard of the social transformation wrought in Russia by the suppression of vodka. He ardently desired that Great Britain should raise herself to the same height of altruism and self-denial. He was prepared to bring in a Bill buying up the entire brewing and distilling interests. He saw a chance of working a great and beneficent revolution and removing what he had convinced himself was the main hindrance to the productive power of British labor. He persuaded the King, but he could not persuade the Cabinet. For nearly three weeks Great Britain talked of little but drink and of the far-reaching scheme which Mr. Lloyd George was meditating. When it came to be presented to the House of Commons, however, it was seen that the Government's courage had quailed. Instead of a heroic solution, that would have given the nation a free hand in dealing with the liquor problem and have made an irresistible appeal to the impulse of patriotic self-sacrifice, what was actually proposed was a series of taxes on wines, spirits and beers, coupled with Governmental control over saloons "in certain areas where their presence is considered to be prejudicial to the output of munitions of war, the work of transport, or the discipline of troops." The flabbiness of the compromise deserved attack, invited it, and got it. The taxes were withdrawn one after the other, and all that emerged from the high hopes and the high courage with which Mr. Lloyd George started on his enterprise was a measure of State control over saloons "in certain areas." The agitation had intensely irritated the workingmen, who found themselves saddled as a class with the weakness of a small section. But the most significant thing about it was its humiliating collapse. It showed not that Great Britain would not respond to an appeal directed to its conscience, but that the Government had lost the nerve to make such an appeal. That was the beginning of the end.

Two other incidents quickly followed to push the Ministry out of existence. Reports had long been coming from France that our Army was insufficiently provided with high explosive shells, the only shells that can batter a way through the obstructions of French warfare, and that the shortage was mainly responsible for the size of the casualty lists and for the inconclusive character of some of our operations. In a dispatch which will always hold a place in the history of journalism, if not of Great

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Britain, the Military Correspondent of the *Times* definitely put down our failure to advance at a certain point to this lack of shells. The public mind was at once switched off the question of drink to the question of shells. The matter was pointedly raised in the House of Commons; it was taken up with the greatest possible vigor by the most widely circulated paper in the kingdom; and it very quickly appeared that, in spite of many soothing official declarations to the contrary, the reputed shortage of high explosive shells did in fact exist. Whether Lord Kitchener had forgotten to communicate to his colleagues in the Cabinet the appeals he had received on this subject from Sir John French, or whether he had pinned his faith to the shrapnel shell that did so much execution in the Boer War, is immaterial. The fact remains that the insufficiency of the supply was established beyond doubt, that it was well known, if not to all the Ministers, at least to the leading members of the Opposition, and that a debate was threatened in the House which could not have been other than acrimonious, which would definitely have broken the party truce, and which would have confirmed the impression left by the drink muddle, that the Government had begun to tire and to falter. On the top of this exposure came Lord Fisher's resignation from the post of First Sea Lord. Lord Fisher, the creator of the Navy as we have it today, uniquely beloved and trusted by the nation which rarely knows anything about its seamen, a man of vision, remorseless energy, and that masterfulness of temperament that makes anything less than autocracy almost impossible to its possessor, had long been uneasy at the Admiralty. He clashed with another personality hardly less volcanic and dominating than his own, Mr. Winston Churchill's. He had shown an unusual weakness in disapproving of and yet not forbidding the unsupported effort of the Navy to get through the Dardanelles; and he developed a progressive uneasiness as the full scale and difficulty of that undertaking became apparent. Vessels which in his judgment were vitally needed in the North Sea were being transferred to the Aegean, and a very definite difference of opinion made itself manifest between Mr. Churchill and himself as to the relative value of the whole Dardanelles expedition. His resignation was the final knockout blow. Mr. Churchill obviously could not stay if Lord Fisher went. Some reshuffling of offices there had to be, and there could be no reshuffling that would not be a confession of failure. The Prime Minister decided that the time had come to make an

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end to the entire Cabinet and to reconstruct it on a wider, non-party, and wholly national basis.

It was the decision of a strong man, though it is conceivable that a stronger man would never have been called upon to take it, and that had Mr. Asquith kept from the first a firmer hand on his colleagues and made a somewhat more peremptory use of his authority, the complications with which at last he found it impossible to cope would never have arisen. But Mr. Asquith has always been a tolerant foreman of his gang, allowing his Ministers a wide latitude both of speech and policy, and reserving himself for supreme emergency. It was characteristic of him that he made his great decision quickly, without consulting more than one or two of his colleagues, and that he acted upon it in the most liberal spirit. He threw open not merely the Cabinet but the whole Administration to his political opponents. If there was to be reconstruction at all he was determined that it should be thorough. The more thorough it was the more there devolved upon him the intensely disagreeable task of intimating first to this one of his old Ministers, who had shared with him the ups and downs of the fiercest political warfare for over seven years, and then to that one, that in the new Ministry there would be no place for his services. He parted altogether with no less than sixteen members of his Government, filling their offices from the ranks of the Unionists and the Labor party. I have heard it said, and it is entirely consonant with his character and his large ways of doing things, that he made no terms with the Opposition leaders, laid down no conditions, but frankly invited them to join with him in forming the strongest Administration that the combined talent of all parties could produce. Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Austen Chamberlain and their colleagues of equal position met him with the same spirit; but among the smaller and less humble lights of the Unionist party there developed something that almost resembled a scramble for the honor of placing their capacities at the service of the country. But on the whole these very delicate operations were carried out with a seemliness that was highly creditable. From the displaced Liberal Ministers there came, in public at any rate, no murmur of complaint or even of criticism, though many of them must have felt that it meant the end of their official careers. The Unionists who stepped into their shoes did so without any unbecoming avidity so far as the general public could discern, though the lobbies of the House of Commons and the smoking-rooms of the polit-

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ical clubs told a different story; the Labor party very wisely agreed to join the Coalition; and only the Irish Nationalists, for reasons unintelligible outside of Ireland, declined to be represented on it.

The result is undoubtedly a combination of men of great parts and experience and tested capacities. I hesitate to say that, man for man, it is stronger than the Ministry it has displaced, but it is certainly more impressive, more palpably an executive microcosm of the nation, and therefore better able to speak and act for the nation. But whether it will prove a more efficient instrument of war—which is its sole purpose and justification—remains to be seen.

The one clear gain that has thus far been snatched from all this political turmoil is that the work of the War Office has been cut in half and its industrial side separated from its military side. Mr. Lloyd George is henceforth charged with the duty of furnishing the Army and Navy with the munitions they require—and a better appointment to a more onerous post could not have been made. Another gain that may be looked for is that the new Government will feel itself powerful enough to introduce a system of national service. That is, in my judgment, so far as Great Britain is concerned, the fundamental need of this war. The country will not have met its obligations either to itself or its Allies until every man and woman in it is told off to some specific task—this one to the Army or the Navy, that one to the workshop or the field. The duty to serve one's country—that is the lesson that one wishes to bring home to every British subject. When it is learned and acted upon, when the Government assumes control of all forms of productive work, and the laborer knows that he is toiling not for his employer's pocket but for his country's salvation, and the profits of contractors and middlemen are restricted by the State, and every able-bodied man who is not wanted in the factory is summoned to the colors, then not only will our industrial trouble be over, but Great Britain will be organized at last for war and victory. That is the supreme task to which the National Government is called.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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MR. WILSON'S CABINET

BY JAMES C. HEMPHILL

It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault. It is the hardest thing in the world to do justice. It follows, therefore, that since the Democratic accession the heathen, who are always raging about something or other, have fairly revelled in their interpretation of men and events at Washington, and not unnaturally have focussed much of their curiosity upon the members of the President's Cabinet—why did he choose these ten men out of the 47,000,000 males in the United States? Of the six million men who voted for him, it is probable that not one in ten ever heard of any of them except Mr. Bryan. That explains, possibly, why Mr. Bryan was Premier—everybody had heard of him and most of the people in the United States had voted against him three times. The rest of the President's official family were unknown in a big political way, and that is probably one of the reasons they were selected. It does not matter very much why they were chosen—the question in which the people are most interested is how they have justified the President for their selection and the Senate for their confirmation. Taking them by and large, and man for man, and service for service, they do not suffer by comparison with their predecessors in office.

It is too early to pass judgment on Attorney-General Gregory, who has not yet quite passed from the pin feather state; nor is it necessary to describe Secretary of Commerce Redfield, who was once a member of Congress from Brooklyn. That is enough to place him. No public officer was ever better fitted for his position than David F. Houston, the Secretary of Agriculture, and, compared with Ballinger and Fisher and Garfield and Hitchcock, Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, shines like the morning star. What the Secretary of Labor, William Bauchop Wilson, will make out of his Department, remains to be seen. There is no question as to his honest in-

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tentions and his industry; possibly he is too much of the partisan to be entirely just in his judgments.

The members of the Cabinet who have attracted most attention are Bryan, McAdoo, Garrison, Daniels, and Burleson. Of these, Bryan and Daniels have been under fire from the first day they were named for their respective places, and the remarks that have been made about them have been for the greater part wholly uncanonical. Mr. Bryan was most useful to the President and the country in holding his tremendous personal following true to the Administration. What he will do now that he is out of the Cabinet will not very much matter to the President, who has accomplished largely the purposes for which he was elected. What will become of Mr. Bryan does not matter either. His only chance seems to be sincere work with the Democratic party under the leadership of Wilson.

Then there is Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, who was born in North Carolina, and upon whom a great deal of very good powder has been wasted. Washington official life is not wholly unknown to him, as he was chief of a division in the Interior Department under Mr. Cleveland. He has also been the National Democratic Committeeman from his State for twenty years. In the last Presidential campaign he was at the head of the Democratic literary bureau and is, besides, editor of one of the principal newspapers in North Carolina. If any explanation were needed, these few facts will probably account for his selection; these facts, and the additional and very important one that his services have been entirely satisfactory to the President. One difficulty that he has not been able to overcome and will never be able to overcome is that he does not belong to the so-called "official class"; and for the reason that he has not been acceptable to the cabals and cliques which have heretofore regarded the Navy as a sort of individual affair, and for the additional reason that he has violated some of the conventions, he has been the target for a well-sustained fire during the whole of his official career.

He has been much criticised for the condition of the Navy in the matter of ships and munitions and personnel; but he had to take the Navy as it was, and many of its defects to-day are those of past administrations.

Mr. Daniels has "done things." He has displaced some bureau heads of admitted ability and large experience, but he has substituted for them other officers of the Navy of equal force, so that his personal staff is as well qualified to deal with

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the many complex and difficult problems of the United States afloat as the staff of any previous Secretary of the Navy. That the Navy is short in submarines, in fast cruisers, in battleships, in heavy armament, is not his fault. He did not organize the "plucking board." The submarine that was lost at Honolulu with its crew was not built during his administration of the Department. The submarines that failed in the recent maneuvers were inherited by him with all their defects. The order issued by him changing "port" to "right" and "starboard" to "left" was issued upon the recommendation of the General Board, composed of experienced officers of the service. The office of Chief of Naval Operations created by Act of the last Congress upon his recommendation has been filled by the appointment of William S. Benson, one of the ablest officers in the service, and will be administered under regulations drawn by the bureau of chiefs of the line and staff. The placing of the submarine service under the command of an accomplished officer is a step towards securing the perfection of this branch of the service. The organization of a mine-laying and mine-sweeping division of the Navy which will be placed under an officer of high rank—a Senior Captain—will assure better protection to the ships at sea in case of war. The equipment of a division of sea-going tugs and a division of torpedo boats with mine-sweeping gear will further contribute to the safety of the ships of the Navy at sea.

On the recommendation of Mr. Daniels, the last Congress made provision for the construction of twenty-six submarines, three of them to be of the sea-going type, at a cost of $16,260,000. It also made provision, upon his recommendation, for the building of five dreadnoughts at a cost of $14,000,000 each, or a total of $42,000,000, and provided for the creation of a Naval Reserve, which will be of immense value to the country in the event of war. Congress has authorized the re-establishment of the grades of Admiral and Vice-Admiral, so that with three Admirals and three Vice-Admirals the American Navy will no longer be outranked by officers of other nations having smaller navies. Under the administration of Mr. Daniels the Department now has 31 mines for every 9 it had two years ago, an increase of 244 per cent in this stock, and these mines have been manufactured at a Government station at a saving in cost of $178,750. The stock of torpedoes for the use of the Navy has been increased 90 per cent within the same period. The cost of manufacturing powder by the factory at Indian

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Head has been reduced 2.7 cents per pound, at a saving to the Government of $150,000. In the building of the dreadnought *Arizona* a saving of $3,000,000 has been effected by securing real competition among the manufacturers of armor.

For the first time in years the Department has a waiting list in recruiting; 5,824 men have been added to the enlistment in the Navy, which has enabled the full commission of 20 submarines, 4 battleships, 4 destroyers, 6 gunboats, 6 cruisers and 3 monitors, and increased the number of vessels in commission 41 since March 4, 1913. There are now in active service in the Navy 225 vessels of all classes and 101 vessels in reserve, and there are under construction and authorized 77 vessels—9 dreadnoughts, 23 destroyers, 38 submarines and 7 auxiliaries. All these things show that Secretary Daniels must have been a very busy man, and that in some respects at least he must have been misjudged by those who do not like him for any reason or who have been misinformed as to his official acts.

When the President was making up his Cabinet he offered the War portfolio to A. Mitchell Palmer, of Pennsylvania; but Mr. Palmer is a Quaker and does not want to fight. Neither does Lindley M. Garrison, who is a far better man in every way for this office than Palmer; but if he has to, he will have the men and guns and money when the time comes, or Congress will utterly fail in its duty to the country and to humanity. Mr. Garrison did not want to be Secretary of War. He was a Judge on the Bench in New Jersey, and fixed for life. The War office had no special attraction for him; but when he was told by the President that he wanted him, he responded, and it is a lucky thing for the President and the country that he is now at the head of the military establishment of the United States. Everybody likes him; everybody trusts him. His kindness, his uniform courtesy, his geniality, his consideration for the comfort and feelings of his subordinates, have endeared him to all who are serving under him in the Department as well as the rank and file of the Army.

Mr. Garrison's administration of the War Department has been distinguished by justice, hard work, common sense, and courage. For the first time in the history of the Department the Secretary of War has no favorites.

One who is unfamiliar with military administration cannot appreciate the baneful effect of political and personal favoritism operating on the Army—nepotism in the shape of unjustified promotion of the relatives of men powerful in Congress, the

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squandering of money for Army posts in the most ill-adapted places, the pulling and hauling of politicians to secure details, favors, appointments and promotions for their proteges. All these things have been eliminated by Mr. Garrison, and by very simple means. Every time a representation was made by any one seeking preferment for any officer of the Army, the matter was called to the attention of the office concerned to avow or disavow any knowledge of or connection with the representations made in his behalf. If the officer were guilty of any complicity, *ipse facto* he became ineligible for the preferment or promotion sought. The public or private individuals who made the representations were politely informed that military preferment must be for military reasons, and that the injection of personal, social, or political influence from the outside was not desired and would only result in injury to the person in whose behalf the pressure was applied. Within the Army itself steps were taken to break up any possible influence of clique or faction. The use of places of power for the unjust reward of friends or punishment of enemies was made practically impossible. Any officer approaching a brother officer of special power to gain his influence for a desired billet on personal grounds was put in the position of committing a breach of discipline.

On the other hand, these restrictive measures have been supplemented by regulations permitting the freest expression through military channels of the personal desires of officers for special details and assignments, and, so far as these personal wishes are consistent with the interests of the service, they are complied with.

On the constructive side, Mr. Garrison framed the Act for the government of the Panama Canal. His was the creative mind behind the water power legislation now before Congress. He supported the new organic Act for Porto Rico and took an influential part in the discussion for Philippine legislation. He presented to the last Congress conservative and constructive measures for the increase and improvement of the military establishment, urging them on the ground that they were the steps which should be taken in any circumstances, as they would fit in with any wise and adequate military policy that might be formulated and adopted at a later time after careful and prolonged study. These measures provided for the expansion of the Army to its maximum size by the addition of 25,000 men, the strengthening of the weak places in the coast

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defenses, the addition of 1,000 officers to the Army for the purpose of adequately instructing the National Guard, and other purposes, the creation of an officers' reserve corps to prepare for manning volunteer armies in time of war, and the creation of a motor transportation reserve for war purposes—the need of which has been conclusively demonstrated by the present war. Congress did not see fit to pass any of the bills introduced at the instance of the Secretary; but that was the fault of Congress. Carrying out the implied promise contained in his annual report, that comprehensive and constructive study of the military needs and policy of the country was necessary, the Secretary has concentrated all the energies of the War College and General Staff and War Department and the General officers of the Army, wherever stationed, on the problem of working out a military policy for the Nation which is at once adequate from a military viewpoint and consistent with the democratic ideals of the country. It is expected that the result of all this effort will be the adoption of a military policy distinctive for its inherent virtue, its adequacy and common sense.

The fiscal affairs of the Government have been conducted for many years on what is called "the independent treasury system," with very slight modifications. Under this system the revenues of the Government were collected and deposited in the Treasury until needed to meet appropriations. After the establishment of the National Banking System the Secretary of the Treasury was authorized to use National Banks as depositories, provided that such deposits as he might make were secured by "United States Government bonds and otherwise." The supply of Government bonds available for this purpose is limited, and they are so held that it is not always easy for a bank desiring to secure such deposits to obtain the bonds except at a premium. It followed that however willing the Secretary of the Treasury may have been, in times of financial stress, to deposit in National banks a part of the usually large amount of idle funds in the Treasury, the requirement that such deposits must be secured by United States bonds proved a stumbling block. In 1907 Mr. Cortelyou had difficulty with this rule, which he obviated in a measure by offering to sell certain Panama Canal bonds and to accept them as security for the deposit of Government funds. The weak point in this makeshift was the fact that if the banks had had the money to buy the Panama bonds they would not have needed the Government deposits. The same conditions that confronted Mr. Cortelyou in 1907

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confronted Secretary McAdoo in 1913, and while the panic in 1907 was distinctively a bankers' panic, occurring as it did when conditions in the country were much better than in 1913, a panic was avoided in 1913 by prompt and efficient action of the Secretary of the Treasury. In 1907 the banks throughout the country practically suspended specie payments and went on the clearing house basis. The McAdoo plan was a better plan. It was simple and effective. The statute provides that deposits of Government funds made by the Treasury may be secured by "United States Government bonds *and otherwise.*" Mr. McAdoo simply had the temerity to give the term, "and otherwise," its ordinary common sense meaning, and accepted as security liquid commercial paper under an arrangement that safeguarded in every possible way the interest of the Government. He deposited thirty-five or forty million dollars in the banks when it was needed to move the crops, and averted what would have been a serious panic, incidentally earning several hundred thousand dollars for the Government by using otherwise idle funds.

Having saved this situation, Secretary McAdoo devoted all his energies to the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, working continuously and faithfully with the Committees of the House and Senate and the Conference Committee. The passage of this Act and the workable features of it were due more, perhaps, to his aggressive work than to any other person directly interested in the legislation. Anticipating the delicate situation in the banking world while this great constructive work was under way, and realizing that in the natural course of events some time would be required to put the new system into operation, the Secretary secured the extension of the Aldrich-Vreeland Act, with amendments designed to make it workable. Before the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, no bank could take out additional circulating notes on the security of commercial paper under the Aldrich-Vreeland Act unless it had outstanding circulation equal to 40 per cent of its capital stock. The interest charged increased each month at so rapid a rate that no bank could afford to take out this circulation unless it was prepared to retire it in a very short time. As a result, no bank had ever availed itself of the benefits of this Act, and $5,000,000 additional currency, prepared just after the passage of the Act in 1908, lay idle in the Treasury. Mr. McAdoo obtained an amendment to the Act decreasing the rate of interest, and authorizing him as Secretary to suspend the provision that

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banks must have outstanding circulation equal to 40 per cent of their capital stock as a condition of issuing Aldrich-Vreeland currency. The wisdom of this action was apparent in 1914, when a panic was threatened. Acting within his discretion, and as the McAdoo amendment authorized, the Secretary promptly suspended the 40 per cent provision and made about $300,000,000 in Aldrich-Vreeland currency available for the business of the country, and in addition deposited Government funds in the National banks on security of commercial paper.

When a run had started on the United States Trust Company in Washington, an institution in which 55,000 depositors were interested, the Secretary again nipped another threatened panic in the bud by placing a million dollars of Government funds in the National banks of Washington on the security of commercial paper, and thus averted a local disaster which might very well, in a disturbed financial situation, have spread into a general catastrophe.

Mr. McAdoo found that National banks were paying interest on dormant accounts; but that many millions of dollars in National banks all over the country were drawing no interest. At the risk of making himself generally unpopular with the banks, he required all banks to pay interest at 2 per cent on average balances of active accounts, and thus increased the revenues of the Government by two or three million dollars.

When the trade balance of the United States with Europe was from three to five hundred millions dollars against us, Mr. McAdoo raised a fund of $100,000,000 in gold for deposit in an English bank in Montreal, and by this act effectively checked the exportation of gold to Europe. When the war in Europe began and the cotton growers of the South were face to face with absolute bankruptcy because they could not place their crop, Mr. McAdoo raised a fund of $150,000,000 in gold known as "The Cotton Loan Fund," and again saved a panic that would have bankrupted the South and impoverished thousands of merchants and other dealers trading with the South.

It was William Learned Marcy, of Massachusetts, then a Senator from New York, who laid down the doctrine 83 years ago that there is "nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy," and it was the patron saint of the Democracy, Andrew Jackson, of South Carolina, who made this rule one of the fundamental principles of the party now in power. But the Democrats have found during this Administration that they bore no comparison to the Republicans when

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it came to the question of patronage. They found that the offices, and especially the post offices, had been stuffed with Republicans, that there were 482,721 officers and employees in the executive civil service, and that of the 298,456 positions in the Post Office Department, 189,788 were in June, 1914, competitive. In May, 1913, the President ordered that competitive examinations should be held of 21,000 fourth-class postmasters who had not been appointed as a result of competitive examinations, and these examinations were held with varying results. The great mass of incumbents were Republicans and had been appointed for political reasons. It was found that the service had been debauched for political reasons, and the examinations showed that efficiency had been the least of the conditions regarded in the selection of the postmasters. The examination ordered by the President cleared out a large number of incompetents whose only claim was the service they had rendered to their political leaders, and the condition was a hard one for Postmaster General Burleson to meet. He is a partisan, but a fair-minded partisan, and the records show that he has administered his office with but two principal objects in view—efficiency and economy. It is claimed that the postal service was never so extensive and never better administered than it is now, and until the revenues from the service were affected by the war in Europe it was not only self-sustaining but actually profitable to the Government. During the first two years of the Burleson administration, the Department turned into the Treasury about $7,000,000 actually earned in this service. This was not a matter of book-keeping; the hard cash was paid into the Treasury.

The Post Office Department has been regarded for years as the resort of the spoilsmen, and the members of Congress have directed their dependents to it with utter disregard of the public interests. There has been an improvement in the conditions since Mr. Cleveland attempted to make efficiency the test of service, and gradually, under succeeding Presidents, the classified service has been extended, until now there are only about 100,000 places in the postal service that are left for political uses—that is to say, if the civil service laws are faithfully executed. Mr. Burleson found that these laws had not been faithfully observed and that the post offices had been used as spoils to a most degrading extent. For example, he found that there were 395 post office inspectors,—who are the eyes and ears of the Postmaster General,—and that only 39 of these

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inspectors were Democrats. He would not change the status without cause, but by a gradual elimination of the undesirables and incompetents he determined that there should be a fairer division between the two great parties of these and similar places, subject to a true interpretation of the civil service laws regulating the conduct of the public service. He has managed his office so fairly as to have escaped the condemnation of the civil service reformers; indeed, he has won their approval for the fair-minded way in which he has exercised his authority. He has gone much further than any of his predecessors, and has endeavored to extend the civil service. In recommendations to Congress he urged that the third and second class postmasters be placed in the competitive system, so that only the first-class postmasters (of whom there are few) should be in the Presidential class. Economy and efficiency are Mr. Burleson's chief aims. He recommended to Congress a plan of saving $12,000,000 in the cost of the rural postal service without affecting its efficiency, but his recommendation was rejected, and instead of helping him to save $12,000,000 the Congress actually piled on another $4,000,000, making the total waste of the public funds $16,000,000.

It is too early to make any predictions as to the final success of the Administration—so many things can happen in politics; but Mr. Wilson, considering the material he had to work with in Congress and in his party, has wrought miracles. Much of his success has been due to the faithful work of the men he gathered about him in his Cabinet.

JAMES C. HEMPHILL.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

AMERICA REDISCOVERED[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

ONE had supposed that the days of the blithely indiscriminate foreign commentator were past and gone. Apparently that is not the case. Here, for example, in this very number of the REVIEW, you will find Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain declaring joyously that England is today a "nation of dissemblers, forgers, liars, and cheats." To be sure, Mr. Chamberlain is not, so far as England is concerned, a foreign commentator in the full sense of the term. He was born a son of England—his father was an English Admiral and his grandfather a Captain in the English Navy; but England is no longer beloved of this her son. He lives now under the protection of the German flag. He is married to a daughter of Richard Wagner, and has become so completely a child of *Deutschland* that when he spits his abuse in the face of his mother-country his tongue utters the speech of the treasured land of his adoption, and he requires the services of a translator. An apter illustration of our point is offered by the case of Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson—an Englishman, like Mr. Chamberlain, but not an expatriated Englishman—who, having visted the United States, has now published the inevitable volume of impressions. These are contained in a sheaf of "travel notes" upon the East and the West, in which Mr. Dickinson has garnered his thoughts upon India, China, Japan and America. Of these, the American "notes" occupy almost half the total space; and it is naturally toward these that the American reader will most curiously turn.

Our traveller duly prepares us, in his preface, for the discomfiture which he evidently assumes we shall experience

[1] *Appearances*, by G. Lowes Dickinson. Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City and New York.

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upon learning his opinions of us. There is in his observations, he tells us, "a note of exasperation" which he would have wished to remove if he could. And it appears that this "note of exasperation" resulted in bringing a certain deprivation to "American friends and publishers" who, we infer, were clamoring for Mr. Dickinson's impressions; for in spite of their importunities, he informs us, that regrettable "note of exasperation" constrained him sadly but sternly to withhold his views. Now, however, his scruples have been overcome (the details of this deplorable moral capitulation are left mysteriously obscure), and, inverting the words of the old story, "Charlie's loss is our gain"—Charlie in this case representing Mr. Dickinson's ravished conscience.

Mr. Dickinson, it should be said, is not completely the type of the solemn British ass with whom several generations of visiting English commentators have made us somewhat languidly familiar. He is known to bookish Americans (of whom, despite his sorrowful conviction to the contrary, there are, here and there, a few) as a distinguished man of letters, a scholar, a thoughtful and forcible writer. As a Cantabrigean, as a lecturer upon political science and economics, as a student of literature and philosophy, and (most popularly) as the author of the well-remembered *Letters from a Chinese Official*, he has made for himself an enviable reputation.

Mr. Dickinson seems to have travelled adequately in America. After noting (presumably in the cities of the nefarious East) that "the Public Service Corporations control the cities," and that "the protected interests dominate the Senate," we see him at Niagara, sitting on a bench by the river bank and listening to a spectral voice which tells him that "all America is Niagara—force without direction, noise without significance, speed without accomplishment." He ruminates upon history, and concludes that "history is the perennial conquest of civilization by barbarians"—it was so "when Rome conquered Greece, the English the French, and now, Americans the world." Mr. Dickinson thence proceeded to a garden by a calm sea, where everything invited to happy thought and innocent reverie—everything except the Sunday newspapers, which some tactless soul had permitted to intrude into the sweet repose of Mr. Dickinson's rustic Sabbath. Mr. Dickinson analyses for us at great length the particular newspaper which confronted him (presumably, from internal evidence, the unsuspecting *Herald*). The result leaves him with nothing to say but that

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"comment [he supposes] is superfluous." He is led to conclude, however, that our newspapers (with five exceptions which he delicately forbears to identify) are a poor lot—"among the possible appeals open to them they deliberately choose the lowest." Yet: "Curious! for the fathers of this nation read nothing but the Bible."

Seeing, however, that the sun still shone and that the sky was still blue, Mr. Dickinson journeyed to the Rockies, eight thousand feet above the sea, where he was embarrassed by a sudden thunder-storm and sought shelter in "a little shanty of a railway station," in which he was given sanctuary by the telegraph operator,—"a thin, yellow-faced youth chewing gum, who looked at me without a sign of recognition or a word of greeting." This wretched youth, who unaccountably failed to identify his visitor as the eminent author of *The Greek View of Life*, recalled to Mr. Dickinson the fact that "absence of manners in an American is intended to signify not surliness but independence." The storm passed, but as it was then too late for the distinguished traveller to return to his hotel, he spent the night with "the yellow youth" in his shanty. They discussed the coming Presidential election, and from one topic to another passed to Mars and the stars. Mr. Dickinson told him about suns and planets, double stars, moons, Jupiter, nebulæ and the galaxy, and the infinity of space. After which they turned in. "The youth slept well"; but Mr. Dickinson lay awake, disturbed by the mystery of the stars, and sufficiently wide awake to quote eighteen lines from Dante. Then, murmuring to himself:

E la sua volantade è nostra pace

(which is by far the best line in Mr. Dickinson's book), he fell asleep, reflecting that "in all this continent there is not a human soul whose will seeks any peace at all, least of all the peace of God. All move, but about no center; they move on to more power, to more wealth, to more motion."

We next find our traveller in the Adirondacks, living in camp on a mountain lake and meditating upon Homer and Shelley. Here he employed a guide who might, he felt, have been Homer, "if he had had imagination"; but "he could never have been Shelley" (we, too, have met few Adirondack guides who reminded us of Shelley). "Not seldom," says Mr. Dickinson, "I feel among Americans as the Egyptian is said to have felt among the Greeks, that I am moving in a world of

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precocious and inexperienced children, bearing on my own shoulders the weight of the centuries." We have never, it appears, faced life and asked ourselves what it is; we are so occupied in running that it has never occurred to us to inquire where we started or whither we are going. As for our religion, "it is nothing if not practical. It does not concern itself with a life beyond; it gives you here and now what you want." The only part of the Gospels that can interest us, Mr. Dickinson thinks, is the miracles; "for the miracles really *do* something. As for the Sermon on the Mount—well, no Westerner ever takes it seriously."

Then, still bearing on his shoulders the weight of the centuries, Mr. Dickinson journeyed to New Hampshire, where, in a pleasant, hilly, wooded country by the Connecticut River, dotted with charming, secluded villas, he divided men and nations into two classes, Red-bloods and Mollycoddles—Shakespeare's Henry V, and Bismarck, and Palmerston, it seems, were Red-bloods; Socrates, Voltaire, and Shelley were Mollycoddles. As for nations, the Greeks, the Italians, the French are Mollycoddles; we, of course, are Red-bloods—"the Red-blood nation *par excellence*." It is the question whether America will ever be civilized; "for civilization depends on a just balance of Red-bloods and Mollycoddles." There followed a journey of two days and nights in a railway train, when, despite the beautiful country traversed, our traveller's mind retained only "a jumbled vision of huge wooden cows cut in profile and offering from dry udders a fibrous milk." Thence to Canada, where he discussed with colonials in a club "the intolerable subject of education," and, incidentally, the question of culture in America. That subject was easily disposed of. "There *is* no culture in America." (That fact, thus definitely established, doubtless explains why it was that the greatest musical masterpiece since Bach, Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, was performed in America years before the operatic stage in England heard a note of it.) It follows naturally that in art, America is sterile. Whitman and Poe, Inness and Winslow Homer and Sargent, wrote and limned to no purpose; Edward MacDowell sang in vain. America is industrialism pure and simple. "There is one pursuit, commerce; one type, the business man; one ideal, that of increasing wealth. Monotony of talk, monotony of ideas, monotony of aim, monotony of outlook on the world." A sensitive European, travelling among us, feels "at once starved and flayed. Nothing nourishes, and everything hurts." It

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would seem that the American is a coprophagous beast: "whatever he has touched, he has touched only to defile."

And so, unedified and unpersuaded, our traveller went home.

It is regrettable that Mr. Dickinson should so evidently have brought with him to America the wrong kind of letters of introduction. He was unfortunate in his acquaintanceship; he found among us "no *élite*." To glean an idea of the sort of people with whom he must have consorted, let us glance at the composite image of the American which he erects in the course of his comments: This American has no culture. He cannot converse—he can only talk. He has humor, but it is a poor sort of humor—"it implies no imagination . . . it does not illuminate a subject, it extinguishes it . . . that is why it does not really much amuse the English. For the English are accustomed to Shakespeare, and to the London cabby"—Shakespeare being as unfamiliar to Americans as is the London cabby. The American—to proceed—is always doing and never experiencing. He has no inner life. Physically, he presents a "great jaw and chin, huge teeth and predatory mouth." In his speech, beauty and distinction are sacrificed to force. He is "masterful, aggressive, unscrupulous, egotistic, at once good-natured and brutal, kind if you don't cross him, ruthless if you do, greedy, ambitious, self-reliant, active for the sake of activity, intelligent and unintellectual, quick-witted and crass, contemptuous of ideas but amorous of devices, valuing nothing but success, recognizing nothing but the actual . . . undisturbed by spiritual life . . . the child with the muscles of a man, the European stripped bare, and shown for what he is, a predatory, unreflecting, naïve, precociously accomplished brute."

What can one say to Mr. Dickinson, or of him, that will adequately fit his remarkable case? Perhaps, in having permitted him to exhibit himself, we have sufficiently paid our respects to him. If he should ever deign to visit us again, we might venture (with what he would doubtless regard as a ridiculous assumption of "culture") to direct his notice to a sentence in Thomas à Kempis: *Da mihi, Domine, scire quod sciendum est.*

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AS A CRITIC. By JOSEPH J. REILLY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1915.

It is perhaps not too rash or vague a generalization to say that several of the leading figures in American literature are rightly loved and venerated rather as inspired friends and as interpreters of taste, of feeling, of ideals, than as profound thinkers or as supreme artists. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his essays seems admirably to fulfill the function of an inspirational teacher of the art of everyday thinking and appreciating. In Emerson, despite his metaphysical assumptions, profundity comes in, as it were, by way of conversational suggestion. One hardly questions whether his orphic sayings embody a complete philosophy; one can hardly resist the feeling that any one of his aphorisms, if accepted sincerely for just what it is worth to the individual, will prove of value. Deeply versed in spiritual thought Emerson speaks to us as an aged seer addressing aspiring youth. Doubtless every reader of the *Essays* makes allowances and files exceptions as he reads, introducing the much-needed grain of salt, accepting with gratitude those sayings which he can receive. To the maxims of an experienced man of action we may listen respectfully without expecting to find in them a complete and consistent philosophy of conduct. In somewhat the same manner we have listened to the sayings of Emerson, the experienced man of abstract thought, and to those of Lowell, the experienced man of letters—the great reader and appreciator. It is impossible for one who has read in youth the works of Holmes, Emerson, and Lowell, not to revere these men as greatly gifted inspirational teachers. It is difficult, too, not to feel a certain surprise that the two latter should be held to strict accountability as practitioners of the great arts respectively of philosophy and of criticism.

Still, as our culture passes out of the pupillary stage, as it becomes more scientific, less tentative and provincial, it is inevitable that we should begin to criticize in somewhat ruthless fashion our old teachers. Mr. George Edward Woodberry has thoroughly sifted and evaluated the teachings of Emerson, the philosopher. Mr. Joseph J. Reilly does the like for Lowell, the critic. To an admirer of Lowell, grateful to

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him for many a flash of insight or poetic phrase of appreciation, Mr. Reilly's book will certainly prove somewhat painful reading. The destructive analysis of such a mind as Lowell's can hardly escape giving an unintended impression of cold hostility. The reader may not improbably find himself up in arms at every turn against Mr. Reilly's point of view—all the more so because Lowell as a critic is obviously vulnerable. Who does not perceive that Lowell's attempt to work out the *Tempest* as an allegory is incomplete and self-contradictory? Prospero, to be sure, may be well conceived of as Imagination, Ariel as Fancy, Caliban as "the brute Understanding" which rebels against its natural lord, "the higher Reason." Miranda is in a sense typical of "abstract Womanhood," Ferdinand of Youth. But the critic carries his allegory no farther. "One may suspect," remarks Mr. Reilly, "that the difficulty of accounting for Womanhood as the daughter of Imagination, of identifying the higher Reason with the Imagination, and the like, may have baffled him." To such a comment as this the lover of Lowell may perhaps reply that such ideas as the one criticized may have an illuminating and suggestive value even if they cannot be successfully carried out to their utmost implications. One can hardly read the *Tempest* without feeling that the principal characters do, in a degree unusual with Shakespeare, body forth certain elements of human nature. It is difficult to believe that Shakespeare was not influenced by some such conception when he wrote. On the other hand it would be absurd to suppose that Shakespeare intended his play as an allegory, and almost equally so to suppose that Lowell thought that he did.

Some such objection as this, the reader of Mr. Reilly's book may occasionally feel inclined to register; yet on the whole he will find the author as just as he is ruthless and thorough. There seems, indeed, to be no escape from Mr. Reilly's final conclusion. In certain cases Lowell's fundamental deficiency, his lack of philosophical depth, leads to faults far less defensible than his failure consistently to apply his allegorical conception of the *Tempest*. It leads to subtle shiftings of the point of view, to the improvising of principles to suit an exigency, to a misleading and merely rhetorical shuffling of abstract ideas. A favorite idea of Lowell's was that moral character is a necessity for a great poet; that character is "the only soil in which real mental power can root itself and find sustenance." Yet he could write: "Shakespeare, Goethe, Burns—what have their biographies to do with us? Genius is not a question of character." And his confusion of mind concerning the relation of genius to character actually resulted in the expression of two quite contradictory opinions regarding Shakespeare. In one essay he demands to know whether Shakespeare's contemporaries would have "left us so wholly without record of him as they have done," if he as a man "had been as marvellous a creature as the genius that wrote the plays"; in another, he declares that Shakespeare was wonderfully exceptional because of "his utterly unimpeachable judg-

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ment and that poise of character which enabled him to be at once the greatest of poets and so unnoticeable a good citizen as to leave no incidents for biography." Such looseness of thinking is as exasperating to the ordinary reader in search of light and leading as it is to the student of the science of criticism.

That Lowell lacked philosophical depth, that he was deficient in the power of penetration to ultimate principles—these are conclusions which a severely logical examination of his critical writings and a comparison of his pronouncements with those of the greater critics seem to establish rather easily. Mr. Reilly, in his exhaustive and acute examination of the man and his work from several different points of view, reveals other and contributory defects or limitations. In Lowell as a man and writer he finds an unusual capacity for enthusiasm coupled with an abiding conservatism; he discovers, too, that the critic's knowledge of human nature was somewhat limited—"the offspring of multitudinous books rather than of contact with men." Lowell's knowledge he admits to be wide, though not always accurate; but he finds reason to deplore the fact that the critic was imperfectly acquainted with art, science, and history, a truer knowledge of which "would have served to crystallize many of his vague notions" and "to send the current of his literary knowledge into parallel channels with other phases of men's interests and endeavors." A certain catholicity of appreciation one would be inclined to grant to Lowell without argument; yet Mr. Reilly finds some extraordinary gaps in his sympathy. Toward nineteenth-century literature Lowell was cold, and he regarded the fifteenth century throughout Europe as almost a literary desert. His interest in the drama and the novel was of the slightest. His condemnation of sentimentalism amounted almost to a fixed idea. Modern-day realism he could not abide. It is evident enough that Lowell honestly sought to maintain a judicial attitude, but it becomes apparent upon examination that he never attained true detachment. In writing of Shakespeare he frequently becomes the mere panegyrist. In his criticism of Rousseau his effort to treat with justice a writer with whom he is not really in sympathy leads him into strange vagaries. "He attacks Burke and Johnson, both of whom he admires; hopelessly upsets his deep-rooted notion of genius and character; involves himself in a contradiction regarding Rousseau's sanity; employs false logic; and sins against historical accuracy."

Mr. Reilly concedes to Lowell "that kind of taste which never mistakes poor verse or prose for good"; an unusual power of rendering his impressions in phrases epigrammatically pointed or poetically suggestive; occasional flashes of real insight. He leaves him little else. In reading his searching and rigorous examination of Lowell as a critic, one can hardly dismiss the irrelevant thought that almost any man, if he could read such an analysis of his own mind and work, would be disheartened and overwhelmed with chagrin. It is also a little difficult not to give weight to the impression that more is denied

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to Lowell than he ever thought of claiming for himself or than even the most naïve of his readers is really in danger of claiming for him—though this, too, is irrelevant from the point of view of scientific criticism. In short, it requires a pretty thorough inoculation with the scientific spirit to enable one to read with pleasure so unsparing a criticism of one of the most engaging and suggestive of the elder American writers—a writer who has been loved and venerated rather as an inspired friend, as an interpreter of taste, of feeling, of ideals, than as a profound or systematic thinker. Mr. Reilly, however, has aimed to promote clearness of thought in his own special field and thus to further the interests of literature. In this he has succeeded.

WHAT SHOULD I BELIEVE? By GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD. New York: Longmans, Green & Co, 1915.

In the popular scientific and philosophical literature of the day there is clearly manifest an encouraging tendency to reassert with growing assurance the old values of common sense, of morality, of religion, and to give to life a full measure of "meaning" in some sense which every man may understand and respond to. Fundamentally this effort to give value and significance to life involves the practical reconcilement of those old opposites,—knowledge and belief, reason and faith, science and religion. And this reconcilement or rapprochement, in turn, seems in the last analysis to depend upon the practical recognition of two elements in human nature—reason and a something deeper than reason. The "something deeper" is conceived of in various ways and defined with varying degrees of exactness. To Mr. Paul Elmer More, this something deeper is the "inner check." He defines it with metaphysical exactness as a pure negation, and he contrasts it not with *reason* alone, but with the whole "flux" of impressions and desires. To others the bare dualism of Mr. More may seem "savage." These may find more to their taste some form of the doctrine of panpsychism—a doctrine which has the appearance at least of being monistic or "scientific." Others again, with more practical aim, may arrive at the notion of the something deeper concretely, and without attempting metaphysical definitions. This is the method of strictly psychological analysis.

The point in which divergent views agree is the practical recognition of a *duality* of some sort (the term *dualism* is purposely avoided because of its metaphysical connotation) in human nature, and in the frank recognition of the mysterious and paradoxical, but very real and important relation that exists between the two elements of this duality. Psychology teaches us that we cannot really think without employing both reason and the faiths that reason cannot justify. Experience teaches us that the result of attempting to do without either the one or the other is disastrous. The attempt to exalt reason at the

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expense of those faiths which depend upon the something deeper is ultimately paralyzing and stultifying. It leads to a mechanistic conception of the universe and to a fatalistic view of life, which mankind has begun to feel intolerable. The attempt to exalt the something deeper at the expense of reason has evil consequences the nature of which depends somewhat upon the way in which the something deeper is conceived. If it is conceived of as a pure negation, its single exaltation may lead to a sheer denial of life—to quietism or to contemplative mysticism. If it is conceived of as "instinct" or "intuition" its elevation to sole supremacy may result in irresponsibility, in romanticism, in mere absorption within the current of life.

Under these conditions, the really important thing would seem to be the way in which the intimate and paradoxical relation between the element of reason and the deeper, less definable element is conceived—or, more concretely, the way in which we are to think of the contrast between knowledge and belief, between reason and faith, between science and religion. This contrast, this perplexing duality, is the real theme of the book *What Should I Believe*—though we may not draw the inference that the author is a dualist. As a matter of fact, Dr. Ladd stops short of metaphysical definitions. He does not tell us whether faith and reason are essentially alike, both being aspects of an indwelling Mind or other metaphysical reality, or whether, as Mr. More would have it, faith is a function of the "inner check" while reason is an organ of that flux to which the inner check is unalterably opposed. In the view of Dr. Ladd as a psychologist, the practically ultimate reality is the self.

To the thought that *both* faith and reason—whatever their metaphysical basis and whatever the nature of their difference—are inseparably connected with the self and with each other, Dr. Ladd recurs again and again as he studies successive phases of his subject. "In some sort all knowledge walks by faith rather than by sight, as indeed the wisest of men have done in the conduct of their daily life. But this conviction does not deaden, and it should only stimulate, the desire and the effort to know the reason,—Why?" In matters involving moral or religious truth the principle of the so-called "will-to-believe" may be accepted without entanglement in the sophistries of pragmatism. The true principle is—"not, that *is* true which we will to *believe* true; but our steadfast will must be to believe what has most seeming *really to be* true." The greater beliefs are "those which belong most essentially to the *Substance of the Self*." Thus "the faiths of morality are such that without them personality cannot exist." Religious faiths are quite as deeply rooted in the self, for "religion in man is nothing less than man himself considered in his total being with respect to its manifold relations towards one of the most complex and comprehensive ends of all life and all development." Yet in morality and in religion reason is as active as faith. "Without growth in knowledge, none of our beliefs, not even the most imperative and practically

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important, can stand the test of experience which requires them to vindicate their claims by continual approaches to a higher standard of reasonableness."

In short, Dr. Ladd, through a psychological analysis Socratic in its simplicity and thoroughness, proves the *unreality* of a besetting moral and intellectual difficulty—the difficulty that arises from the supposition that we must be ruled by reason *or* faith rather than by reason *and* faith. How hard and at the same time how rewarding it may be to be faithful to both—not, indeed, to serve two masters, but rather to live with one's whole self—he makes abundantly plain. No man is better skilled in finding the way to truth through the path of every man's thought and inner experience. Dealing with the real elements of consciousness, he arrives at conclusions sufficiently abstract to be *clarifying—to be, indeed, practically final—without involving* his readers in the dubiousness of metaphysical assumptions. It may be added perhaps without impertinence that it is refreshing to find in a work preëminently of philosophy or psychology, an apt quotation from a poet so far outside the purview of the narrow specialist as is Ernest Dowson.

War and the Ideal of Peace. By Henry Rutgers Marshall. New York: Duffield & Co., 1915.

An instance of the way in which modern thought strives to work itself free from the bonds of a narrow scientific determinism, and to win fresh clearness and assurance for the old values of morality and religion, is seen in *War and the Ideal of Peace* by Henry Rutgers Marshall. It may as well be said at once that this book is an abridged philosophy and that it has no special bearing upon war and peace except in so far as these topics just now furnish the special problems upon which every man's philosophy must test itself. Dr. Marshall's first concern is to oppose the view that "the occasional recurrence of wars must be looked upon as inevitable because man is governed by certain inexorable laws of Nature which make war necessary and even salutary." It would seem that the refutation of this theory should not be difficult. It is an ancient error of those who proclaim adhesion to the laws of nature to narrow unduly the conception of what nature means. Human nature certainly includes the higher as well as the lower. As Professor Külpe remarks: "When the Stoics demanded a life according to nature, they had in mind a rational life founded upon the dominance of the highest spiritual faculties. On the other hand, when Rousseau preached a return to nature, he had reference to the casting off of all the fetters of culture and returning to the child-land of innocent, harmless, and genuine simplicity and happiness." What the extreme militaristic theory is but an incomplete form of naturalism, it is hard to see. But Dr. Marshall is not really content with refutation. His true aim is to

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vindicate the value of certain *faiths*, or, to use the term which accords best with his point of view, of certain *ideals*.

Since faiths commonly cannot be justified by reason alone, Dr. Marshall, like others who have thought their way to similar conclusions, is constrained to look for a something deeper than reason. This he finds in a form of the doctrine of panpsychism. Against this doctrine the objection always lies that our mere inability to stop short at any definite point in our attribution of mental life to other beings than ourselves does not necessarily prove, though it powerfully suggests, that our consciousness "is but a special form of a broader psychic characteristic that is pervasive of the Universe." This doctrine, however, though it is not more readily provable than are other theories of reality, has many advantages. If the reader experiences no difficulty in accepting it, he will find in the remainder of Dr. Marshall's book much clear and sound analysis. With this theory as a starting point, it is readily proved that our "creative spontaneity" is not an illusion but that it is effective in the universe. Ideals are seen to have a sovereign efficacy. The pessimist is shown to be "one who more or less deliberately curtails the development of spontaneity"; the optimist "one who more or less deliberately encourages this development." Moral and religious ideas are easily understood as ideals, and moral progress as a conflict between traditional and individual ideals —between the new and the old. "We rise to the highest moral plane when we make permanent for ourselves by voluntary acts—by our own creative spontaneity—moral ideals which stand opposed to already existing ideals, whether these be traditional or self-created." However, since the essence of the matter lies in creative spontaneity, religion must be divested of its mythology and of its un-naturalistic idea of revelation. Hence morality is regarded as primary, religion as derivative. "The essential value of religious expression and of the experience connected with it, lies in the fact that it tends to strengthen within us the voice of conscience, and leads us to acquire the habit of submission to its guidance." Further, an analysis of the idea of *responsibility* shows the vagueness of the underlying conception and demonstrates pretty conclusively that there is no such thing as *irresponsibility*. The general application of all this to war and the ideal of peace is obvious.

But the application to the special problem in hand of the general principles deduced is disappointingly slight and perfunctory. The conclusion that it is our duty to discourage little boys from fighting and playing football seems to require some more special proof than the author vouchsafes. When we read the out-and-out admonition to uphold disarmament even though this may involve serious risks, we may turn back in some perplexity to an earlier passage in which the author warns us that "we must always remember that our own special individualistic ideals of reform are of an experimental nature, and that they may well fail to yield results as effective as those suggested by

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the experience of the past as embodied in traditional ideals." Disarmament would be an experiment indeed! Dr. Marshall, after all, is constrained to fall back upon the method of minimizing our danger from foreign aggression. On the whole, he has rather little to say about the important questions of How? and How far? which arise in connection with the effort to realize any great ideal.

THE HARBOR. By ERNEST POOLE. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The Harbor is one of those fictional "life-stories" which may possess a throbbing reality, even though if viewed objectively as novels they may appear to lack strength of plot, rigor of realism, or special accuracy or depth of character drawing. One reads *The Harbor* with feverish interest because the author speaks in terms of imagined experience that are so unconventional and true to nature that they promptly awaken responsive memories and imaginings. It is true that no one person in the story stands out as a particularly well-drawn character; yet all are alive because all do really think and feel and mingle their thought and feeling in the confused human way. It is true that the picture of life presented in the story as a whole has no particular realistic value. Life is viewed with humorous exaggeration at times, at times through a mist of enthusiasm, at times with disillusion: indeed the author views life "every which way," as real people in the course of their experiences do. But this is all real enough subjectively if not objectively. Mr. Poole knows how to inspire as warm a personal and intellectual interest as does, for example, H. G. Wells. He has a similar way of capturing this kind of interest by the unconventional reality of his child-psychology; by his frank dealing with such things as profanity and sex in somewhat close relation with the innocence of childhood—a dealing which one feels to be sincere, clean and real. The story thrills one too with the interest of personal growth and change. It strongly arouses in one the usually dormant feeling that life is not only a passionately absorbing matter to the individual—that there is no real excuse for being bored—but that it is a thing of wide relations in which the larger self must find its adjustments with the world.

Because *The Harbor* has this emotional reality, this intellectual aliveness, it is far more satisfying to read than the majority of contemporary novels. The final test of a story of this type, however, lies in the view of life which it does ultimately present. When we have seen the world through the innocent eyes of childhood and through those of fervent youth, we want to see it at last through the eyes of maturity. We have no right to require completeness of insight, but we properly insist upon a settled point of view. And here is just the fault that one has to find with *The Harbor:* its point of view throughout seems unsettled.

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In the story, the old harbor on the Brooklyn water-front, about which the narrator, as a boy, used to play, and with which the fortunes of his father were bound up, typifies the workaday world, the brute reality of life, with its romantic challenge and its disillusioning revelations of harshness and vileness. To the challenge, the hero responds eagerly, from his first childish experiments with the harbor—experiments made in defiant disregard of the horrifying tales told him by an old nurse—to the investigations he makes as a mature man into the minds and lives of steamship stokers on strike. Always there is apparent in him a struggle between the love of adventure and the need of abstract standards: this is seen in his childhood, in his college days, in his year's experience in Paris, in his subsequent career as a magazine writer. This vibration between two different points of view seems to influence the author's literary method. At times he writes with a kind of determined and convincing realism; at other times his representations of life seem hardly worthy of the earnestness with which they are set forth. In his portrayal of college life, for example, there is a somewhat illuminating study of the irresponsibility of students and of the weary perfunctoriness of teachers. The picture as a whole may be substantially true for some particular time or place—but as a general representation of American college life in any period it is grotesque. The difficulty with colleges—in the author's view—seems to be an imperfect realization of *life*. But what is life without a "god" of some kind?

One god after another, the hero tests and finds unsatisfying—

> "Nay, is not even Apollo, with hair and harpstring of gold,
> A bitter god to follow, a beautiful god to behold?"

The words which Swinburne puts into the mouth of a pagan living in the time of Constantine are not wholly inapplicable to this modern young man, endowed as he is with modern restraint and with a modern sense of humor. One god after another proves inadequate in the turmoil of life—"the kind god of my mother's church; the smiling goddess in Paris"; the god of art; "the clear-eyed god of efficiency; and the awakening god of the crowd." The god of service is the latest, but he, too, is obviously a bitter god to follow.

Emotionally true to life and intellectually acute, Mr. Poole's story seems to waver in its point of view between a kind of practical romanticism and a kind of practical idealism. This wavering makes its message uncertain and its details neither romantically nor realistically quite satisfying; for the story is far too thoughtful and moving to be dismissed as mere fictional entertainment, yet one is never quite sure as to the kind and degree of truth it is intended to express.

It is romance that has the last word. "Make way for me," shouts the thick voice of the out-going ocean liner, the voice of the harbor. "Make way, all you little men. Make way, all you habits and all you institutions, all you little creeds and gods. For I am the start of the

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voyage—over the ocean to heathen lands! And I am always starting out and bearing you along! For I am your moulder, I am strong—I am a surprise, I am a shock—I am a dazzling passion of hope—I am a grim executioner! I am reality—I am life! I am the book that has no end!"

THE BREATH OF LIFE. By JOHN BURROUGHS. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

The revolt of human feeling or intuition against a purely mechanistic conception of nature is evinced in *The Breath of Life* by John Burroughs. The author speculates rather than philosophizes. He does not pin his faith to the vitalistic or panpsychic interpretation which obviously attracts him, nor does he attempt to make all human values depend upon it. He merely wishes to feel thoroughly at home in the universe. "I have a good deal of trouble," he confesses frankly, "in trying to make my inborn idealism go hand in hand with my inborn naturalism . . . but may I not hope to make the face of my naturalism beam with the light of the ideal—the light that never was in the physico-chemical order, and never can be there?"

The intelligent layman fairly well acquainted with popular scientific literature will find in this book rather little that is new or especially suggestive. The dominant thought is that no refinement of physics or chemistry can explain what it is that controls and directs mechanical and chemical forces in living things, so that "one compounding of elements begets a cabbage and another compounding of the same elements begets an oak—one mixture of them and we have a frog, another and we have a man." Chemistry can reveal the secret of the most complex chemical compounds, but it cannot explain "that adjustment of parts to each other, the coördination of their activities that makes a living machine." Nor can science make intelligible the genesis of consciousness: the evolutionary account is, of course, inadequate, since it is impossible to conceive of a "half-way house between being and not being."

The author explores with zest every nook and cranny of his subject. His glowing imagination gives a fire-new interest to notions that have oft been thought but ne'er so well expressed. His book, however, seems to be made up of essays written at different times and without any particular sequence. The discourse as a whole gives little sense of progress, and contains a good deal of substantial repetition. The author's characteristic candor and simplicity disarm criticism; but if it were not for John Burroughs' poetic power, *The Breath of Life* would be tedious.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THREE CORRESPONDENTS ANSWERED

SIR,—Your article, "The Government and the War," appearing in the May NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has been read by me with much interest.

Could this article rightfully be taken as evidence that Germany did not violate the neutrality of Belgium, according to your views, or in other words, could one from reading this article claim that you state that "Germany did not violate the neutrality of Belgium," and quote you correctly?

Your indulgence in answering this is merely and only for the purpose of settling a difference of opinion between myself and a friend who interpret the article differently. I shall appreciate your answer to this.

HENRY M. LUPTON.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

SIR,—I would be obliged to you if you would answer this question for me: I understand that in the case of the *Lusitania*, the rules of international law require that the German government should have given notice so that the passengers and crew might have been saved before they sunk the ship. Does the fact that the giving of such notice by a submarine would prevent the submarine from sinking the ship, abrogate the rule?

Thanking you in advance for your courtesy in this matter, I am,

FRANCIS A. HARPER.

CHICAGO, ILL.

SIR,—I have just read your article on "The Duty of America," and I feel constrained to inform you that it is my opinion that you have presented the *Lusitania* affair in an unnecessarily destructive manner. There are many men in our country who have expressed an adverse opinion on President Wilson's note to Germany, and there is honest ground for doubt as to the propriety of the form which it assumed. Any American who enters the war zone on land or sea, does so at his own peril. You do not claim immunity for him if he should attempt to traverse the trenches in Poland on a Russian cannon, but when he rides the war zone on a British arsenal, you have no condemnation for his folly. If Germany premeditated crime, surely England was equally criminal in inviting it. There are two sides to this affair, and one side of it you utterly fail to present to your readers.

I trust that it may not be unwise for me at this time to express my conviction that your magazine is catering to English interests. Your letter to Lord Northcliffe was a shameful admission of the subserviency of this country to England and of your hearty accord in this rôle. There are many Englishmen

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who have not subscribed to your flatteries of England, notably Lord Derby and Houston Stewart Chamberlain. I cannot honestly understand how a man of your capacity can hold the convictions expressed in the Northcliffe letter.

English diplomacy has indeed wrought her masterpiece. According to Albert Bushnell Hart, writing in the *Independent*, England has violated many established laws of warfare in the present war. She has withheld all crude rubber from our country until our manufacturers signed a sworn statement not to export, even at their risk, to Germany or Austria-Hungary. She has fed us intelligent Americans on malicious lies which are an insult to us. She has gained almost conclusive control of our newspapers. She has sunk a German ship in a neutral port, she has interfered with American non-contraband to neutral ports, and many other things. May I ask what obligation impels you virtually to bow the knee to England and to make light of her many wrongs, while presenting so destructively any German act which will intensify American feeling against her?

HERBERT A. GEHRING.

TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONN.

[Mr. Henry M. Lupton might be told that, so far as general neutrality is concerned, the conditional ultimatum of Germany is open to the construction that it was a declaration of war; but that, as to the conventional guaranty of Belgian neutrality under the Treaty of 1839, the invasion of Belgium would seem to be a breach of that treaty.

The inquiry of Mr. Francis A. Harper should be answered in the negative. The principles of humanity are more imperative than a belligerent right to destroy an unresisting merchant vessel on the high seas. The rules of naval warfare are thus laid down in the German prize court rules issued on August 3, 1914:

Section I. *General Instructions*

1. The captains of H. M. ships during a war have the right, in conformity with the following instructions, to visit enemy or neutral merchant vessels, to search them, and to seize them, as well as the enemy and neutral goods found on board, and in exceptional cases to destroy them. * * * *

4. The purpose of visiting and searching of a merchant ship is to determine:

(a) To what nationality the ship belongs.
(b) Whether there is contraband on board.
(c) Whether it [the ship] is assisting the enemy by unneutral service.
(d) Whether it has been guilty of a breach of blockade.

The visit and search shall be made only when the captain believes that results will follow. All measures are to be carried out in a form whose observance, even against the enemy, will comport with the dignity of the German Empire, and with a regard for neutrals conformable to the usages of international law and German interest.

Section VI. *Procedure in Visiting, Searching and Capture*

82. If the captain intends to halt a ship, he will cause her to stop by means of signals and sounding the siren. Ensign or pennant are to be displayed not later than the time of this signal; by night the first is to be illuminated. During the pursuit the display of the war ensign is not necessary; the flying of any merchant flag desired is permissible.

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83. If the ship does not stop upon signal, two successive blank charges are to be fired, and if necessary a shotted charge over the ship.

If the ship then does not stop, or makes resistance, the captain will compel her to stop.

84. When the ship has stopped, the captain will send on board an officer, accompanied by a second officer and not more than three men as witnesses and for assistance, in an unarmed boat, manned with usual crew and carrying the flag. The officers of the boarding party will carry side arms, the men no arms. The remainder of the boat's crew will have their small arms in the boat.

Section VIII. *Treatment of Captured Vessels and Seized Goods*

112. The captain is authorized to employ a ship which has been captured as hostile under 10 to 16, as an auxiliary vessel, or, if its sending in seems not to the purpose or unsafe, to destroy it. The same holds for a ship captured under 56, if it is certain that an unneutral service of serious nature can be proved before the prize court.

116. Before the destruction, all persons on board, if possible with their personal effects, are to be placed in safety, and all the ship's papers and other articles of evidence which in the opinion of the interested parties are of value for the judgment of the prize court are to be taken over by the captain.

Section IX. *Rights and Duties of the Prize Officer*

129. If it is not possible to take the ship into the port ordered, he will seek another into which the prize may be taken (see 111). If this also is not possible, he will proceed to destroy the ship, under the provisions of Nos. 112 to 118, as soon as the safe salving of the persons, papers, and articles of evidence on board the ship has been accomplished. The requirements of No. 123 are to be observed.

Mr. Herbert A. Gehring's contention may be answered by pointing out the difference between the German war zone and the battle fields of Europe. Territory is subject to sovereign rights. From it persons can be legally excluded at the will of the sovereign. The high sea is the common property of all mankind. No nation has a right to assume control over any portion of it, nor has it a right to prohibit the citizens of any nation from traversing it.

It is true that a belligerent has the right to blockade its enemy coasts, but the blockade must be effective, that is, it must substantially close intercourse with the blockaded coasts. This has not been done by the submarines of Germany in the case of the British coasts, and no neutral is bound, therefore, to recognize the blockade.

Even in the case of a blockade a belligerent is bound to exercise the right of visit and search and to protect the lives of non-combatants of enemy as well as neutral nationality.

If a battle was raging between the naval forces of the belligerents a neutral would enter the waters of hostile operations at his peril, but except in such circumstances a neutral has the right to traverse the high seas at will subject only to the recognized rights of visit and search.

—Editor.]

SHALL WE GO TO WAR?

Sir,—Your editorial, "The Duty of America," in the June number of The North American Review, presents a clear and thoughtful view of the matter discussed; but more emphasis should be placed upon the idea that it is America's prime duty, both in her own and in the world's interest, to keep herself intact from the plague now infesting Europe. With the average American,

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the mightiest question of the day is, "Shall we go to war?" Let us briefly consider this.

To this recent question there can be but one rational answer,—No! Supporting and explaining this verdict, there is but one reason, viz.: We have no occasion for war. The issues involved in the European imbroglio are not such as vitally affect either our present welfare or our future fortunes. It is true that certain incidents evolving from the conflict may concern us on the high seas and elsewhere and, by reason of their significance to international affairs, demand our serious consideration. But even these, grievous to us as they may be, do not require that we cast our physical power into the balance of war. For us there is a better way.

As to our attitude toward the nations now at war, there ought to be, and perhaps is, a common opinion. For the masses of those who comprise them, some of whom are dear to us because of racial connections, we should have only compassion in this their dark hour of suffering; for those in authority whose thoughtless arrogance provoked and precipitated the world calamity, another regard, as natural as the first and arising from the justness of our inmost being, should prevail. We can condemn as well as condole; for to man is largely given the management of the affairs of men. For the militaristic policy of Germany, we cannot and must not have any sympathy. The common knowledge of its workings, together with the results of recent investigations, condemn it as inhuman and characteristic of an age supposed to have long since passed away. For France we hold that natural affection which a child has for the guardian of its infancy; but we can serve France better out of this love than by mingling our blood with theirs at such a time as this.

England undoubtedly is the nation with which we have the greatest common interests; yet we cannot sacrifice our peace and strength for England's sake. The lesson taught us during the Civil War ought to convince us that our act of 1776 removed us from the mother country so far that, in the future, common interests need not occasion common sacrifices either of blood or of influence. Furthermore, aside from several minor and indirect offenses, the disposal of which we shall presently consider, we have no cause for complaint even against Germany. Let it be borne in mind that, in time of such a war, the United States Government is under obligation first of all to the people of the United States. The destruction of an unarmed British merchantman does not constitute an offense against American freedom.

But the violations already suffered! Is there a peaceful way for adjustment? Can we avoid the conflict and still retain our national honor? Yes; but we can scarcely hope either to obtain satisfactory recompense for losses sustained or to preserve that national honor if we allow ourselves to be drawn into a course that must cost a myriad *Lusitanias*. This war cannot go on forever. If it did, we could gain nothing by entering it. The day of final reckoning is not far away, and it is then that we can and will be heard. For a nation of thinking men to eschew arbitration is for a seer to play the fool, besides presenting to the world a flagrant anomaly.

Bryan has been unfortunate in having lived before that time of which he was the prophet. The people of these United States would have gladly and enthusiastically made him President had he delayed his political propaganda for a score of years. But having lived so that his doctrines and the times were "out of joint," he has been relegated to the fate of Webster, Clay, and Blaine —to the ignominy which universally graces positive men.

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Yet, however this may be, in his present contention for peace at any reasonable cost, he is voicing the dominant note of America. And should the President at any time depart from his earlier stand of strict neutrality, he will have justly incurred the disfavor of the great majority of conscientious Americans. The desire for peace is universal among the masses of the common people, thoughtful and careful proceeding is everywhere being asked from those in whose power our future destiny lies, and a disregard of this—humanity's plea—invites inevitable disaster.

KEITH CANAY.

GETTYSBURG, OHIO.

IN DEFENSE OF THE KAISER

SIR,—May I be permitted to make a few remarks on the article about the Kaiser by Allan McLane Hamilton, M.D., LL.D., in your June number?

He says on page 875, "He it is who receives such promptings, suggestions, and orders from God that lead him to make ridiculous proclamations and to direct his army to violate all the rules of civilized warfare."

I understood that when the "contract" regarding Belgium was broken, self-defense and necessity were given as the cause. I have not read anywhere that the Kaiser stated he was guided by "such promptings." And I have not seen any "ridiculous proclamations" purporting to be verified by the Kaiser.

There are citizens of the United States who break contracts without the excuse of self-defense or necessity.

In the paragraph following that, Dr. Hamilton says: "All of us who see much of mental disease recognize the tendency of certain *déséquilibres* to ally themselves with God," etc., etc. But the Catholic Church teaches that all authority comes from God. And the Catholic Church has existed through the rise and fall of empires, and in the realm of moral theology claims to have received her authority from God. Of course, if one does not believe in a personal God, all references to any personal God or any expression of personal confidence in a personal God must seem ridiculous. As far as I have been able to learn, the speeches of the Kaiser merely express this personal confidence in a personal God—I have read nearly a volume of the Kaiser's speeches. Authority must have some moral backing.

Dr. Hamilton further says, on page 877: "This religious exaltation is attended by exaggerated ideas of personal fitness, which is shown in other things." Does it not seem quite natural that a sovereign who is surrounded by those who are his subjects, and perhaps many who are given to flattery, and who are in the habit of deferring to his opinion, should develop exaggerated ideas regarding his personal fitness about "things"? I think that disposition is very evident among citizens of the United States who do not happen to be in a position so exalted, but who are, however, surrounded by those who are constantly deferring to their opinions. And even the individual with a very small authority would, I imagine, like to lock up his critics if it were in his power to do so. The degree of self-conceit is generally in proportion to the position of authority, of superior influence, or superior brute force. No one will deny that the German Emperor occupies a position which is particularly favorable to the enforcement of his personal opinion or influence.

However, taken as a whole, I must confess that the Emperor's speeches published in English seem quite natural coming from a man in his position. I may not be a good judge, but is it not true that a specialist in any line has

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a tendency to diagnose any case as a case in his own line? Is it not true that many surgeons perform surgical operations which are not necessary?

I doubt if the methods of German warfare, examined in the light of history and the facts of warfare by the English, for instance, are at all extraordinary. As far as using poisonous gas is concerned, I understand the French introduced poisonous gas, but were merely not so successful in its use. It would seem that in this particular instance the Emperor was slightly justified in his self-conceit. And just the other evening I saw an advertisement in the *American Machinist* which told of the superior quality of the ammunition it advertised over that of other ammunition of the same kind, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, the superiority consisted merely in its greater effectiveness. Is not that considered the most important thing in ammunition of all kinds? When men begin to make war, are they inclined to use the less effective methods of killing their enemies, especially if the same method was introduced, though less effectively, by their enemies?

Just because you are different from me does not prove that you are insane, or vice versa, does it?

J. MANDERY.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CONCERNING UNEMPLOYMENT AND UNPERFORMANCE

SIR,—I have read with much interest the editorial in the May issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on "Unemployment and Unperformance." I append some comments which I cannot refrain from making; but all the same, I wish to thank you for the thought-arousing editorial.

> If philanthropists and publicists and sociologists will make these rational views of the case clear and will encourage the army of the unemployed to choose promptly and aright, and if they will also facilitate the agreeable and successful pursuit of the chosen courses, they will find the way opening for a solution of the problem.—NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for May.

An adult suffering from unemployment is seldom in a position to "choose." It requires information and money to seek, find, and reach new fields of employment. It is a well-recognized sociological law that choice of vocation in the first instance presupposes a comfortable margin of income and leisure. The enforced idleness of unemployment hardly complies with the conditions of leisure which allow the possessor to make a discriminating choice. Certainly unemployment is seldom accompanied by a sufficient accumulation of savings to approximate an excess of income beyond daily needs.

Adaptability, though conferred on individuals in different degrees, is developed by a broad and liberal education. The army of the unemployed is not recruited largely from the ranks of those who have received such an education. The path of industrial development has everywhere been strewn with the wrecks of men who could not adapt themselves to new conditions. One of the most difficult achievements in the world is to successfully transfer men in middle age from familiar conditions and tasks to new surroundings and changed routine.

Philanthropists, publicists, and sociologists may talk, but only by well-organized bureaus of distribution will the great army of the unemployed be brought into contact with new fields of labor. And if bureaus of distribution

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are needed to put labor where it is wanted, training schools to prepare adults for new vocations are even more necessary.

Women object to entering domestic service [says the REVIEW] because they dislike to be called "servants," and young men similarly eschew agriculture for fear of being considered louts and "hayseeds."

The vocation of servant and the vocation of farm laborer have even more serious disabilities than the stigma of belonging to the lowest rank of the social order. Even with the now-familiar Thursday afternoon off, and, perhaps, every other Sunday afternoon and evening added, the life of the average servant is far from desirable. Seven-thirty breakfast for the business man and seven o'clock dinner at night mean two or three hours more for morning preparation and evening serving and cleaning up. The family servant is thus on duty some fourteen hours. Until housekeeping is put upon a business basis so that the required service may be concentrated into reasonable working hours, we cannot hope to see many women, or men for that matter, "choose" this vocation. Though numbers may be forced into it, one can hardly expect even the ignorant and downtrodden to prefer fourteen-hour days of domestic service to eight and ten-hour days in factory or shop.

It may be true that the mental suffering resulting from the epithet of "hayseed" has driven a few farm boys to the city, but it is much more probable that the long, monotonous hours of labor without responsibility for the results and without share in the returns, the apparently narrow margin of a disappearing profit, and the absolute lack of recreation and mental stimulus of the average farm, have united to drive the vast majority of country boys to the city, where—in prospect at least—industry is rewarded, recreation provided, and opportunity is varied.

The tasks are not set by the laborer. They are set by the employer. The machinery for distribution and adaptation must be set going by those who have that margin of leisure and income which may insure right choice.

H. JAMES.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FOUR NOTABLE WAR ARTICLES

SIR,—I was much interested in reading four papers in the May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. They stand in logical connection, pointing the way to that new world of peace for which we are all earnestly hoping.

First stands the "Why?" by W. D. Howells, that brings out in full force the reasons for our sympathy and support of the Allies, and especially of England. The full "Why" of the war is not developed, but it never can be while the ambitions and designs of the Powers are contained in the secret cabinets of emperors and kings.

When peace comes through the complete overthrow of German military power, then one great idea in aid of world peace presented by Norman Angell in "Neutralization of the Sea" will be a question for world consideration. When the ocean is prohibited as a fighting-ground for belligerent nations, it will not be far to "peace on earth" as well. When battleships of belligerent nations may meet on the ocean, as a German and an Englishman might meet today on American soil, saluting in quiet dignity as they pass, even so the enemy ships on the open sea would show their colors and pass on,

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without challenge or shot. This provision would be hard for England to concede, but with her experience in this war she must realize that control of the sea is not a guarantee of safety.

The third paper, "A Potential Substitute for War," by Percy MacKaye, carries us down, as in a submarine, to the underlying causes, not only of war, but of the strife, turmoil, and unrest in civil life as well. Here is this writer's description of present life, even in time of peace: "Industrialism is so contaminated by suffering, disease, injustice, ugliness, hatred, death, and dull despair, that to millions of laborers, the conditions of war seem hopeful and visionary in comparison. . . . The conditions of industrialism, in short, *are* war, stripped of its dignity and national solidarity." We shall not find world peace while commercial and industrial arrangements are such that the man who works must suffer.

The fourth paper, "The Higher Patriotism," by John Grier Hibben, carries us, as in an airship, above the turmoil of military preparation and the contention of commercial competition, into a world free from the hate and jealousy of present life. Mr. Hibben shows us that if we would have world peace, we must have something more than the mere wish, or the expressed desire, that peace may come. "Give justice, love, mercy," is the foundation on which peace must be built up. "We can secure peace only by striving to realize in our lives the things which make for peace. It is not a matter of revolution, but of consecration. If we seek righteousness, and cause it to prevail, peace will inevitably follow." These be strong words, but not more strong than true. The only change I would suggest is to substitute the word "justice" in place of "righteousness." Justice sounds stronger and is more definite; the word seems to have the power of a self-enforcing mandate.

The "Higher Patriotism" is founded on the fact of the *oneness* of humanity. It is time to drop our narrow patriotism of race and nationality, and to adopt the words of Thomas Paine: "The world is my country, to do good my religion."

T. A. Carpenter.

Fort Dodge, Iowa.

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THE MAN JESUS

BY MARY AUSTIN

CHAPTER III

No people can hear absolutely a new thing. The message that is delivered to them is one thing; the message heard is already half in the hearts of the hearers.

Jesus did not invent the phrase, Kingdom of Heaven; what he did contrive in the course of twelve or fourteen months' teaching, was to give to it entirely new meanings. As it stood in the heart of Israel it was a vision of a social order in which governorship should be of God and all temporal authority superseded by the Word. Working on this, the imagination of the time produced prodigies. More and more as the Gentile world pressed upon Jewry it had to be accounted for; how could the Kingdom come to a people knowing not Jehovah? Opinions differed as to whether Rome should be cast into outer darkness or be permitted to feel upon her neck the heel of Jewish autonomy. It might be that the Davidic line should be restored as a mere symbol of governance, or there would be twelve thrones of the twelve princes of the House of Israel. Differences of this kind were not doctrinal; they afforded a pleasant variation to speculation. As the tension of social and political unrest which ended in the revolt and fall of Jerusalem increased, they took on a prophetic cast. It was expected that swords should fall from heaven and come flaming in the midst of men, that the earth should yawn and all the widening rifts be filled with dead. The apocalypse, the vision of Judgment, was a favorite form of literature of the period.

There is a general impression that prophetic writing had ceased in Israel from the time of the Old Testament to the Gospels; but in fact there was a continuous though diminishing flow of it. The Jews had no profane history. All their writings were accounts of God in his dealings with them either as individuals or as a nation. Books of this kind, bringing the story of Israel down to his own time, were in circulation and had been read by Jesus; he quoted from them; from the book of Enoch he took the title which he very early began to apply to himself: The Son of Man.

But if no importance was attached to individual conceptions of the Kingdom and the manner of its inauguration, all Jewry was divided even to the sword and the spirit about the proper preparation for it.

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Theoretically, Israel was a people united in the law, one in worship; actually, it was split into sects and factions over minutiæ of fulfillment. There was that old quarrel between the Samaritans and the Judeans concerning the mount upon which God should be worshipped, which had resulted, in the time of Cyrenus, in the Samaritans being disbarred from the temple. There were at least two ascetic orders, the Nazarenes and Essenes, of whom the first were as old as the time of the prophets; men dedicated to God from birth and sometimes before it, drinking no wine, celibate, cutting neither the hair nor the beard. They walked apart and sought out God in their own hearts.

The Essenes lived in communities, repudiated marriage for themselves but adopted children, prayed before and after meals, wore white, and had a sense of caste which made the touch of lower orders a defilement. They made no sacrifice except of their desires, devoted themselves to good works and practiced healing. They had community houses in all the large cities. It is not unlikely that as a lad the carpenter's son had gone to school to them, a kind of friar's school where one learned to read the scriptures and to be truthful, chaste and obedient.

Though they served to color the religious thought of the time, in numbers both Nazarenes and Essenes were inconsiderable. The great body of the Jews were either Pharisees or Sadducees. These last were mainly of aristocratic and priestly families. They held a practical monopoly of the Sanhedrin and the priestly offices, repudiating life after death, disbelieving God as far as anybody of that time dared disbelieve him. Opportunists, bent upon maintaining their own rights and privileges, they were sensitive to popular disorder lest it give the Romans an excuse for removing them.

Against these were the Pharisees, the aristocracy of moral assumption. So successful had they been in deluding the masses into a conviction of their superior virtue, that as patterns they had largely superseded the priesthood; in company with the Scribes, those scholarly and pedantic searchers of the scriptures, they set, as it were, the fashions in moral behavior. Their fields of action were chiefly the Rabbinical schools, where they taught that there is an immortal vigor in man which can be nourished to rewards or punishments in the life beyond this. Overnice in their liturgical observances, they were nevertheless the conservers of what was left of the ancient Jewish integrity.

In addition to these, there were in Galilee two fire-new vessels of social discontent: the following of the Baptist, among whom we reckon the Man of Nazareth, and the adherents of Judas called the Zelots, a considerable band who went mad with the abuse of authority under Gessius Florius, the procurator; who were reported not to value death nor any kinds of dying so long as they might call no man lord. They "had an inviolable attachment to liberty," and for the rest they agreed with the moral teachings of the Pharisees.

Over all was the hand of Rome, penetrating even into the dreams

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of men so that they could not so much as imagine Heaven except in the terms of kingdoms and authority.

Into all this welter of formalism and self-seeking, formalism and piety, into attempted Hellenic culture and hole-in-the-corner asceticism, the Man of Nazareth poured out his message, to meet and contend with it, and be set back in its course like a stream pouring into the sea, finally to mix with it so that never any more could its meaning be traced clear until men should cease seeking at the meeting of the waters in the muddled word, but turn back to the immortal source of the Spirit.

It is a mistake, however, to think of Jesus at the outset of his career as opposed to all this; he was an inextricable part of it. Himself an avowed Baptist, there is some reason to believe that he held himself *Nazar*—vowed, set apart for God; he borrowed freely from the practices of the Essenes. It is probable that the family at Nazareth was pharisaical in the best sense, leaning a little to the too scrupulous fulfillment of the law rather than to a neglect of it. His brother James at least turned out a great pietist, and though he suffered a martyr's death, is described as wearing callouses on his knees praying in the temple for the spread of Christianity.

At least one of the disciples was a Zelot, and probably several of them were Baptists. One guesses that a certain aloofness, discernible in the beginning of his ministry, was actuated by the desire of Jesus to free himself from all these tangled and entangling lines of influence.

None of these, however, gave him so personal a difficulty as the effort to prevent his teaching from being swamped in the immediate human demand for material relief. After the opening of his ministry in Capernaum he made a tour of the neighboring cities, preaching in the synagogues and suffering similar interruptions.

A leper to whom knowledge of the new prophet's healing power had come, followed him across the fields protesting, "If thou wilt thou canst make me clean." It was not an extravagant confidence. The liturgical detail to be observed by a leper who has been cleansed is too complete not to warrant the belief that mental healing of leprosy was possible, even frequent, in Palestine. Although Jesus avoided healing, it is not of record that, once the afflicted succeeded in gaining his attention, he ever refused relief. On this occasion the faith of the leper and the compassion of the prophet were equal; but the caution to tell no man broke down before the natural flow of gratitude.

As the healed leper returned from showing himself to the priest and performing those things for his own relief and the protection of the community as prescribed by Moses, the news burst from him. It spread through all the countryside, and forthwith the preacher was engulfed again in the rising tide of human anguish. It drove him out from the cities to the hill places where only the strong could come to him. Shepherds heard him as they went with their flocks white from the spring shearing to feed on the plains of Esdraelon, wood cutters

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going up toward Hermon, and a continual trickle from the towns; for, says the recorder, "all men were in expectation" straining toward the last struggle for Jewish autonomy. He visited Nazareth, preaching the acceptable year of the Lord, and discovered that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country; for, said the Nazarenes, "Is not this the carpenter?" Luke says they hustled him, but I find this incompatible with his ironic tolerance. The pinch of bitterness was yet to come.

It was after some weeks of this, when he returned to Capernaum, that there occurred the first of those encounters with established order which led on to his destruction and the final elevation of his message above the accidents of flesh. The house to which he had come, not his own but possibly Peter's, was so thronged with those who wished to hear and so besieged from the narrow street without that it was impossible for late comers to have access to him. But there was a man sick of the palsy whose desire for healing was equalled by his faith in the man from Nazareth to accomplish it. If they could only get at him! By this time Jesus' avoidance of publicity must have become a matter of general knowledge, for the sick man's friends took no chance of meeting the prophet on the public highway. They ascended by way of one of the flat, shoulder-to-shoulder houses, and from the roof let down the bed with the sick man through the open middle court which is the distinctive feature of Oriental dwellings.

Now was the wished-for moment when the prophet, moved by their faith and taking compassion on the sick of the palsy, should say "Take up thy bed and walk," but lying there with all eyes upon him the expectant sufferer heard a thing even more amazing. Said Jesus, "Thy sins be forgiven thee."

It is possible that this was more germane to the case than appears from the meager account of it; whether or no this palsy was one of those nervous collapses which are the effect of excess, and had its seat deeper in the man's soul than in his quaking body, cannot now be more than suggested. Whether the remission of sin was addressed to the sufferer or beyond him to the waiting audience, it did strike across and reach the scribes who—with how much of honest inquiry who can guess?—had turned out to hear the new prophet. A scribe was in some sort a councilor of the law when one of the parties to the case was God Almighty. He was versed in all minutiæ of the scriptures and in nice interpretations. It was from the scribes that the Pharisees derived authority for all that punctilious observance by the exercise of which they assumed the virtues that no longer sprang spontaneously from their barren breasts. By a process which may be observed going on in our own day among legal interpreters, the work of the scribes had narrowed to the business of ascertaining just how far a man may push the letter of the law in his favor without incurring any of its penalties. Now, as they heard this so quietly uttered and so extraordinary statement, there ran a whisper from one to another, "Who can forgive sins

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but God? Oh, blasphemy!" and there was a great wagging of turbans.

"Think you," said the Man of Nazareth, "it is easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, take up thy bed, and walk?"

And, getting no answer from them, he continued: "That you may know that the Son of Man *hath* power on earth to forgive sins, I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house."

As the sick man arose and went forth before them all carrying his bed, there went forth with him the most revolutionary doctrine which had yet been pronounced among men: *The son of man has power on earth to forgive sins.* For observe, that up to this time Jesus had not thought of himself as the Anointed One, nor assumed for himself any character but that of preacher of an urgent word. There is no evidence that in the title by which he referred to himself he meant to express anything but the merging of his personality in his social function, to speak not as Jesus of Nazareth, but as heir of all the ages, a fraction of that close woven human fabric of which he at all times warmly felt himself a part. Later in his career he was to come back to this point and reiterate what was here so lightly indicated, the *community* of power, equally accessible to himself and his disciples—"Greater things than these shall ye do"—a power which even during his lifetime, under his instruction, they began to exercise. "Man," he said, "*hath* power. . . ."

It was no new thing for one man, by some process not yet fully understood, to reach across to another and so stir up the centres of his being as to set back the whole course of nature and effect a profound reorganization of his physical forces. That such a thing could be done was a common and ancient piece of human knowledge. But from times older than Israel it has been recognized that deep personal disaster can be traced to violations of laws which lie beyond the minor infringements of bodily illness, and are amenable only to the forgiveness of offended deity. There is always the chance of evading the consequences of such a violation by persuading the gods, or by setting them one against another; but it is a small chance and exceedingly uncertain. Pagan and Hebrew worlds alike brooded under a sense of inescapable destiny.

The doctrine that plain man could by plain man, his brother, be released from spiritual bondage, fell upon soil so unprepared that twenty centuries of harrowing have produced but a few thin sprouts from it. By what power resident in man, by what paths it is attained, was to be developed as a later part of his teaching. The disciples of Jesus perceived it only as a cloud on the eastern horizon. There was the thing before them in its concrete example of the man with the palsy, but the principle in its utter simplicity escaped them as the perfect pearl eludes the hand by its roundness.

It is impossible, however, to twist out of this incident any other meaning than that such release should pass from man to man. At

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that time Jesus gave no evidence of thinking of himself as other than his companions except in the authority and singleness of his calling; all that he professed was the complete interpenetration of what we have agreed to call matter and spirit. It was a simpler and more direct form of what society begins to practice fumblingly, like a novice with a new instrument: the freeing of man by man; the criminal from the compulsion of his criminal nature, the obsessed from his evil obsession, the incompetent from his incompetency and—Heaven save the mark!—the poor from his poverty. About the much more advanced movement to free man from the violation of his physical nature by means of the spirit that is in him, I say nothing. It is among us in a form to admit of personal investigation on every side. We are tolerant of it as in their day were the scribes and the Pharisees, and tolerant for the same reason; we know that it has been done, but we are unfamiliar with and suspicious of the instrument. It is reported by one John Mark, who is described as having written down all that he could remember of what Peter told him of this occasion, that the launching of this revolutionary truth was accompanied with nothing more than a general amazed comment on the part of the Capernaumites that never in their lives had they seen things done in this fashion.

By this time, which could not have been more than six months after his baptism, Jesus appears to have broadened the scope of preparation for the Kingdom without having lost the sense of its immanence. On the way to his own house after the incident of the man sick of the palsy, he passed the office of the local tax collector, one of those minor officials to whom the Roman imposition was farmed out after the fashion which rendered Rome so obnoxious to conquered nations. It was an office hated not only for what it was but for what it stood for in the community, the constant menace of life and liberty in an age when death, mutilation, and the selling of whole families into slavery were adjudged not too severe punishments for delinquents. This Matthew, who from the description of him as "sitting at the receipt of customs" may have been a collector of imposts between Galilee and Perea, which lay along the eastern shore of the lake, had not yet been corrupted by his office, for the next we hear of him is his sitting at supper with Jesus and others of his following.

It was the custom in Oriental countries, in the absence of universities and public forums, for learned men to gather about them groups of disciples, sitting for disquisition on the housetops or at meat in the still, cool upper chambers. This was the practice of Rabbis in Israel, only in Israel there was nothing recognized as learning which did not concern itself with God and human conduct. Gatherings of this sort at the house of Jesus in Capernaum must have been of another sort than the slow, ordered discussions of Hillel and Shammai at Jerusalem, meetings full of hope and high-keyed expectation, looking toward the Kingdom.

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Simon the Zelot would be there, the impetuous Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, nicknamed the Sons of Thunder, those impatient souls who would have called down fire from heaven on the villages which would not receive the prophet on his journey up to Jerusalem. There were also in that company Matthew the publican and other doubtful characters; sitting at the head of the board was the carpenter, witty, keen, sanguine, seeing Heaven in their midst and the great day so close at hand that they would scarcely have gone through the cities of Israel before it should be upon them. Whatever it was that went on in the house of Jesus, it was exciting enough or important enough for all Capernaum to be set gossiping over it.

"How is it," carped the scribes and Pharisees, "that this man sits eating and drinking with low fellows, publicans, whose word is not even taken in a court of justice, and sinners?" One suspects that the Pharisees had rather taken up the new preacher in the beginning—for a prophet might arise—and it was more than their sense of prophetic propriety which was slighted. But Jesus when he heard of it sent them word that he had come not to call the righteous but sinners. "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," he said, in one of those flashes of gentle irony so characteristic of him; for if there was any class in Israel that was sick unto death with formalism it was the scribes and Pharisees. But another thing troubled them, and in this there was no doubt a measure of honest questioning. "John fasted," they said, "and the Pharisees fast, but why not thy disciples?"

There must be a special dispensation somewhere for those poor souls who would like to know the truth if they could only recognize it in an unfamiliar garment. Said Jesus, "Can the children of the bride-chamber fast, while the bridegroom is with them?" Also he said that no man seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment, lest the new piece tear away that to which it is sewed and the rent is made worse, and no man putteth new wine in old bottles, lest the bottles burst and the wine is spilled and the bottles marred. It was in this fashion that he placed the definite mark of modernism between himself and the Baptist. Whether or not he recognized the fullness of his message and its revolutionary character, he at least understood that it was a mistake to follow John in attempting to pour it into the old levitical mould. Jesus came preaching the Kingdom, but with new meanings and new manners. His vision on that point was perfectly clear, but the circumstance was too much for him; with his new cloth he tore the ancient fabric of Hebraism asunder; he poured his new wine into as many new bottles as could be found, and still the bottles burst.

CHAPTER IV

We shall have to go back to this remedial use of the Spirit as between man and man, called forgiveness of sins, but we must have more to go upon. From the time that Jesus came under the influence

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of John to his declaration of a superior freedom of personal conduct, the sequence of events is clear, but the teaching is lost to us. That so little is recalled as being definitely placed in this period would imply that his audiences were small and his converts few in number. But at Capernaum he was again the object of public attention. He met here with that most coveted distinction of the revolutionist, opposition from the established order.

Both opposition and interest centered about these two points, his neglect of levitical formalities and his work as a healer. It was not that he failed to appreciate the value of ceremonial,—there is a custom of blessing bread before breaking it which is mentioned often enough to point the inference that he introduced it, and we find him paying the temple tax and keeping the great festivals of Israel with due observance,—but he went through the fabric of Pharisaical formality like a lion of Judah through a net set to catch fieldfares. It was only when he felt it close to the lesser personalities of his disciples that he stooped to justification. That was how we find him about the first of June of the year that began his ministry, walking with his disciples of a sabbath morning probably between village and village that he might preach at the morning and evening services, and passing on their way the fields of standing corn now whitening for the harvest. Perhaps the time was all too short for the customary midday meal, or the zeal of the preacher sometimes outran the nature of the apostle, for they, being ahungered, broke off and threshed out between thumb and palm the wheaten ears and ate them.

Now a man might not be condemned under the law for failing to fast, but threshing grain on the Sabbath . . . . here at last they had him! Here again Jesus defined for his accusers those principles of spiritual efficiency which determined all his conduct. "The Sabbath," said he, "was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." He also answered them a little more in their own key with a scriptural reference to what David did in the matter of the shewbread in the temple. It is doubtful, however, if the exposition, with its easy comparison of kings and carpenters, cleared the subject levitically any more than it satisfied them humanly.

Silenced they were but not answered, for we read that a little later, possibly on the same Sabbath or the next one, he was teaching in the synagogue and a man with a withered hand, posted there for that purpose, asked of him a healing. Fully aware of an intention to trap him into Sabbath breaking, for which in any notable degree he might be haled before the authorities, Jesus brought them face to face again with the spirit of that law by the letter of which they hoped to snare him. "What man of you that have a sheep fall into a pit on the Sabbath will he not lay hold to lift it out? . . . . and is not man more than a sheep?" There was more from the same source, but the Pharisees looked down their noses, unable to refute the argument and unwilling to admit it. It is the first time of record that Jesus showed

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himself indignant with his audience. Reaching out his hand to the stricken man he lifted him from the pit of his own affliction.

We who are the inheritors of generations of prejudice against the class who opposed Jesus, need to remind ourselves that there is somewhat to be said in extenuation. The Pharisees were a people doing the best they knew to fulfill what they recognized as the supreme obligation, the will of Jehovah. Much that they did was done in anticipation of that closer union of God and Israel which was to be effected in the person of the Messiah. They served God as much as they were able and expected God to honor the alliance. Now here was this man of the common people, putting all their strained conformities to shame, and yet distinguished by God with the insignia of a true prophet. Not that they cared what the carpenter could do, but if this man were truly a prophet or, as began to be whispered, the Messiah, then had God passed them over. How the slight must have rankled! Would they believe it of God after all their meticulous service? Not they! Some other explanation must be found of the extraordinary phenomenon, and one was not long in forthcoming.

Shortly after the healing of the withered hand on the Sabbath, and possibly to escape the controversy stirred up by it, Jesus set sail upon Gennesaret for the opposite leopard-colored shore of Gadara. Here the hills broke off abruptly, full of caves, with little ledges of limestone running into the lake and little spits of sand breaking the shore. Swineherds fed their despised charges hereabouts; the caves were inhabited by lepers and the insane. What occurred there has come to us so mixed with popular superstition of the time that it is impossible to thresh out from it the modicum of fact, and perhaps not important. It was what people *thought* had happened that affected their attitude toward the teacher. It seems, however, that the Man from Nazareth was immediatley recognized and appealed to by one of the most unfortunate of that unfriended class, the demoniacs. It was so that all manner of mental and nervous derangements were described, as possession by evil spirits, a belief that Jesus seems to have shared. One such very pitiful case was healed here on the Gadarean shore under circumstances that excited the utmost superstitious awe of him, so much so that deputations came out from the cities round about and entreated him to depart out of their coasts.

It was this incident and some others like it which gave rise to the charge which was presently brought against him, that he cast out demons by the help of the very Powers of Darkness. The logic of Jesus that a devil casting out devils would be a house divided against itself, served not only to silence opposition for the moment but to augment the popular favor. All Galilee was aflame. Samaria heard of him. He seems almost to have been constrained to accept the significance of his healing at the common estimate, without, however, losing his remarkable poise and sanity.

The daughter of a centurion fell sick—at Capernaum, no doubt,

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where a garrison was stationed—and the Roman, backed by the good word of his Hebrew neighbors, dared appeal to Jesus. By the time, however, that the prophet had reached the house, the child's condition was such that the rumor of her death touched with hysteria the ill-balanced Oriental household. To an impostor such an opportunity would have been irresistible. Dead certainly; and now behold a miracle! But the Man from Nazareth, quietly reassuring, passed through the crowds of excited domestics to the inner chamber. "She is not dead," said he, "but sleeping." Having taken her by the hand and waked her, he bade them in a perfectly commonsense manner give her something to eat and say no more about it. Out of this, which could not be kept entirely private, the common tongue multiplied wonders. The tide of enthusiasm rose and rolled over all parts of Judea even as far as Idumea. It reached John in his lonely prison; it rose almost to his own head.

Crowds poured into Capernaum from the surrounding country; they thronged him in the street if they might so much as touch his garment. Wherever he moved, the sick were laid out along his path, happy even to feel his shadow in passing. The tide of popular appreciation rose higher, it overflowed the narrow streets of the lake town and reached even to the hills of Nazareth. His people heard of his doings and came down to take him home with them; said they, "He is beside himself." In nothing so much have they confirmed the family status; it was so exactly like what would be expected of the leading family in a small town who had borne on their branches the greatest radical of their time. It is the last word as to their entire respectability. But Jesus made himself inaccessible in the midst of his disciples, and when word was brought to him that his brethren were without seeking for him, he answered them saying "Who is my mother or my brethren?" And looking round on those which sat about him he said, "Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of God the same is my brother and my sister and my mother."

It must have been about this time that John called two of his disciples and sent to him saying, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?"

Now he that should come was the long prophesied Messiah, the Anointed One, who was to restore the Kingdom to Israel, concerning whose advent John had borne witness. It was a natural and inevitable question. It had been asked of John, who had himself been under no illusion as to the nature of his own calling. It was probably already being asked under the breath by believers of Jesus. From the answer he returned to the Baptist's inquiry, it seems likely that Jesus might have asked it in all humility of himself. For his answer when it came was neither an affirmation nor a denial: "Go your way," he said, "tell John what things ye have seen and heard, how the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, and to the poor the gospel is preached!"

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All this is immensely interesting in view of what Jesus is known elsewhere to have said and indicated as to the relative place of his power to heal in his work as a teacher. From the beginning he seems to have regarded it as incident to his career rather than an integral part of it. He never ascribed it to any other power than the uninterrupted working of the Father in him. He never thought of it as a gift peculiar to himself, but attainable by any man who let himself be utterly shone through by the spirit that was in Jesus. For its complete operation he recognized the necessity of some sort of conjunction between the healer and the patient. Ordinarily this was accomplished by establishing belief between them—the desire to be healed accompanied by the firm conviction on both sides that healing was possible. "Believest thou?" and "According to thy faith be it unto thee," were his most frequent formulas; but he did not neglect to assist the faith of the applicant by material means when necessary. It is related of the first leper that applied to him, that Jesus touched him. To touch a leper was not only a levitical defilement, but a practical menace. It was because of this danger of contagion that they were required to go about crying "Unclean, unclean!" in an isolation more terrible than death.

Nothing then could have been better calculated to raise the faith of the unfortunate than that fearless human contact. To Jesus the leper *was* clean; and almost immediately he became so to himself.

Later, when his work of healing appears to have been overborne by his message and the unresponsiveness of the community, he used symbolic acts, such as touchings, anointings of the eyes, to create that rapport between him and his patient which was so important to success. Also it is recorded that in more than one town he did no mighty work because of their unbelief.

Although he once spoke, in reference to a stubborn case of possession, of the necessity of prayer and fasting,—he had just come on that occasion from a long session of spiritual communion,—he seems never to have related the healing power to any sort of goodness, any preferred frame of moral behavior. For we read that upon the cleansing of the temple in his most human outburst of indignation, there were brought to him in that same hour, lame and blind, and he healed them.

It is also indisputable that Jesus taught that healing could be sought by one for another; the faith of the parent for the child, of the master for the servant, acted as the solvent of disorder—or, if you prefer it, as the conductor of the divine inundation. Two or three instances of this sort shall be noted in their proper order; we have here to do with Jesus' own opinion as to what his healing powers witnessed. He offered them to John as the only available evidence, and in the same series, that the poor had the gospel preached to them. Is it too much to conclude that in offering the facts of his ministry rather than its message, his teaching was as yet differentiated from John's only by being an extension of it? In a beautiful tribute to the Baptist which

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is reported to us by Luke, he places John at the forefront of the tribe of prophets. "Among those born of women . . . not a greater. . . ." If it is the case that John was the first to teach that the Kingdom of God is affected by relations between man and man, rather than between man and deity, the judgment of time would seem to agree with him. "But he that is least in the Kingdom of God is greater than he." If by this Jesus meant that the man who realizes in his daily life that perfect balance between man and his neighbor which is the essence of Christianity, is greater than he who merely announces it, here, too, history is in accord. John appears to us as a man who rather escaped such realization by his life in the Wilderness; but his disciple Jesus accomplished it.

This is almost the last we shall hear of the Baptist, for it was not far from this time that he should lose his life under Herod, the King himself being reluctant but trapped into beheading him by that Herodias whom John's preaching had so offended. It was fitting that this tribute should come from his most distinguished convert, and one reads with satisfaction that it was received with enthusiasm by the disciples of Jesus, many of whom had been baptized with John's baptism. And for the Pharisees and lawyers who rejected the counsel of God against themselves, there was one of those brilliant thrusts which, while it rendered his critics silent, always the more deeply enraged them. Said the Master:

> Whereunto shall I liken the men of this generation,
> And to what are they like?
> They are like unto children sitting in the market place,
> Calling to one another and saying,
> We have piped unto you and ye have not danced,
> We have mourned unto you and ye have not wept,
> For John the Baptist came
> Neither eating bread nor drinking wine;
> And ye say He hath a devil,
> The Son of man is come eating and drinking,
> And ye say Behold a gluttonous man, and a winebibber,
> A friend of Publicans and sinners.
>
> But wisdom is justified of all her children!

Among other things accomplished during the second stay in Capernaum, was the raising of the number of his personal following to twelve in remembrance of the twelve houses of Israel. Their organization was of the simplest; they had a common purse and were the recipients of his most intimate teaching. In nothing so much has Jesus shown his humanness to be of the same stripe as that of all great geniuses as in this selection, for of the twelve, one betrayed him, and only two or three after his death showed any particular aptitude for the dissemination of his doctrines.

But seeing all Israel as sheep lacking a shepherd, he seized upon

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what seemed the likeliest material, and within a month or two began to send them forth to the cities of Galilee.

About the end of the barley harvest, if we accept the chronology which the color of his speech allows, they drew out of the plain of Gennesaret to one of those hollow cone-shaped hills of upper Galilee, having on its outer rim twin towering peaks like the frontlet of a bull, called the Horns of Hattin. It is reached by a foot path up through the Valley of Doves, between thickets of oak and thorn and oleander. Here the twelve came for their parting instruction, but not unmarked by that crowd of miserables who seem to have hung always about his path, ready to pounce upon the first faint hope of healing. Where the blind and the halt and the sick borne on litters were seen moving in a given direction, there the crowd came hurrying. They must have been at it all the warm starlighted dusk, threading the dim trails, for when Jesus, after a night spent in prayer apart on one of the peaks, came down into the amphitheatre, he found it filled with the multitude. Accounts differ as to what he said to them, but all agree that the occasion was notable and that he met it with a more than ordinary accession of preaching power. They agree, too, in presenting the sermon delivered between the Horns of Hattin as a practical direction for the conduct of life rather than a doctrinal disquisition. For something of the sort, the setting out of the disciples called; and in the manner of coming together of the crowd there was evinced a demand for instruction more explicit than the mere announcement of the Kingdom. Time and place had combined to make it the sincerest and best selected audience that had yet collected about the prophet.

Whether the things recorded as the sermon on the mount were first said there, or elsewhere, or whether, as seems likely, there were things said and repeated on various occasions, is unimportant. Some of them were framed undoubtedly to meet the exigencies of the twelve on their preaching tours, but all in all the discourse stands as the most consistent program of Christian character that had yet been offered.

It seems to have begun with a rush to meet the unvoiced demand that was made upon the teacher by their simply being there at such pains and in such numbers, anxious hearted; by the marks upon them of the conditions under which life was lived in Palestine, the personal tyrannies, the grinding impositions.

"Blessed are ye, O ye poor," he cried, "for yours is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye that do hunger and thirst, for ye shall be filled . . ." and one whose need was bread heard it as a promise of material relief, and whoso thirsted for the things of the Spirit, heard it as pertaining to the Spirit. To others who lacked everything it came as the promise of the Kingdom which was to come only Heaven knew how, but very shortly, a proletariat Heaven in which the poor were to be rich and the rich poor and everything quite and completely different. Taken with other things that he said then and upon later occasions, I can make nothing more or less of it than the involuntary expression of

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his bright belief in the abundance of God lying open *in all things* to whoever would reach out and seize them. For he said again, "take no thought what ye shall eat, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on . . . for if God so clothe the grass of the field. . . . O ye of little faith!" And again, "for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

All his early teaching was vibrant with this joyous confidence of the Spirit to compel the flow of material things, health, food and raiment. He poured it out here, flashing his discourse now upon the twelve and now to the waiting multitude, and again sweeping them all into the compass of the hand as children of the Father. "Ye are the light of the world," he said, "Let your light shine among men. . . ."

For he was not come to destroy the law, but to fulfill it in terms of the thoughts and affections of men. They were not to think that the law against murder was to be kept by the mere avoidance of killing, but by the denial of hate and anger and all forms of enmity; it was not alone in incontinence of the flesh that unchastity consisted, but in the lusts of the eye and the imaginations of the heart. This was sterner doctrine to Israel than to us after a score of centuries, but the probe went even deeper. It struck at the very root of Hebrew morality, that austere and measured system of reprisal upon which their civil code was founded, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. *Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.* And as they expected God to deal with them, so dealt they with their fellows. "But I say unto you," ran the new teaching, "love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."

In the multiplicity of points at which it touched their daily life, this was even a more revolutionary doctrine than that of the forgiveness of sins. But perhaps just because of its nearness they understood it better. This can be gathered from the readiness with which, after his death had sealed it to them, the early Christians practiced the new teaching; they were not, as we are, put at fault by the free imagery in which it was stated.

"Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also," said Jesus; "and whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." But in the different accounts of it the context of this saying is changed. One suspects some crossing here of general principles and the special direction intended for the disciples who were about to set out on an errand in which it was important that no antagonism should be aroused. Jesus himself always went the second mile with his adversaries and at the end of it defeated them. The whole of that passage beginning "resist not evil," reads more like the best example of that spiritual astuteness that distinguished him than a declaration of religious principle. Wise as serpents and harmless as doves, they were to find in non-resistance the subtlest, completest form of victory. At least the passage was never interpreted by the

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men who heard it as a doctrine of inaction. Both Jesus and his disciples were sharp in attack on existing evils, fearless in denunciation, not devoid of just wrath, and active in proselyting.

So much of the sermon as we have glanced at was constructive. The rest of it was mainly taken up with precept and illustration touching the peculiar weakness of the time, hypocrisy and formalism. Alms were to be given in secret, not to be seen of men; so also of prayer, which he enjoined on them. In the closet with shut door they were to seek the Father, and seeking they should find, knocking it should be opened unto them. "For if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?"

These were the sayings of Jesus in answer to the first eager cry of converts, "What shall I *do* to be saved?" For there was never any doubt on the part of those who listened to Jesus and his disciples that participation in the kingdom was dependent upon a changed conduct. "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees," and again, "not everyone that heareth, but he that doeth the will of my Father." That is why perhaps we have in the gospels so much of specific direction, and less than we would gladly hear of the spiritual illumination from which it proceeds. For it is impossible not to realize how little resemblance there is between the God of love whom Jesus came preaching and the Jehovah of the Hebrew scriptures, jealous, capricious, avenging, worshiped with bloody rites at Jerusalem, with scapegoat and sin-offering and burnt offering of bullocks and of rams. It was not in either of the great Jewish sects that he found the doctrine of man in God and God in man as implied in the terms of kinship used by Jesus. Yet in none of the gospels is it set down as a new doctrine, nor was the preacher ever called to account for it. Though there is some reason to believe that he regarded it as an important part of his mission to make known the true nature of God, Jesus himself never explained when or by what means he had come by the revelation. It was one of those truths which lie at the bottom of the deep wells of human understanding, so native to its element, so intrinsic, that, once realized, it is not thought of as requiring explication. With something of the same simplicity with which it was offered, the fatherliness of God was accepted. But your true Oriental is always a mystic. It was easier for him to realize that "no man knoweth the Father save only the son"—that is to say, that only by the God-in-Man is the God beyond man apprehended—than it was to understand how the kingdom of God could be set up in Israel without the physical overthrow of the Roman Empire. The sermon on the mount instructed those who heard it in the sort of behavior which at the same time fitted them for the approaching Kingdom of Heaven and provided a way of escape from destruction, but in respect to the scope and manner of that Kingdom when it should come, it left them exactly where it found them.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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FRANCIS BOWEN

NINTH EDITOR OF THE REVIEW

The successor of Dr. Palfrey to the editorship of the REVIEW was Francis Bowen, who became the ninth editor, and also the proprietor in January, 1843. The outstanding feature of his successful connection with this publication was the fact that during the ten years of his editorship he contributed more than a fourth of the articles in the periodical. He was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, September 8, 1811, and was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1833. Two years later he was invited by the University to become instructor in intellectual philosophy, a position he held until 1839, when he resigned in order to have leisure for travel and study in Europe. He lived some time in Paris, where he met the distinguished scholars of the day, including Sismondi, and about whose life and works he wrote most sympathetically in an essay which he published in 1848 in the REVIEW, without, however, mentioning this acquaintance. With many of Sismondi's economic beliefs he was in accord, notably his protest against Ricardo's theory of rent. Mr. Bowen was always definite in his contentions, and could not be convinced that Adam Smith's theory of free-trade was to be supported, nor was he a Malthusian. He wrote of Malthus's views in this way: "Of all the doctrines of the English political economists, that of Malthus is at once the most absurd and most pernicious. It is a futile attempt to throw off the burden of responsibility for that state of things which is plainly attributable to nothing but human selfishness and improvidence; to consider as unremediable those evils which flow directly from a vicious form of social and political organization, and from unjust and unnatural laws. Its only monition is, *to let things alone.*"

Equally was he in opposition to Kant, Fichte and John Stuart Mill. He did not hesitate to use the channel of the REVIEW for the assertion of his political views, and this frankness was the occasion of costing him the McLean professorship of history at Harvard in 1850, when the Overseers failed to confirm his appointment. However, when Dr. Walker became President of the University, Mr. Bowen was asked to succeed him as Alford professor of natural religion and moral philosophy, and this time with the nearly unanimous vote of the Overseers. This work was most congenial to his tastes and habit of mind and he brought the best of his scholarly attainments to his university work.

He was associated with an earlier editor of the REVIEW, Jared Sparks, in the latter's great work on *American Biography*, and contributed to the seventh and ninth volumes Lives of Sir William Phips and Baron Steuben. And when Mr. Sparks issued the second series of the *Biography* Mr. Bowen was again asked to write for it.

Mr. Bowen was not an original nor imaginative writer, but his critical faculty was of a high order, and he maintained the standard of literary criticism which the REVIEW had won for itself since its beginnings. Mr. Bowen died in Boston January 21, 1890.

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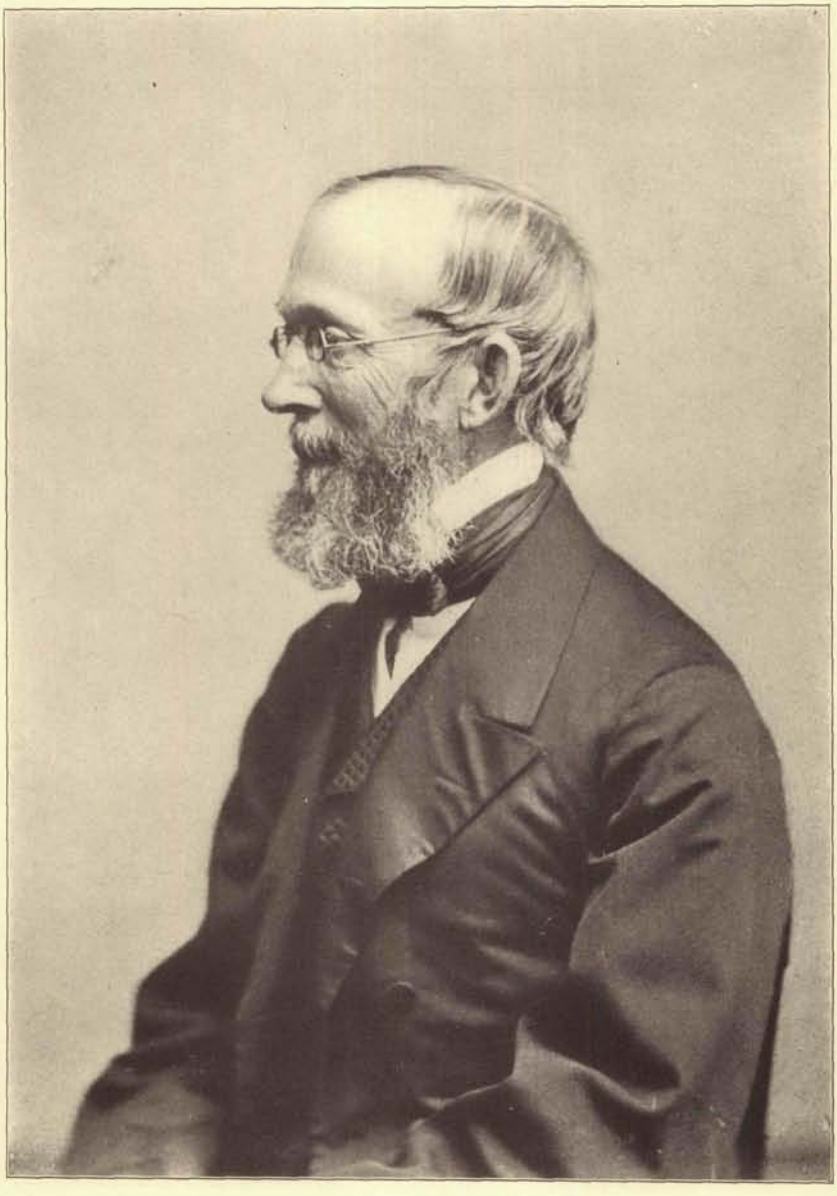

FRANCIS BOWEN

THE NINTH EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
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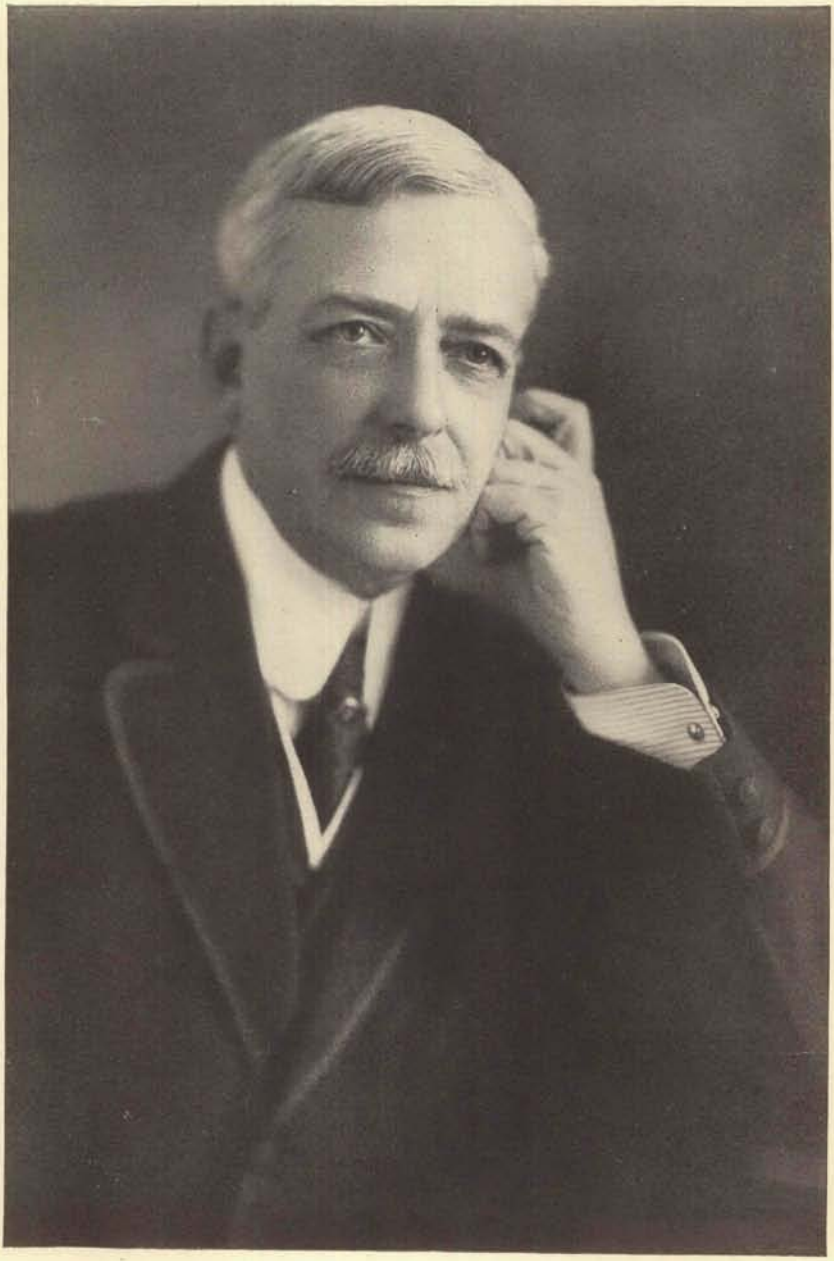

ROBERT LANSING
SECRETARY OF STATE

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THE STORM-CENTRE OF BRITISH POLITICS

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